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MODERN SHORT SPEECHES

Ninety-eight Complete Examples

COMPILED BY

JAMES MILTON O'NEILL

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DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY

OF

LONGINUS

Who wrote some seventeen centuries ago:

"It would seem that BOMBAST *is one of the hardest things to avoid in writing. For all those writers who are ambitious of a lofty style, through dread of being convicted of feebleness and poverty of language, slide by a natural gradation into the opposite extreme. 'Who fails in great endeavor, nobly fails' is their creed. Now bulk, when hollow and affected, is always objectionable, whether in material bodies or in writings, and in danger of producing on us an impression of littleness: 'nothing,' it is said, 'is drier than a man with the dropsy.' . . .*

"But there is another fault diametrically opposed to grandeur: this is called PUERILITY, *and it is the failing of feeble and narrow minds,—indeed, the most ignoble of all vices in writing. By puerility we mean a pedantic habit of mind, which by over elaboration ends in frigidity. Slips of this sort are made by those who aiming at brilliancy, polish, and especially attractiveness, are landed in paltriness and silly affectation.*

"Closely associated with this is a third sort of vice, in dealing with the passions, which Theodorus used to call FALSE SENTIMENT, *meaning by that an ill timed and empty display of emotion, where no emotion is called for, or of greater emotion than the situation warrants."*

THIS DEDICATION IS MADE
IN THE HOPE THAT THESE MODERN EXAMPLES
OF SIMPLE, FITTING, AND GRACIOUS SPEECH
MAY HELP TO ENFORCE HIS ANCIENT PRECEPTS
TO THE END THAT
BOMBAST, PUERILITY, AND FALSE SENTIMENT
MAY MORE AND MORE GIVE PLACE TO
SINCERITY, SIMPLICITY, DIGNITY, AND TRUTH
IN PUBLIC SPEECHES.

PREFACE

Since the publication of "Models of Speech Composition,"[1] there have come to me and to the publishers, many statements concerning a need for such a collection as the one here presented. Such expressions have called for a small volume to sell for a relatively low price, and in general to fit a simpler situation than that for which "Models of Speech Composition" was designed.

Our first plan was to try to serve this need with an abridged edition of the "Models," but on further consideration, it was decided to make a new collection to be issued under a different title. We decided to use all of the material in the "Models" that seemed to be well fitted to this new volume, and to add sufficient other examples to give a complete collection of simple short speeches. In this collection, as will be observed, all of the speeches are short. They are all modern, none having been delivered before 1890. Of course all of the speeches are complete. The forensic and legislative speeches, formal eulogies, sermons, and the longer and more elaborate examples of the other types, have been left out.

The aim has been to present as large a number as possible of excellent examples of short, simple, dignified speeches of the kinds that are so frequently required of almost all college and university students—in fact of almost all men and women today who take any active part in the world in which they live. This volume is devoted to that type of public speaking which all intelligent people not only can learn how to do well, but should learn how to do well if they wish to prepare at all adequately for an active and useful life.

[1] Models of Speech Composition. Compiled by James Milton O'Neill. New York. The Century Co. 1921.

The dedication which I have made in this book might almost serve as a preface.[2] It expresses the spirit and purpose of this volume. This is distinctly not a book of great oratory. It is offered as a collection of fine examples of how intelligent men and women have served certain social, professional, and political occasions through public speech. I believe that many will agree that it is on just such occasions that most of the worst speeches are made. A great deal of such speaking is done by untrained (perhaps we might say nonprofessional) speakers, and we find frequently on these occasions an amateur straining for effect through the misuse of some of the most delicate and difficult of the means used by finished speakers on really great occasions. The result is—in the words of Longinus—bombast, puerility, and false sentiment.

Who has not suffered through speeches of introduction in which a person called upon to perform a simple function has attempted to appropriate an opportunity belonging properly to the speaker being introduced, to make a *malapropos* oration to the discomfiture of everyone present? Who has not listened to speeches of welcome, farewell, presentation, and acceptance that have been similarly turned from their proper and gracious functions into inadequately conceived and badly executed attempts at eloquence?

If this volume will help school and college students, as well as other inexperienced speakers, to realize that simplicity, sincerity, dignity, restraint, and truthfulness, are not merely theoretical qualities advocated by teachers of public speaking, but are actual qualities found in the actual speeches of such people as the authors of the examples presented in this volume, I shall feel that in preparing this collection I have performed a service to civilized society. I am convinced that most of the examples of wearisome and unpleasant speaking are the result of the speakers' striving for qualities and effects that are often not only wholly beyond the proper

[2] The quotation used is from *Longinus On The Sublime*, translated into English by H. L. Havell, London: MacMullan, 1890, pp. 6–7.

demands of the occasions, but are also beyond the powers of the speakers concerned.

It is hoped that acquaintance with the speeches presented in this volume will help such speakers to realize that such attempts are uncalled for, not only according to the principles taught by the "theorists" who are teaching public speaking in the schools and colleges, but are uncalled for also according to the best precedents furnished by the intelligent, successful, and distinguished men and women, who are making the actual speeches in that final court of appeal to which the academic theorist is so often glibly referred,—viz. the realm of the practical affairs of real life.

This book is presented not only as a convenient collection of examples which show the ends properly aimed at in such speeches as come within its scope, in order that what to attempt and to avoid may be well illustrated; but it is also offered as a collection of excellent models which suggest and illustrate plans, methods, means, of achieving such ends. These speeches show how others have done these tasks successfully. They are offered confidently as good examples which will serve well as models of their various kinds.

All discussion of the qualities of the speeches, and of the principles and theories of speech composition, has been purposely omitted.[3] Annotation has been reduced to a minimum. I have cut out of copy used many notes and references, first in order to save space and second in order to refrain from telling the student in advance just what each speech illustrates. I prefer that users of this book shall study the speeches critically and decide for themselves, or, where possible, in consultation with classmates and instructor, what qualities, types, and methods the different speeches represent. The possible harm to be done by the failure of some users to note the weaker phases of some of these speeches, seems trifling (considering the quality of all of the speeches) in

[3] The compiler will treat speech composition in a volume to be entitled *"The Principles of Speech Composition."*

comparison with the harm that would be done by predigesting each of the speeches in advance.

I realize that the classification used is not made up of mutually exclusive divisions. Some of these speeches could be listed under more than one of the chapter headings used. This seems unavoidable in a classification sufficiently diversified to be useful—and usefulness has been in this enterprise a very real objective.

J. M. O'N.

The University of Wisconsin
5 June 1923.

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MODERN SHORT SPEECHES

CHAPTER I

SPEECHES OF INTRODUCTION

§ 1

INTRODUCING HENRY CABOT LODGE AND A. LAWRENCE LOWELL

By CALVIN COOLIDGE

(Delivered by the Governor of Massachusetts at a debate on the League of Nations, Symphony Hall, Boston, March 19, 1919.)

We meet here as representatives of a great people to listen to the discussion of a great question by great men. All America has but one desire, the security of the peace by facts and by parchment which her brave sons have wrought by the sword. It is a duty we owe alike to the living and the dead.

Fortunate is Massachusetts that she has among her sons two men so eminently trained for the task of our enlightenment, a senior Senator of the Commonwealth and the President of a university established in her Constitution. Wherever statesmen gather, wherever men love letters, this day's discussion will be read and pondered. Of these great men in learning and experience, wise in the science and practice of government, the first to address you is a Senator distinguished at home and famous everywhere—Henry Cabot Lodge.

[After Senator Lodge spoke he introduced President Lowell:]

The next to address you is the President of Harvard University—an educator renowned throughout the world, a learned student of statesmanship, endowed with a wisdom

which has made him a leader of men, truly a Master of Arts, eminently a Doctor of Laws, a fitting representative of the Massachusetts domain of letters—Abbott Lawrence Lowell.

§ 2

INTRODUCING HENRY WATTERSON

By ELIHU ROOT

(Delivered at the eighty-ninth anniversary banquet of the New England Society in the City of New York, December 22, 1894.)

GENTLEMEN: We are forced to recognize the truth of the observation that all the people of New England are not Puritans; we must admit an occasional exception. It is equally true, I am told, that all the people of the South are not cavaliers; but there is one cavalier without fear and without reproach, the splendid courage of whose convictions shows how close together the highest examples of different types can be among godlike men—a cavalier of the South, of southern blood and southern life, who carries in thought and in deed all the serious purpose and disinterested action that characterized the Pilgrim Fathers whom we commemorate. He comes from an impressionist State, where the grass is blue, where the men are either all white or all black, and where, we are told, quite often the settlements are painted red. He is a soldier, a statesman, a scholar, and, above all, a lover; and among all the world which loves a lover, the descendants of those who, generation after generation, with tears and laughter, have sympathized with John Alden and Priscilla, cannot fail to open their hearts in sympathy to Henry Watterson and his star-eyed goddess. I have the honor and great pleasure of introducing him to respond to the toast of "The Puritan and the Cavalier."

§ 3

INTRODUCING FREDERICK S. JONES

By FRANK S. STREETER

(Delivered by a trustee of the College at the inauguration luncheon on the occasion of the inauguration of Ernest Martin Hopkins as president of Dartmouth College, October 6, 1916. From a Record of the Proceedings, published by the college.)

GENTLEMEN: In order that we may be enabled to hear our friend Dean Jones of Yale, who is obliged to catch an early train, I shall ask him to speak next. In doing so, while I would like to say many nice things about him, I will restrain myself as I do not want to take up his time. I introduce him not only as a great college administrator, but also as a poet. Some Boston gentleman—of course, it was a Harvard graduate,—tossed off this effusion:

"I come from good old Boston,
The home of the bean and the cod,
Where the Cabots speak only to Lowells,
And the Lowells speak only to God."

This was carried down to New Haven, and Dean Jones, with the spirit of poetry bubbling up in him, and to illustrate the absolute democracy of Yale, replied:

"Here's to the town of New Haven,
The home of the truth and the light,
Where God talks to Jones in the very same tones
That he uses to Hadley and Dwight."

I present Dean Jones, administrator and poet.

§ 4

INTRODUCING WOODROW WILSON, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

By SHAILER MATHEWS

(Speech delivered by the Dean of the Divinity School of the University of Chicago at a meeting of the Federal Council of Churches in Memorial Hall, Columbus, Ohio, December 10, 1915.)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The President.

§ 5

INTRODUCING JAMES B. ANGELL

By HARRY B. HUTCHINS

(Delivered by the President of the University of Michigan at the Commencement dinner, University of Michigan, June 27, 1912.)

Forty-one years ago to-day, in yonder Methodist Church, the commencement exercises of the University of Michigan were celebrated. On that occasion Dr. James B. Angell was inaugurated President, and the class of 1871, of which I was a humble member, was turned loose upon the world. Dr. Angell's first official act was to deliver to us our diplomas. It was my great pleasure this morning to deliver to Dr. Angell the diploma that made him the youngest alumnus of the University. Each year since 1871, Dr. Angell has been growing younger, so that to-day I am able to introduce him as the youngest alumnus of us all. I present to you Dr. Angell.

§ 6

INTRODUCING PRINCE UDINE

By THOMAS R. MARSHALL

(Delivered by the Vice President of the United States at the reception of the Italian Commission in the United States Senate on May 31, 1917.)

SENATORS, it will perhaps rejoice you hereafter to remember that within a very few days you have had the honor and pleasure of participating in three great historic scenes. For myself, I may say that I am very glad the distinguished visitors and myself both belong to posterity rather than to ancestry, for I have a historic recollection that some 1900 years ago the ancestors of these distinguished gentlemen were pursuing through the islands of Britain my ancestors, clad in sheepskin.

I am glad that I have lived in a time when the eagles of the Senate and people of Rome come in peace to visit the American eagle in the Senate of the United States.

History sometimes reverses itself and sometimes repeats itself. When Rome stood exclusively for power and sought to bring the habitable globe under her control, she never quite succeeded in conquering the Belgian people. Nineteen hundred years after that failure the Roman people have concluded that what Rome as the representative of power could not do, no other representative of power shall ever be permitted to do.

History repeats itself in another instance. When I was trying to ascertain the history of this great people, digging it out of the original, I learned, as I pronounce it in the Hoosier vulgate, that one of the great Romans closed each of his addresses in the Roman Senate with this remarkable statement: "Ceterum censeo Carthaginem esse delendam." History, I hope, again repeats itself in that the people of the seven-hilled city beside the yellow Tiber have resolved that for themselves and for humanity the house of Hapsburg must be destroyed.

It is my honor and my pleasure to present to you the representative of the people of Italy, the Prince of Udine.

§ 7

INTRODUCING BARON MONCHEUR

By THOMAS R. MARSHALL

(Delivered by the Vice President of the United States at the reception of the Belgian Commission in the United States Senate, June 22, 1917.)

Senators, since that far-off, unrecorded hour when our ancestors began their slow westward movement, unnumbered and unremembered, thousands have died upon the field of battle for love, for hate, for liberty, for conquest, as freemen or as slaves. Every note in the gamut of human passion has been written in the anvil chorus of war. Many have struck the redeeming blow for their own country, but few have unsheathed their swords without the hope of self-aggrandizement. It remained for little Belgium to write in the blood of her martyred sons and daughters a new page in the annals of diplomacy, to inscribe thereon that the dishonor of a people is the aggregate of the selfishness of its citizens; that the honor of a people is the aggregate of the self-sacrifice of its citizens; that treaties are made to be kept, not broken; that a people may dare to walk through "the valley of the shadow of death," touching elbows with their convictions, but that they dare not climb to the mountain tops of safety if thereby they walk over the dead bodies of their high ideals; that a people may safely die if thereby they can compel an unwilling world to toss upon their new-made graves the white lily of a blameless life.

Here, Senators, ends all I know, and here begins what I believe: Belgium shall arise. The long night of her weeping shall end; the morning of a day of joy shall break over her desolated homes, her devastated fields,

and her profaned altars. When it breaks, humanity will learn that when mankind gambles with truth and honor and humanity, the dice of the gods are always loaded.

To me, in all profane history, there is no sadder, sweeter, sublimer character than Sidney Carton. Dreamer of dreams, he walked his lonely, only way. In all the history of nations there is no sadder, sweeter, sublimer story than the story of Belgium. Doer of deeds, she, too, has walked her lonely, only way—the via dolorosa that leads to duty, death, and glory. Out of the depths and across the deeps the representatives of the remnant of her people and the guardians of her honor have come to us this day.

I present to you the chairman of that mission, Baron Moncheur.

§ 8

INTRODUCING AMBASSADOR BAKHMETIEFF

By THOMAS R. MARSHALL

(Delivered by the Vice President of the United States at the reception of the Russian Commission in the United States Senate, June 26, 1917.)

Senators, the kaleidoscope of current history is being turned so rapidly that to the normal eye the combinations of yesterday are forgotten, of to-day are uncertain, and of to-morrow are unknown. And yet as from time to time there are unfolded in this most sacred and historic spot portions of the panorama of the greatest tragedy that has been enacted since Calvary there stands out one clear-cut central figure, the figure of the dauntless and undaunted man who dares to draw his sword either to preserve or to obtain for himself and for his fellows the right of self-government, the heritage of life, of liberty, and of the pursuit of happiness. It matters but little to us the feature and the form of that man, his lineage or his language, if he speak in the full and confident tones of a manhood, or in the lisping tongue of infantile possession of those rights. But if we hear from his lips the

golden rule of statecraft, then he is our brother. He has a right to be, and he has a right to be here.

We are honored this day by the representatives of a people who have been our long-time and unvarying friends. It is not possible for me to think in the terms of countries and continents and governments. My mind thinks only in the terms of men; and perhaps this is as it should be, for the Goddess of Liberty is not always a strong virile woman. In the hours of peace she becomes pale and anemic, and it is oftentimes necessary to keep her alive by transfusing into her veins the blood of patriotic and self-sacrificing men.

I cannot think of France, of England, of Italy, of America; I think only of Viviani and Joffre, of Balfour and Haig, of Udine and Cadorna, of Wilson and Pershing. On this day as I look into the eyes, the storm-tossed eyes, of these our guests, I cannot think of Russia as the land of Alexander and Nicholas. She seems to me to be only the home of Kropotkin and of Tolstoi.

Travelers tell us that there is a point in Iceland where the rays of the setting and of the rising sun mingle. Already upon the far-flung eastern battle line of Europe the rays of the setting sun of autocracy have mingled with the rays of the rising sun of democracy. May that sun grow in light and warmth, and may it be undimmed by the clouds of internal dissension. May democracy everywhere understand that its first duty is to make a democrat a free man everywhere on earth.

Last week we went with little Belgium sadly to her Gethsemane; to-day let us go gladly, with mighty Russia, to her Mount of Transfiguration.

I present to you the chairman of this commission, Mr. B. A. Bakhmetieff.

§ 9

INTRODUCING IRVING FISHER

By ROBERT F. MADDOX

(Delivered by the President of the American Bankers Association at the Annual Convention in St. Louis, October 2, 1919.)

GENTLEMEN: We have another very interesting address to follow, and I am sure you will be very much entertained if you remain. The next speaker on our program is a gentleman who has contributed a number of splendid works on finance, one of the best known political economists in America, who is a financial philosopher, who puts the courage of his convictions in his words, who never loses an opportunity to pour rays of sunshine into the dismal science of political economy. He has also made a very interesting study of longevity and has a record of several centenarians which he is now studying and hopes to include in that list all of the members of the American Bankers Association in time to come. I take pleasure in introducing to you Dr. Irving Fisher of Yale, who will speak on "A Monetary Remedy for the High Cost of Living."

§ 10

INTRODUCING WILLIAM McKINLEY

By WILLIAM B. PLUNKETT

(Speech of the President of the Home Market Club, Boston, Massachusetts, delivered February 16, 1899, in introducing the President of the United States.)

"Not the Home Market Club, not the City of Boston, not Massachusetts only, but all New England give you greeting of welcome, Mr. President. In our retrospective of the year past we would give full meed of honor and praise to the President who so nobly met and so faithfully discharged the grave responsibilities of that great office, and thanksgiving to the

Divine Providence that sustained him. In such hands, under such guidance, we may safely trust the future of our Republic. I have the great honor to present to you the beloved President of the United States, William McKinley."

§ 11

INTRODUCING W. E. CREED

By HOWARD F. BEEBE

(Delivered by the President of the Investment Bankers Association of America at the Annual Meeting at Del Monte, California, October 11, 1922.)

We have had before us, through the Public Service Securities Committee of the Association, a very careful study of the so-called California Water and Power Act, which is to be voted on in the form of an amendment to the Constitution of this State in November. This matter is of such far-reaching importance in its possible effect upon the actions of other States, and its influence on various bodies, and, indirectly, on securities which we have handled in the past, or are likely to handle in the future, that we should have all the light on the matter that we can get. It was, therefore, thought well to seek an exposition of this matter by someone who has had occasion to study it in its various phases, and, as indicated on the program, Mr. Creed, President of the Pacific Gas & Electric Company, has agreed to come here at our invitation and address us in this matter. His interest as head of the biggest—I believe I am correct in saying the biggest and largest power company in California—his knowledge of the legal phases of this matter as a lawyer, and his intimate knowledge of its effect on securities, in view of his experience in the marketing of large amounts of bonds in various ways in the past—both stocks and bonds—would seem to qualify him, as very few men would be qualified, to speak on this subject to what we might term as an audience of experts. I am, therefore, going to ask Mr. Creed if he will not step forward and give us his view and such information as he can on this very important subject.

CHAPTER II

SPEECHES OF WELCOME

§ 12

THE BROTHERHOOD OF YALE

By ARTHUR TWINING HADLEY

(Address of welcome by the President of the University on the occasion of the bicentennial celebration of Yale University, 1901.)

Of all the pleasures and the duties which a birthday brings with it, the most welcome duty and the most exalted pleasure is found in the opportunity which it affords for seeing, united under one roof, the fellow-members of a family who are often far separated. On this two-hundredth birthday of Yale University, it is our chief pride to have with us the representatives of that brotherhood of learning which knows no bounds of time or place, of profession or creed.

It knows no bounds of age, either among the hosts or among the guests. The Yale that welcomes you here includes in its membership all parts of the collegiate body, from the youngest student to the oldest professor. It includes all those who, coming here without officially recognized connection with the University itself, bear to it such relationship that they partake in its spirit, and feel themselves sharers of its glories and its duties. Nor is it the living alone that welcome you. Present with us in spirit are men who have recently gone from us, like Phelps and Dana and Whitney. Present is a long line of great dead who have devoted their services to Yale, and who, being dead, yet speak. Present are those givers of books who, two hundred years ago, out of their

poverty founded that college of Connecticut which to-day welcomes brothers, younger and older, to its anniversary. Representatives of colleges whose birth we have watched and in whose growth we can claim an almost paternal interest stand here side by side with delegates from those institutions, whether in the New World or the Old, which can point to a longer past than ours, and with whose achievements the centuries have rung.

Our brotherhood knows no bounds of place, no limits, natural or artificial. Characteristic of university learning from the very beginning was its cosmopolitan spirit. While States and cities dwelt in self-centered isolation, the universities of the Middle Ages established the first postoffice by which intelligence could be interchanged and nations grow by one another's intellectual work. That community of thought which the members of the brotherhood of learning have thus pursued from the outset has been in recent days helped beyond anticipation by those modern inventions which have annihilated space, and have made it possible to have with us representatives, not only from the North and the South, from the Mississippi and from the Pacific, but from Stockholm and St. Petersburg, from Japan and from Australasia.

Our brotherhood knows no bounds of occupation. The day is past when people thought of the learned professions as something set apart from all others, the exclusive property of a privileged few. Opinions may differ as to the achievement of democracy; but none can fail to value that growing democracy of letters which makes of every calling a learned and noble profession, when it is pursued with the clearness of vision which is furnished by science or by history and with the disinterested devotion to the public welfare which true learning inspires. We are proud to have with us not only the theologian or the jurist or the physician; not merely the historical investigator or the scientific discoverer; but the men of every name who, by arms or by arts, in letters or in commerce, have contributed to bring all callings equally within the scope of university life.

Nor does our brotherhood know any bounds of creed. Even those institutions of learning which at some period in their history have had a more or less sectarian character tend to grow as the world grows—making their theology no longer a trammel but an inspiration, and welcoming as friends all who contribute to that inspiration, whether under the same forms or under others. Our common religion, so fundamental that we can all unite therein, teaches us broad lessons of reverence, of tolerance, and of earnestness. Ours be the reverence of those who have learned silence from the stars above and the graves beneath; ours the tolerance which can "see a good in evil and a hope in ill-success"; ours the earnestness which would waste no time in the discussion of differences of standpoint, but would unite us as leaders in the world's great movement toward higher standards in science and in business, in thought and life.

§ 13

WELCOME TO PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA

By CHARLES W. ELIOT

(Delivered by the President of Harvard University at a Complimentary Dinner given to the Prince by the City of Boston, March 6, 1902.)

Mr. Mayor, Your Royal Highness, Governor Crane: The nation's guests—Boston's this evening—have just had some momentary glimpses of the extemporized American cities, of the prairies and the Alleghenies, of some great rivers and lakes, and of prodigious Niagara; and so they have perhaps some vision of the large scale of our country, although they have run over not more than one-thirtieth of its area. But now they have come to little Massachusetts, lying on the extreme eastern seacoast—by comparison a minute commonwealth, with a rough climate and a poor soil.

It has no grand scenery to exhibit, no stately castles, churches or palaces come down through centuries, such as Europe offers, and for at least two generations it has been quite unable to compete with the fertile fields of the West in producing its own food supplies. What has Massachusetts to show them, or any intelligent European visitors? Only the fruitage—social, industrial and governmental—of the oldest and most prosperous democracy in the world.

For two hundred and eighty years this little commonwealth has been developing in freedom, with no class legislation, feudal system, dominant church, or standing army to hinder or restrain it. The period of development has been long enough to show what the issues of democracy are likely to be; and it must be interesting for cultivated men brought up under another régime to observe that human nature turns out to be much the same thing under a democratic form of government as under the earlier forms, and that the fundamental motives and objects of mankind remain almost unchanged amid external conditions somewhat novel.

Democracy has not discovered or created a new human nature; it has only modified a little the familiar article. The domestic affections, and loyalty to tribe, clan, race or nation still rule mankind. The family motive remains supreme.

It is an accepted fact that the character of each civilized nation is well exhibited in its universities. Now Harvard University has been largely governed for two hundred and fifty years by a body of seven men called the Corporation. Every member of that Corporation which received your royal highness this afternoon at Cambridge is descended from a family stock which has been serviceable in Massachusetts for at least seven generations.

More than one hundred years ago Washington was asked to describe all the high officers in the American army of that day who might be thought of for the chief command. He gave his highest praise to Maj.-Gen. Lincoln of Massachusetts, saying of him that he was "sensible, brave and honest." There are Massachusetts Lincolns to-day to whom these words exactly apply.

The democracy preserves and uses sound old families; it also utilizes strong blood from foreign sources. Thus, in the second governing board of Harvard University—the Overseers—a French Bonaparte, a member of the Roman Catholic Church, sits beside a Scotch farmer's son, Presbyterian by birth and education, now become the leader in every sense of the most famous Puritan church in Boston. The democracy also promotes human beings of remarkable natural gifts who appear as sudden outbursts of personal power, without prediction or announcement through family merit. It is the social mobility of a democracy which enables it to give immediate place to personal merit, whether inherited or not, and also silently to drop unserviceable descendants of earlier meritorious generations.

Democracy, then, is only a further unfolding of multitudinous human nature, which is essentially stable. It does not mean the abolition of leadership, or an averaged population, or a dead-level of society. Like monarchical and aristocratic forms of government, it means a potent influence for those who prove capable of exerting it, and a highly-diversified society on many shifting levels, determined in liberty, and perpetually exchanging members up and down. It means sensuous luxury for those who want it, and can afford to pay for it; and for the wise rich it provides the fine luxury of promoting public objects by well-considered giving.

Since all the world seems tending toward this somewhat formidable democracy, it is encouraging to see what the result of two hundred and eighty years of democratic experience has been in this peaceful and prosperous Massachusetts. Democracy has proved here to be a safe social order—safe for the property of individuals, safe for the finer arts of living, safe for diffused public happiness and well-being.

We remember gratefully in this presence that a strong root of Massachusetts liberty and prosperity was the German Protestantism of four centuries ago, and that another and fresher root of well-being for every manufacturing people, like the people of Massachusetts, has been German applied science during the past fifty years. We hope as your royal highness

goes homeward-bound across the restless Atlantic—type of the rough "sea of storm-engendering liberty"—you may cherish a cheerful remembrance of barren but rich, strenuous but peaceful, free but self-controlled Massachusetts.

§ 14

WELCOME TO "THE WHEELOCK SUCCESSION"

By WILLIAM JEWETT TUCKER

(Delivered by the retiring president at the inauguration of President Ernest Fox Nichols of Dartmouth College, October 14, 1909. From a record of the proceedings, published by the college.)

PRESIDENT NICHOLS: I am permitted by the courtesy of the trustees to introduce you at this point to a somewhat peculiar, because personal, succession, into which each president of the College enters upon his induction into office. The charter of Dartmouth, unlike that of any college of its time so far as I know, was written in personal terms. It recognizes throughout the agency of one man in the events leading up to and including the founding of the College. And in acknowledgment of this unique fact it conferred upon this man—founder and first president—some rather unusual powers, among which was the power to appoint his immediate successor. Of course this power of appointment ceased with its first use, but the idea of a succession in honor of the founder, suggested by the charter, was perpetuated; so that it has come about that the presidents of Dartmouth are known, at least to themselves, as also the successors of Wheelock, a distinction which I am quite sure that you will appreciate more and more. For Eleazar Wheelock was the type of the man the impulse of whose life runs on in men, creating as it goes a natural succession: a man whose power of initiative is evidenced by the fact that at sixty he was able to found this College in the wilderness: a scholar by the best standards of his time,

the first Berkeley Fellow at Yale: broad and courageous in his mental sympathies, a leader in the progressive movements of his age: and of so high and commanding a devotion of purpose that it brought him to an accomplished end. I do not know in just what ways the impulse of this man's life entered into the life of my predecessors. To me it has been a constant challenge. Whenever I have grown dull of heart as well as of mind, tempted to shirk work or to evade duty, I have found it a most healthful exercise to go over to this man's grave and read his epitaph—

> "By the Gospel He Subdued the Ferocity of the Savage,
> And to the Civilized He Opened New Paths of Science.
> Traveller,
> Go, if You Can, and Deserve
> The Sublime Reward of Such Merit."

Dartmouth, as you know, has been singularly fortunate in the return into its own life of the fame and service of some of her greater sons, singularly fortunate also in the abounding and unflinching loyalty of all of her sons; but I believe that the greatest possession of the College has been and is still the spirit of Eleazar Wheelock in so far as it has been transmitted through his successors. I think therefore that the term "The Successors of Wheelock" is worthy of public, if not official, recognition. Unwittingly Wheelock himself originated the expression in the very thoughtful provision which he tried to make for those of us who were to come after him. "To my successors," he says in one of the last clauses of his will, not to the trustees nor to the College, but "to my successors in the presidency I give and bequeath my chariot which was given me by my beloved friend, John Thornton, Esquire, of London: I also give to my successors my house clock which was a donation made me by my much honored patrons, the Honorable Trust in London."

It is no matter of surprise, as we recall the utter indifference of each generation to those things of its daily handling which are likely to become historic, that these perquisites of the succession have long since disappeared. But happily the

intention of Wheelock was caught and held in permanent shape. When John Wentworth, governor of the Province of New Hampshire, returned from the first commencement, he sent back, possibly as a reminder of a deficiency on that occasion, a silver punch bowl bearing this inscription—

"His Excellency John Wentworth Esquire, Governor of the Province of New Hampshire, and those friends who accompanied him to Dartmouth the first Commencement in 1771, in testimony of their gratitude and good wishes, present this to the Reverend Eleazar Wheelock, D.D., and to his successors in that office."

This bowl, which, as I now produce it, seems so inadequate to the draughts of that time, for this very reason serves us the better as a kind of loving cup.

In the spirit of the original gift, but after the fashion of the later use, I now transfer it to you with the good will of the long succession, and in the personal hope that it may be many, many years before you will have the opportunity to transfer it to your successor.

§ 15

WELCOMING THE MILITARY SURGEONS' ASSOCIATION

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT

(Delivered by the President of the United States at the opening session of the meeting of the association, Washington, D. C., June 5, 1902.)

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I am glad to have the opportunity to bid welcome to the members of this Association and their friends to-day. The men of your Association combine two professions, each of which is rightfully held in high honor by all capable of appreciating the real work of men—the profession of the soldier

and the profession of the doctor. Conditions in modern civilization tend more and more to make the average life of the community one of great ease, compared to what has been the case in the past. Together with what advantages have come from this softening of life and rendering it more easy, there are certain attendant disadvantages. It is a very necessary thing that there should be some professions, some trades, where the same demands are made now as ever in the past upon the heroic qualities. Those demands are made alike upon the soldier and upon the doctor; and more upon those who are both soldiers and doctors, upon the men who have continually to face all the responsibility, all the risk, faced by their brothers in the civilian branch of the profession, and who also, in time of war, must face much the same risks, often exactly the same risks, that are faced by their brothers in arms whose trade is to kill and not to cure. It has been my good fortune, gentlemen, to see some of your body at work in the field, to see them carrying the wounded and the dying from the firing-line, themselves as much exposed to danger as those they were rescuing, and to see them working day and night in the field hospital afterward when even the intensity of the strain could hardly keep them awake, so fagged out were they by having each to do the work of ten.

I welcome you here, and I am glad to have the chance of seeing you, and I wish to say a word of congratulation to you upon this Association. In all our modern life we have found it absolutely indispensable to supplement the work of the individual by the work of the individuals gathered into an association. Without this work of the association you can not give the highest expression to individual endeavor, and it would be a great misfortune if the military members of the surgical and medical profession did not take every advantage of their opportunities in the same way that is taken by the members of the medical and the surgical professions who are not in the army or the navy or the marine hospital service—who are in civilian life outside. I am glad to see you gathered in this association. Just one word of warning: Pay all possible heed to the scientific side of your work; per-

fect yourselves as scientific men able to work with the best and most delicate apparatus; and never for one moment forget—especially the higher officers among you—that in time of need you will have to do your work with the scantiest possible apparatus; and that then your usefulness will be conditioned not upon the adequacy of the complaint that you did not have apparatus enough, but upon what you have done with the insufficient apparatus you had. Remember that and remember also—and this especially applies to the higher officers—that you must supplement in your calling the work of the surgeon with the work of the administrator. You must be doctors and military men and able administrators.

§ 16

WELCOME TO RICHMOND

By GEORGE AINSLIE

(Delivered by the Mayor of Richmond at the opening session of the Sixteenth Conference for Education in the South, at Richmond, Va., April 16, 1913.)

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

Richmond has been the meeting place of many large, distinguished and important conventions and conferences, but it has had none so large, more distinguished or more important than this one. It has had none so pregnant with great benefits to the people of the States here represented; it has had none with so large an attendance of many specialists as the distinguished men and women who are here to confer upon questions of such moment to the people of the entire South. Therefore the city of Richmond is deeply appreciative of the high honor that has been paid to it by its selection as the meeting place of this Conference, and in its behalf I have the pleasure to extend to you a cordial greeting

and welcome. It is an additional pleasure to welcome to the city our distinguished fellow-citizen soon to represent the United States as its Ambassador at the Court of Great Britain. As rich as we are in pleasant and honored memories and traditions, we truly feel that the holding of this Conference here will largely add to our treasures of that character.

§ 17

WELCOME TO CORNELL'S 25TH ANNIVERSARY

By JACOB GOULD SCHURMAN

(Address delivered by the President of the University, at Ithaca on October 6, 1893, at the opening of the celebration of the 25th anniversary of the founding of Cornell University.)

Honored Guests, Alumni, and Friends:

In the name of the University I bid you all a cordial welcome! We have invited you to join with us in celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the opening of the University. When that event took place, there was a complaint that nothing was finished. Replying to this criticism, the founder of the University in his short but pregnant and memorable speech expressed his own view and the view of the Trustees regarding the future of the University in words which I will now take the liberty of reading to you. "I hope," said he, "we have laid the foundation of an institution which shall combine practical with liberal education, which shall fit the youth of our country for the professions, the farms, the mines, the manufactures, for the investigations of science and for mastering all the practical questions of life with success and honor." That was our founder's idea of the new university. And in the presence of this distinguished assembly, adorned with the presence of so many representatives of other seats of learning in the East and in the West, in the North and in the South, I venture to say that Ezra Cornell's is the final

and absolute conception of the mission of a university. With due modesty I confess we are far from having attained unto the realization of our founder's ideal. Something, however, has been done; though there is much still to do. Between this task which beckons us on and that achievement which is behind we stand to-day. It will, I am sure, at once deepen our respect for the past and inspire us with faith and hope for the future, if on this occasion we consider, under the guidance of the eloquent gentlemen who will now address us, what has been accomplished by Cornell University in the short span of twenty-five years. And so it gives me pleasure, as I also esteem it an honor, to present the orator of the day, the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, LL.D.

CHAPTER III

SPEECHES OF FAREWELL

§ 18

FAREWELL TO ENGLAND

By EDWARD JOHN PHELPS

(Delivered by the American Ambassador at London, 1890.)

My Lord Mayor, My Lords, and Gentlemen: I am sure you will not be surprised to be told that the poor words at my command do not enable me to respond adequately to your most kind greeting, nor the too flattering words which have fallen from my friend, the Lord Mayor, and from my distinguished colleague, the Lord Chancellor. But you will do me the justice to believe that my feelings are not the less sincere and hearty if I cannot put them into language. I am under a very great obligation to your Lordship not merely for the honor of meeting this evening an assembly more distinguished I apprehend than it appears to me has often assembled under one roof, but especially for the opportunity of meeting under such pleasant circumstances so many of those to whom I have become so warmly attached, and from whom I am so sorry to part.

It is rather a pleasant coincidence to me that about the first hospitality that was offered me after my arrival in England came from my friend, the Lord Mayor, who was at the time one of the sheriffs of London. I hope it is no disparagement to my countrymen to say that under existing circumstances the first place that I felt it my duty to visit was the Old Bailey criminal court. I had there the pleasure of being

entertained by my friend, the Lord Mayor. And it happens also that it was in this room almost four years ago at a dinner given to her Majesty's judges by my friend, Sir Robert Fowler, then Lord Mayor, whose genial face I see before me, that I appeared for the first time on any public occasion in England and addressed my first words to an English company. It seems to me a fortunate propriety that my last public words should be spoken under the same hospitable roof, the home of the chief magistrate of the city of London. Nor can I ever forget the cordial and generous reception that was then accorded, not to myself personally, for I was altogether a stranger, but to the representative of my country. It struck what has proved to be the keynote of my relations here. It indicated to me at the outset how warm and hearty was the feeling of Englishmen toward America.

And it gave me to understand, what I was not slow to accept and believe, that I was accredited not merely from one government to the other, but from the people of America to the people of England—that the American minister was not expected to be merely a diplomatic functionary shrouded in reticence and retirement, jealously watching over doubtful relations, and carefully guarding against anticipated dangers; but that he was to be the guest of his kinsmen—one of themselves—the messenger of the sympathy and good will, the mutual and warm regard and esteem that bind together the two great nations of the same race, and make them one in all the fair humanities of life. The suggestion that met me at the threshold has not proved to be mistaken. The promise then held out has been generously fulfilled. Ever since and through all my intercourse here I have received, in all quarters, from all classes with whom I have come in contact, under all circumstances and in all vicissitudes, a uniform and widely varied kindness far beyond what I had personally the least claim to. And I am glad of this public opportunity to acknowledge it in the most emphatic manner.

My relations with the successive governments I have had to do with have been at all times most fortunate and agreeable, and quite beyond those I have been happy in feeling always

that the English people had a claim upon the American minister for all kind and friendly offices in his power, and upon his presence and voice on all occasions when they could be thought to further any good work.

And so I have gone in and out among you these four years and have come to know you well. I have taken part in many gratifying public functions; I have been the guest at many homes; and my heart has gone out with yours in memorable jubilee of that sovereign lady whom all Englishmen love and all Americans honor. I have stood with you by some unforgotten grave; I have shared in many joys; and I have tried as well as I could through it all, in my small way, to promote constantly a better understanding, a fuller and more accurate knowledge, a more genuine sympathy between the people of the two countries.

And this leads me to say a word on the nature of these relations. The moral intercourse between the governments is most important to be maintained, and its value is not to be overlooked or disregarded. But the real significance of the attitude of nations depends in these days upon the feelings which the general intelligence of their inhabitants entertain toward each other. The time has long passed when kings or rulers can involve their nations in hostilities to gratify their own ambition or caprice. There can be no war nowadays between civilized nations, or any peace that is not hollow and delusive unless sustained and backed up by the sentiment of the people who are parties to it. Before nations can quarrel their inhabitants must seek war. The men of our race are not likely to become hostile until they begin to misunderstand each other. There are no dragon's teeth so prolific as mutual misunderstandings. It is in the great and constantly increasing intercourse between England and America, in its reciprocities, and its amenities, that the security against misunderstanding must be found. While that continues, they cannot be otherwise than friendly. Unlucky incidents may sometimes happen; interests may conflict; mistakes may be made on one side or on the other, and sharp words may occasionally be spoken by unguarded or

ignorant tongues. The man who makes no mistakes does not usually make anything. The nation that comes to be without fault will have reached the millennium, and will have little further concern with the storm-swept geography of this imperfect world. But these things are all ephemeral; they do not touch the great heart of either people; they float for a moment on the surface and in the wind, and then they disappear and are gone—"in the deep bosom of the ocean buried."

I do not know, sir, who may be my successor, but I venture to assure you that he will be an American gentleman, fit by character and capacity to be the medium of communication between our countries; and an American gentleman, when you come to know him, generally turns out to be a not very distant kinsman of an English gentleman. I need not bespeak for him a kindly reception. I know he will receive it for his country's sake and his own.

"Farewell," sir, is a word often lightly uttered and readily forgotten. But when it marks the rounding-off and completion of a chapter in life, the severance of ties many and cherished, of the parting with many friends at once—especially when it is spoken among the lengthening shadows of the western light—it sticks somewhat in the throat. It becomes, indeed, "the word that makes us linger." But it does not prompt many other words. It is best expressed in few. Not much can be added to the old English word "Good-by." You are not sending me away empty-handed or alone. I go freighted with happy memories—inexhaustible and unalloyed—of England, its warm-hearted people, and their measureless kindness. Spirits more than twain will cross with me, messengers of your good will. Happy the nation that can thus speed its parting guest! Fortunate the guest who has found his welcome almost an adoption, and whose farewell leaves half his heart behind!

§ 19

FAREWELL TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION OF AMERICA

By WILLIAM OSLER

(Speech delivered by a distinguished Professor of Medicine at a dinner given by the medical profession of the United States and Canada, New York, May 20, 1905.)

I am sure you all sympathize with me in the feelings which naturally almost overpower me on such an occasion. Many testimonials you have already given me of your affection and of your regard, but this far exceeds them all, and I am deeply touched that so many of you have come long distances, and at great inconvenience, to bid me God-speed in the new venture I am about to undertake. Pardon me, if I speak of myself, in spite of Montaigne's warning that one seldom speaks of one's self without some detriment to the person spoken of. Happiness comes to many of us and in many ways, but I can truly say that to few men has happiness come in so many forms as it has come to me. Why I know not, but this I do know, that I have not deserved more than others, and yet a very rich abundance of it has been vouchsafed to me. I have been singularly happy in my friends, and for that I say "God be praised." I have had exceptional happiness in the profession of my choice, and I owe all of this to you. I have sought success in life, and if, as someone has said, this consists in getting what you want and being satisfied with it, I have found what I sought in the estimation, in the fellowship and friendship, of the members of my profession.

I have been happy, too, in the public among whom I have worked,—happy in my own land in Canada, happy here among you in the country of my adoption, from which I cannot part without bearing testimony to the nobility and the grace of character which I have found here in my colleagues. It fills me with joy to think that I have had not only the consideration and that ease of fellowship which means so much

in life, but the warmest devotion on the part of my patients and their friends.

Of the greatest of all happiness I cannot speak—of my home. Many of you know it, and that is enough.

I would like to tell you how I came to this country. The men responsible for my arrival were Samuel W. Gross and Minis Hays of Philadelphia, who concocted the scheme in the *Medical News* office, and asked James Tyson to write a letter asking if I would be a candidate for the professorship of Clinical Medicine in the University of Pennsylvania. That letter reached me at Leipsic, having been forwarded to me from Montreal by my friend Shepherd. So many pranks had I played on my friends there that, when the letter came, I felt sure it was a joke, so little did I think that I was one to be asked to succeed Dr. Pepper. It was several weeks before I ventured to answer that letter, fearing that Dr. Shepherd had perhaps surreptitiously taken a sheet of University of Pennsylvania notepaper on purpose to make the joke more certain. Dr. Mitchell cabled me to meet him in London, as he and his good wife were commissioned to "look me over," particularly with reference to personal conditions. Dr. Mitchell said there was only one way in which the breeding of a man suitable for such a position, in such a city as Philadelphia, could be tested: give him cherry pie, and see how he disposes of the stones. I had read of the trick before, and disposed of them genteelly in my spoon and got the chair!

My affiliations with the profession in this country have been wide and to me most gratifying. At the University of Pennsylvania I found men whom I soon learned to love and esteem, and when I think of the good men who have gone—of Pepper, of Leidy, of Wormley, of Agnew, of Ashhurst—I am full of thankfulness to have known them before they were called to their long rest. I am glad to think that my dear friends Tyson and Wood are here still to join in a demonstration to me.

At Johns Hopkins University I found the same kindly feeling of friendship, and my association with my colleagues

there has been, as you all know, singularly happy and delightful.

With my fellow-workers in the medical societies—in the American Medical Association, in the Association of American Physicians, in the Pediatric, Neurological, and Physiological societies—my relations have been most cordial, and I would extend to them my heartfelt thanks for the kindness and consideration shown me during the past twenty years.

With the general practitioners throughout the country my relations have been of a peculiarly intimate character. Few men present, perhaps very few men in this country, have wandered so far and have seen in so many different sections the doctor at work. To all of these good friends who have given me their suffrage I express my appreciation and heartfelt thanks for their encouragement and support.

And, lastly, my relations with my students—so many of whom I see here—have been of a close and most friendly character. They have been the inspiration of my work, and I may say truly, the inspiration of my life.

I have had but two ambitions in the profession: first, to make of myself a good clinical physician, to be ranked with the men who have done so much for the profession of this country—to rank in the class with Nathan Smith, Bartlett, James Jackson, Bigelow, Alonzo Clark, Metcalfe, W. W. Gerhard, Draper, Pepper, Da Costa, and others. The chief desire of my life has been to become a clinician of the same stamp with these great men, whose names we all revere, and who did so much good work for clinical medicine.

My second ambition has been to build up a great clinic on Teutonic lines, not on those previously followed here and in England, but on lines which have proved so successful on the Continent, and which have placed the scientific medicine of Germany in the forefront of the world. And if I have done anything to promote the growth of clinical medicine, it has been in this direction, in the formation of a large clinic with a well-organized series of assistants and house physicians and with proper laboratories in which to work at the intricate

problems that confront us in internal medicine. For the opportunities which I have had at Johns Hopkins Hospital to carry out these ideas, I am truly thankful. How far I have been successful—or not—remains to be seen. But of this I am certain: if there is one thing above another which needs a change in this country, it is the present hospital system in relation to the medical school. It has been spoken of by Dr. Jacobi, but cannot be referred to too often. In every town of fifty thousand inhabitants a good model clinic could be built up, just as good as in smaller German cities, if only a self-denying ordinance were observed on the part of the profession and only one or two men given the control of the hospital service, not half a dozen. With proper assistance and equipment, with good clinical and pathological laboratories, there would be as much clinical work done in this country as in Germany.

I have had three personal ideals. One, to do the day's work well and not to bother about to-morrow. It has been urged that this is not a satisfactory ideal. It is, and there is not one which the student can carry with him into practice with greater effect. To it, more than to anything else, I owe whatever success I have had—to this power of settling down to the day's work and trying to do it well to the best of one's ability, and letting the future take care of itself.

The second ideal has been to act the Golden Rule, as far as in me lay, towards my professional brethren and towards the patients committed to my care.

And the third has been to cultivate such a measure of equanimity as would enable me to bear success with humility, the affection of my friends without pride, and to be ready when the day of sorrow and grief comes, to meet it with the courage befitting a man.

What the future has in store for me I cannot tell—you cannot tell. Nor do I care much, so long as I carry with me, as I shall, the memory of the past you have given me. Nothing can take that away.

I have made mistakes, but they have been mistakes of the

head, not of the heart. I can truly say, and I take upon myself to witness, that in my sojourn among you—

"I have loved no darkness,
Sophisticated no truth,
Nursed no delusion,
Allowed no fear."

§ 20

FAREWELL TO THE GRADUATING CLASS

By EDWIN A. ALDERMAN

(Delivered by the President of the University at the University of Virginia, June, 1920.)

There are some events and some emotions that can never become quite commonplace. The reddening of the autumn leaves and the green tide of oncoming springtime in the natural world are perpetual miracles. In the world of spirit, the going over the top of trained, undaunted, and unbeaten youth to face the duties and meet the perils of life's real battle can never become prosaic. And that is why, as the years roll on, this particular scene and this particular duty do not become stereotyped to us who serve at these altars. The mere scene indeed may be conventional, but the human factors in it are ever fresh, dynamic, and dramatic, as in bright recurring waves, year by year, they break on the shores of manhood.

My heart is thus newly stirred each year to find and to say a fitting word to you, young soldiers of the Common Good, at the moment of your civic zero hour. Two primary emotions always rule my mind and spirit at this hour, and I cannot fight away from them. One impulse is to tell you simply that your University has faith in you and cherishes you; and the other is, after the ancient and sometimes fatuous habit of

age, to offer you what age deems good counsel. I sometimes doubt if you quite get the one, for the Anglo-Saxon is a bit tongue-tied and lacks the clarity and felicity of the Gaul, for instance, where his heart is involved; and even the other—the good counsel—may miss its mark as the counsel of dull prudence from those who are weary, to the splendor of life at the dawn.

We believe you have gained here some knowledge of nature and men, of laws and institutions, of canons of conduct and taste, of faith and beauty, and of duty and labor. We are justified in defining an educated man as one who holds just notions of such things, and we further believe that these great concepts have been vitalized and warmed by the spiritual consciousness that flows into you from the fount of great traditions which glows and springs here and which constitutes for you an imperishable asset. May the name and memory of the University of Virginia, men of 1920, wherever your paths may lead, or whatever fate may befall you, never fail to wake in you the God that lies sleeping in every man's heart.

Naturally I would say to you that I wish you success in life, but I would care to define success. Success in life is an illusive ideal and almost as difficult of definition as democracy. I shall not essay this definition indeed, except to declare that, other things being equal, if there is among you, and I know there is, a man who is thinking of what he can put into life instead of what he can take from life, who has formed a conception of public conscience and a code of public honor which leads him to think of what he can do for his community, rather than what his community can do for him, that man is building his dream of success on a rock which all the storms of life will not wear away.

The one great virtue with which I would endow each one of you to-day, could I wave a wand over you like the beneficent fairy in the story, would be the gift of public spirit which would destroy for you self-interest as a dominant motive and substitute instead loyalty to men and the betterment of the social life of which you are a part. I venture to hold

the belief that in the functions of this little University world, the best of you have learned to put your self-gratifications secondary to the public good and to think in your hearts that such action is the essential criterion of a gentleman. You rightly aspire to be leaders. You ought to be leaders. Your University exists to train you for leadership. I, therefore, call upon you as trained young democrats, if you are to be leaders at all, to be leaders of public spirit, to be men willing to pour the full might of your knowledge and power into the great tasks of your time, for only along such paths can you hope to find and enjoy durable success in a decent world.

I once heard a man of some personal power and wealth described as the most *"private-spirited"* man in his community. The designation has always lingered with me as the superlative of dispraise and civic condemnation. I cultivate the hope that each of you may win the distinction of being the most *public-spirited* man in your community, for that term I consider the major decoration of republican leadership.

All the last victories of this world are victories of the spirit of man. For many years before 1914, the world accepted the dogma of achievement, the doctrine of action, the gospel of applied power as the last word of national philosophy. Even universities defined themselves as "knowledge in action." Then there fell out four fateful years when the gospel received its apotheosis, and all the days were vivid with action, and the strong man was the man who was up and doing. Glorious victory emerged at last from the welter of haggard days and nights of anxiety and suspense, and many of the great actors and agencies claimed it, not unreasonably, as their own. But lo and behold! it came to pass that the mightiest actors who saw most deeply into the complex human heart, knew in their souls that it was pure spirit that had won that stupendous victory.

You will recall how the great French Marshal—a very thunderbolt of action—subtly conceded this when he defined defeat as really a state of mind. "Nations are never defeated," said Foch, "until they think they are." You may

call this unconquerable, imponderable thing what you will—idealism, morale, devotion, courage: it is just spirit—applied spirit—mightier than bolts or bars or cannons or steel. It is not to be thought of as divorced from action but as the mainspring of all triumphant action.

Edith Cavell facing death at dawn, the old Belgian cardinal, the stout-heartedness of English lads trained to fairness in their playing fields; the French love of home, and the American passion for freedom; memories of Valmy and Valley Forge, of Washington and Lafayette; the pity and beauty of ruined cathedrals, the Maid of Orleans, and the tomb of Shakespeare—such streams of spirit flowing onward through the valley of years grew into the resistless volume of martial power that inevitably brought victory on its crest. And it will be spirit—the shining sword of public spirit—sharpened by knowledge, steadied by unselfish purpose, that will yet accomplish the recovery of the nations and guide the tumult of democracy now raging in all lands into steadfast forms of serenity, justice, and liberty.

Some 17,000 men, for varying lengths of time, have studied within the walls of this ancient University. This number will forever grow with the endless years. Let us pray God that when their race is run it may be said of you and of them—"They sought to work for mankind."

§ 21

FAREWELL TO THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

By MARTIN LUTHER D'OOGE

(Speech delivered by an alumnus on retiring from a professorship which he had held for many years, at the commencement dinner, University of Michigan, June 27, 1912.)

MR. PRESIDENT, GENTLEMEN OF THE BOARD OF REGENTS, FELLOW ALUMNI, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: A small company

of us celebrated last evening at my house in a reunion the fiftieth anniversary of the class of 1862. It is significant that the record of a class that is holding its reunion should cover two-thirds of the entire period of the history of this University. Fifty years ago forty-nine of us were sent forth from the literary department of our Alma Mater, then a blushing matron of twenty-five years, into the arena of life. Fourteen of the forty-nine remain, and seven came together last evening. Men die, but institutions live. We are witnesses to-day of the astonishing growth and development of our Alma Mater, who is still, when we compare her with the older universities of Europe, in the heyday of her youth.

Many and great contrasts present themselves before us as we think of the fifty years that have passed since we bade adieu to these halls. Time does not permit me to point out these contrasts, nor is it necessary after the eloquent commemorative oration which we heard yesterday. This is a day of memories, sacred and happy. First of all we recall the great President, the founder of our University, Henry P. Tappan. His majestic presence, his commanding eloquence, his lofty character still rise visible before us, and we still can hear his voice addressing us: "Young Gentlemen," his favorite term. As one of my classmates said to me the other day, "When President Tappan said 'Young Gentlemen' every fellow grew an inch." Those of you who will be here next commencement will see placed upon the walls of our Alumni Memorial Hall, in honor of his memory, a relief in bronze opposite the relief in bronze of the second great President of this University, whose benign presence here to-day adds so much interest and joy to this high festival. We recall that noble band of teachers, our professors. There was first of all our professor of mathematics and physics, good old Dr. Williams, wise, witty, and to our faults so wonderfully kind. Then there was our professor of Greek, Boise, accurate, exact, of whom it was said that he would die for an enclitic, a masterful teacher. Then there was Professor Frieze, the lover of the Muses, a man of the finest and most delicately strong nature, æsthetic, who made us all wish to be the gentle-

man that he was. Then there was our professor of French, Fasquelle. He never could get the English emphasis, as he called it; teacher courteous and kind, of the old school. There was Professor Winchell, who talked eloquently of star dust and cosmogony and never could find out the culprit who was playing pranks in the class. Time is too limited to mention all of the others. There is one, however, and he is not the least of all, our professor of history, Andrew D. White, whom we gladly salute here to-day. How much he did for us in our raw youth we cannot tell him; how he inspired us by his enthusiasm for scholarship, how he humanized us by the touch of his personality. What lessons he drew for us from the history of the French Revolution and Guizot's History of Civilization, lessons which he is still, during all these years, teaching to this Commonwealth and to all the commonwealths of our great American Republic. We load him with our benedictions and utter the old prayer, *Serus in coelum redeas.*

When we were taking our diplomas from the hands of President Tappan it was not amid the peaceful scenes of this June day, unbroken save for the tumults of the conventions in Chicago and Baltimore. The roar of guns on Southern battlefields was penetrating through many a northern home and smiting the heart of our Alma Mater with sorrow in the death of her noblest sons. The very day that we received our diplomas from the hands of President Tappan a train passed through Ann Arbor carrying the mortal remains of Albert Nye, the most brilliant member of our class, to his former home. Carpenter, Hurd, Jewett, Nelson, Nye, and others like them who gave their young lives to their country, need no eulogy at our hands. A united, prosperous, and happy nation speaks their praise. Of them it may be said as Simonides, the Greek lyric poet, said of those who fell at Thermopylæ, "Glorious is their fortune, noble is their lot; their graves are altars; praise instead of pity, grateful recollection instead of tears are theirs; neither rust nor all-subduing time shall cause to perish the memory of their valor."

But I must not dwell longer upon those happy and sacred memories. This is also a day of vision as well as a day of

memory. Fear has been expressed that possibly if this University should increase in the next few decades as it has in the past in the number of its students, it would be impossible to care for them on this campus, and that centres might have to be created in various parts of our State to provide facilities for the instruction of the multitudes who would flock to the University. How that may be I cannot say, and I for one frankly confess that I personally do not cherish this ambition that we may become so big. For, ladies and gentlemen and fellow alumni, what a university achieves for mankind is not measured by size and numbers. The Academy at Athens had but one teacher and one student, but that teacher was Plato and that student was Aristotle, and Plato and Aristotle have done more for the progress of mankind than the University of Cairo with its thousands of students and with its hundreds of teachers. I venture to express the hope that the ambition and rivalry for numbers that is so dominant a force in the administration of some of our universities may not blind our Alma Mater to the supreme value of high ideals and noble impulses; ideals and impulses that shall shape and control the educational system of this State and of the Nation. My ambition for my Alma Mater is that she may maintain her leadership among our great state universities in the progress of sound educational reform, in the adaptation of education to the service and the best service of the State. The servant of the State? Yes, but not the creature of public opinion but the creator of public opinion, the educator of the public mind in matters of education. Progressive? Yes, but not losing sight of the precious heritage of the past. Learning from the successes and failures of rival universities, but not treading slavishly in their footsteps. Self-contained, but not out of sympathy with the spirit of the times. The University, the leader, the moulder, the director, the inspirer of all noble effort for the service of the State and of the Union. To this high mission may our Alma Mater ever remain faithful!

The President has referred to the fact that, yielding to the relentless hand of time, I am about to lay down the active duties of my professorship. I wish to give a word of greeting

and of God-speed to all my old students, whether present or absent. In many ways I have learned more from them than they from me, and I am their debtor and they are my creditors. Fellow students, former students, loving friends, God bless you! If I have any parting word to say to my Alma Mater as I leave her ranks, let it be this: may she ever cherish the great purpose to send out men and women of high ideals, who shall exalt learning above lucre and service above self. May her Faculties possess that catholicity of mind that shall recognize the just claims of all branches of learning, the interdependence of all forms of science, and the unity of all truth. May she do her full share in cherishing the spirit of research and in pushing out the limits of the known into the realm of the unknown, and raise up a band of explorers and discoverers who shall illumine the pathway of mankind in its march forward and upward. In the hands of the efficient President of this University our Alma Mater is safe. *Crescat, floreat, esto perpetua.*

CHAPTER IV

SPEECHES OF PRESENTATION

§ 22

PRESENTING THE CHENEY-IVES GATEWAY TO YALE UNIVERSITY

By HENRY JOHNSON FISHER

(Speech by an alumnus on behalf of the class of 1896 at the Yale bicentennial celebration, 1901.)

PRESIDENT HADLEY AND YALE MEN: I am here as a representative of the class of ninety-six, to present to you this gate. In its stone and iron it typifies the rugged manliness of those to whose lasting memory it has been erected. That is our wish. To you who are now gathered beneath these elms, and to those Yale men who shall follow after us, we wish this memorial to stand first of all for the manhood and courage of Yale. In the evening shadows the softer lights may steal forth and infold it, but through the daylight hours of toil and accomplishment let the sun shine down upon it, and bring out each line of strength, that every Yale man may be imbued with that dauntless spirit which inspired these two sons of Yale in their lives and in their deaths.

We do not wish you merely to stand before this memorial and gaze upon it as a monument. We want every one of you, whether graduate at Commencement time or undergraduate in term time, to come to it and to sit upon its benches, just as we of ninety-six shall come to it during the advancing years, and, in the coming, keep always alive in our hearts the spirit of these two who did their work and held their peace,

and had no fear to die. That is the lesson these two careers are singularly fitted to teach us. To the one came the keenest disappointment which can come to a soldier, the disappointment of staying behind, and after that the toil, the drudgery, and the sickness,—all bravely borne. To the other it was given to meet death with that steadfast courage which alone avails to men who die in the long quiet after the battle. It is no new service the two have given to Yale. Looking back to-day through the heritage of two centuries, these names are but added to the roll of those who have served Yale because they have served their country.

The stone and iron of this gate will keep alive the names of these two men. It is our hope that the men of Yale will, in their own lives, perpetuate their manhood and courage.

§ 23

PRESENTING A LOVING CUP TO ADMIRAL DEWEY

By CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

(Delivered by a United States Senator in Washington, D. C., January 9, 1900.)

ADMIRAL DEWEY: One of the most charming functions I have ever had in my life has fallen to my lot this beautiful morning, this Dewey Day.

Your countrymen are ever emulating each other in the conception and execution of something which will show their affection for and their gratitude to you. They followed you in mind and heart from Manila Bay in your journey around the world. On that journey home you were received by the naval officers of the fleets in the harbors where your ship anchored, and on shore foreign governments gave you proof of their high admiration and esteem. These manifestations were received with pleasure by the American people as a tribute to their great admiral.

When you arrived in America, in your own land, you were received with wide open arms, with every manifestation of the loyalty and affection of your countrymen.

But in all this, except in so far as the people could reach you personally, there was the ceremonial of official function. You were presented a sword by an admiring and grateful country, with loving cups by municipalities and with medals by States, but all of these acts were essentially ceremonial in form.

What we do to-day is without ceremony or official character. It is simply the expression of seventy thousands of men, women and children of our country in a simple way of their affection and respect for and their pride in Admiral Dewey.

One of the significant things of our time is the influence of the newspaper, the power of the journal. The triumphs of Arctic exploration, scientific advancement and beneficent reforms originate very often in the brains of the people who conduct these great powers of modern thought and who give expression to the general idea. It seems as if the myriad fingers by which the press reaches out and touches every form of opinion and feeling enable it also to concentrate in a happy way what all desire and give it definite and material form.

This has been done by the New York *Journal,* which suggested this cup for you, Admiral.

The artist who designed it has put in permanent and beautiful form the love of seventy thousands who contributed their ten cent pieces for the purpose of making this exquisite memorial.

If you were a politician, sir, and had aspiration for the Presidency, I fear this cup would be a serious bar to your advancement, because one of the critical, crucial dangers of the time, if we are to believe many newspapers and orators, is the contraction of currency, and here are, sir, actually seventy thousand dimes taken out of the circulating medium of the country.

But there is another significance in this gift. Ever since the dawn of civilization in any garment which people wore

the pocket has been the test of the civilization of man; but while the pocket gives to man the characteristics of culture, of progress, of up-to-dateness, it is well to remember that its absence in her dress is an evidence of the same qualities in woman. Ever since the pocket came into use and fashion there has always been a pocket piece. This is a charm, carried for the purpose of warding off rheumatism and the devil, as an immunity from life's evils, and as a means of escape from the misfortunes which threaten, and also promote good fortune.

In this cup are melted up the dime of a great many elderly people who had rounded out their successful lives, and who thought they would give to you their pocket pieces in the hope that they would do for you what they had done for themselves; that you would be free from what they had escaped, and that, besides, they would transfer to you good luck for the rest of your life.

Now, Admiral, I know of no form of compliment which can permanently give greater satisfaction to one who seems to have gratitude expressed to him in every conceivable way than this unique and original gift.

As you look at this cup during the years to come you will know that the donors from every State, city, town and hamlet of your country will have an interest in your home. From thousands of homes from which has been contributed their mite, in every prayer, morning and evening, there will be an aspiration for long life, health and happiness for Admiral Dewey.

§ 24

PRESENTING A BOOK TO PROFESSOR BASIL L. GILDERSLEEVE

By EDWARD H. SPIEKER

(Delivered at Baltimore, Md., on February 20, 1902, at a banquet given by former students in honor of Professor Gildersleeve.)

PROFESSOR GILDERSLEEVE, I know that it is no item of news which I bring when I tell you that for some time past a number of your former students have been at work on a volume of studies in your honor. Even had we intended to keep the matter a secret it is quite certain that the all-discovering reporter would have found us out and have published the fact to the world. It is my pleasure and my privilege to tell you to-night that this book of ours is at last finished. It is true, it issues from the press a little later than we had intended, for we were desirous that it should appear on the occasion of the seventieth anniversary of your birth, but after all, it is perhaps better that it is as it is; and our regret is tempered by the reflection that this is not an inappropriate moment to present the book to you, when that university with the upbuilding of which you had so much to do is celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of its founding, and when more of our co-workers can be with us to rejoice in the completion of a work which has meant so much to us because we hoped that it might give pleasure to you. I shall not speak of the many vexatious delays with which we have had to contend: you have had many years of experience in this kind of work and know full well the many hindrances in the way of a prompt publication.

Nor shall I speak of the character of the work which this volume represents; it would not benefit me and it would be useless, for you will be better able to judge of our failure, or our success, than any one of us could be. I can assure you, however, that the work was done with an enthusiastic interest and a devotion to yourself which, I am sure, will go far to atone for any shortcomings which you may still find in it. We can only hope that it will not be found unworthy of yourself and of the university which we are proud to represent.

The list of contributors is in every way a representative one. It covers the entire period of your activity here, from Sihler to Sanders the several triennia are in the line, and in the positions which these men now hold, they are no less representative: the contributions come from California as well

as from Maryland, from Canada and from Texas; nor are they by any means restricted to that particular field which you have made in so peculiar a sense your own: Sanskrit and Hebrew, English and German are here, and the first article to be put in the hands of the committee, and which leads the way in the book, in its able treatment of the Apostolic Commission deals with a phase of the study of Greek which has never been made the subject of your seminary work.

On the members of the committee having the matter in charge fell more than the average labor incident on the production of such a work, but I am sure that it will not be felt as an invidious distinction when I single out two as worthy of special mention; I mean Dr. Miller, who gave unstintingly of his time and labor to the promotion of the work, and Dr. Sutphen, whose restless energy and tireless activity were even an incentive to those who were privileged to be associated with him. His sad death is rendered all the more sad that he was not enabled to see this day.

It has been our desire to show you that we honor you. We honor you as a profound scholar, as an original thinker, as a great teacher. We rejoice that you have passed the age limit set for himself by the effeminate Mimnermus, who must have been afflicted with rheumatism or dyspepsia. We sincerely hope that with undiminished vigor you will show that Solon, too, was wrong in his correction of the clear-voiced singer, as he certainly was in the estimate which he gives in his poem on the ages of men.

And now, dear Professor Gildersleeve, I have the pleasure to hand you this book. Its 530 pages represent work done by forty of those who have drawn inspiration from you and from your work. The excellent copy of a recent photograph of yourself which has been prefixed we have added for ourselves and for all others who may see the book. It will always serve to recall to our minds the familiar features of him we all admire, and the auspicious fact that at seventy he still continues to be physically vigorous, able to do for many others yet to come what he has done for us.

§ 25

PRESENTING A BADGE

By F. O. WATTS

(Delivered at a meeting of the American Bankers Association, St. Louis, Mo., October 2, 1919, on presenting a badge to the retiring President, Mr. Robert F. Maddox.

One of the problems of this blessed country of ours has been, what shall we do with our ex-Presidents. That problem has arisen in times gone by in the American Bankers Association and at that time we decided in the language of a distinguished deceased president that we would put them in a state of innocuous desuetude. In order that you may be able to recognize the ex-President after the lapse of a brief time a custom arose that we would give them such a badge as that I hold in my right hand. The conspicuous service which has been rendered to the American Bankers Association by the incumbent of that office during the year 1918 and 1919 was such, and his administration of that office was such, that a badge would be wholly unnecessary; but it was thought not to present him with such a badge would be to draw an invidious comparison between him and others who have preceded him in that position. I take pleasure, Mr. Maddox, in presenting to you this badge which I am sure you will wear with great satisfaction and with the knowledge that you possess in retiring from the office the affections and good will of every member of the American Bankers Association, whether he be present in St. Louis or not.

CHAPTER V

SPEECHES OF ACCEPTANCE

§ 26

ACCEPTANCE OF THE CHENEY-IVES GATEWAY

By ARTHUR TWINING HADLEY

(Speech by the President of the University at the Yale bicentennial celebration, 1901.)

Of all the memorials which are offered to a university by the gratitude of her sons, there are none which serve so closely and fully the purpose of her life as those monuments which commemorate her dead heroes. The most important part of the teaching of a place like Yale is found in the lessons of public spirit and devotion to high ideals which it gives. These things can in some measure be learned in books of poetry and of history. They can in some measure be learned from the daily life of the college and the sentiments which it inculcates. But they are most solemnly and vividly brought home by visible signs, such as this gateway furnishes, that the spirit of ancient heroism is not dead, and that its highest lessons are not lost.

It seems as if the bravest and best in your class, as well as in others, had been sacrificed to the cruel exigencies of war. But they are not sacrificed. It is through their death that their spirit remains immortal. It is through men like those whom we have loved, and whom we here commemorate, that the life of the republic is kept alive. As we have learned lessons of heroism from the men who went forth to die in the Civil War, so will our children and our children's children

learn the same lesson from the heroes who have a little while lived with us and then entered into an immortality of glory.

§ 27

ACCEPTING A SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MONUMENT

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT

(Delivered by the President of the United States on the occasion of the unveiling of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument at Arlington, under the auspices of the National Society of the Colonial Dames of America.)

MRS. PRESIDENT, AND MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY, and you, my comrades, and finally, officers and men of the Regular Army, whom we took as our models in the war four years ago:

It is a pleasure to be here this afternoon to accept in the name of the nation the monument put up by your society to the memory of those who fell in the war with Spain; a short war; a war that called for the exertion of only the merest fraction of the giant strength of this nation; but a war, the effects of which will be felt through the centuries to come, because of the changes it wrought. It is eminently appropriate that the monument should be unveiled to-day, the day succeeding that on which the free republic of Cuba took its place among the nations of the world as a sequel to what was done by those men who fell and by their comrades in '98.

And here, where we meet to honor the memory of those who drew the great prize of death in battle, a word in reference to the survivors: I think that one lesson everyone who was capable of learning anything learned from his experience in that war was the old, old lesson that we need to apply in peace quite as much—the lesson that the man who does not care to do any act until the time for heroic action comes, does

not do the heroic act when the time does come. You all of you remember, comrades, some man—it is barely possible some of you remember being the man—who, when you enlisted, had a theory that there was nothing but splendor and fighting and bloodshed in the war, and then had the experience of learning that the first thing you had to do was to perform commonplace duties, and perform them well. The work of any man in the campaign depended upon the resolution and effective intelligence with which he started about doing each duty as it arose; not waiting until he could choose the duty that he thought sufficiently spectacular to do, but doing the duty that came to hand. That is exactly the lesson that all of us need to learn in times of peace. It is not merely a great thing, but an indispensable thing that the nation's citizens should be ready and willing to die for it in time of need; and the presence of no other quality could atone for the lack of such readiness to lay down life if the nation calls. But in addition to dying for the nation you must be willing and anxious to live for the nation, or the nation will be badly off. If you want to do your duty only when the time comes for you to die, the nation will be deprived of valuable services during your lives.

I never see a gathering of this kind; I never see a gathering under the auspices of any of the societies which are organized to commemorate the valor and patriotism of the founders of this nation; I never see a gathering composed of the men who fought in the great Civil War or in any of the lesser contests in which this country has been engaged, without feeling the anxiety to make such a gathering feel, each in his or her heart, the all-importance of doing the ordinary, humdrum, commonplace duties of each day as those duties arise. A large part of the success on the day of battle is always due to the aggregate of the individual performance of duty during the long months that have preceded the day of battle. The way in which a nation arises to a great crisis is largely conditioned upon the way in which its citizens have habituated themselves to act in the ordinary affairs of the national life. You can not expect that much will be done in the supreme

hour of peril by soldiers who have befitted themselves to meet the need when the need comes, and you can not expect the highest type of citizenship in the periods when it is needed if that citizenship has not been trained by the faithful performance of ordinary duty. What we need most in this Republic is not special genius, not unusual brilliancy, but the honest and upright adherence on the part of the mass of the citizens and of their representatives to the fundamental laws of private and public morality—which are now what they have been during recorded history. We shall succeed or fail in making this Republic what it should be made—I will go a little further than that—what it shall and must be made, accordingly as we do or do not seriously and resolutely set ourselves to do the tasks of citizenship—and good citizenship consists in doing the many small duties, private and public, which in the aggregate make it up.

§ 28

ACCEPTING A NOMINATION

By WILLIAM T. CREASY

(Delivered in September 1906, on accepting the nomination of the Democratic Lincoln party for the office of Auditor General of Pennsylvania.)

Mr. Chairman and Committee of Notification of the Democratic and Lincoln Republican State Conventions: Gentlemen—In accepting the nomination for the office of auditor general I am deeply sensible of the responsibility which it involves.

While I appreciate the honor conferred, I cannot fail to realize the fact that personal considerations did not influence the choice of your conventions, but rather the belief that the candidate whom it named would, in good faith and good conscience, endeavor to discharge every duty, however grave,

imposed upon him along the lines of honest government and good citizenship which are being laid down, in no uncertain courses, in Pennsylvania to-day.

The declarations of principles and reforms advocated by the several representative conventions of that great body of the people of Pennsylvania who are opposed to the existing conditions and methods of the administration of those offices of the state government still in the hands of the machine, meet my hearty endorsement, and are in line with my efforts in the last six legislatures of our state.

These platforms mean to give back to the people their constitutional rights which for thirty years or more have been shamefully trampled under foot by unscrupulous and defiant manipulators of a political machine run in the interests of predatory corporations.

The result is a patch work system of laws for the benefit of the few at the expense of the many.

In the Pennsylvania state government the auditor general's department is the business office of the state, and should be run on business principles. The reports, which are several years behind, should be promptly made. In no other department is the mighty financial growth and industrial advancement of the state so clearly manifested.

The duties of the auditor general are very broad, and give him great power, which, if properly used, will save to the state thousands of dollars. In conjunction with the state treasurer, he collects and disburses annually over $20,000,000.

What are the necessities of the state government which demand the production of such an immense revenue?

There are always the expenses of the different departments of government, the care of charitable institutions, and the payments to counties for schools, roads and other purposes, and yet the annual average balance remaining in the state treasury exceeds $10,000,000.

When the thoughtful citizen takes the time to inquire into the history of the revenue legislation of Pennsylvania, he will find that the cumbersome and expensive methods under which the state taxes are collected are patches upon a framework

which was enacted nearly 100 years ago. And notwithstanding the totally changed conditions of to-day, the old vehicle is still driven recklessly, and it would be difficult to estimate the cost of the collection of state taxes, or explain the irrational methods that are used to disburse or invest the balances.

It is a sound financial proposition that the government should not be a lender. It is also a common-sense proposition that it is a poor financial policy to exact taxes from the people and after deducting the cost of collecting them to repay them. Better permit them to remain with the people in the first instance.

The man whose duty calls him to administer the affairs of the auditor general's department of Pennsylvania must do his part in running the cumbersome tax machine as it is set up, but he is not a careful man who will not make a thorough examination and an overhauling of the machinery with a view to suggesting legitimate repairs.

The first consideration of a citizen who has been deputized by the people to fill a state office is their interests.

The unequal and excessive burdens of taxation justify one who would become a finance officer of the state to safely and rightfully subscribe to the proposition in this reform fight, which says:

"We repeat our demands for equalization, and recommend that the large surplus of the people's taxes remaining in the state treasury from year to year be applied to the reduction of taxes for the support of the common schools levied in the several school districts of the state, and to improvement of township roads, and that the revenues derived by the state from licenses and personal property be retained by the several counties in which they are raised."

Your candidate for auditor general in accepting this nomination, if called to the office by the vote of the people, promises a "square deal" to all and will devote his best energies and abilities to administering the office faithfully and honestly for the best interests of the state, which are the best interests of the people.

§ 29

ACCEPTING A BOOK

By BASIL L. GILDERSLEEVE

(Delivered at Baltimore, Md., on February 20, 1902, at a banquet given by former students in honor of Professor Gildersleeve.)

I will not say that this is the proudest moment of my life. The only line of Lincoln's favorite poem that I can recall is "Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" but it is a line that in one form or another I have been saying to myself ever since I learned the Book of Proverbs and the Shorter Catechism. I will not say that this is the supreme moment of my long career, because I do not conceive life as a race course or a circus, but as a climb, and I am still climbing. But your loving kindness, your devotion, your self-sacrifice have brought me to a high point from which I can look back on the long way that has been traversed, and look forward to the still longer way that is to be trodden by your feet and the feet of your successors. And my heart is full of joy, full of gratitude that I have been permitted to lead, if only after a fashion, such a company of eager and consecrated spirits. One of the most dashing rough riders that have ever curveted on the plains of philology, or performed feats of lofty tumbling on the heights of scholarship, has said one thing that has been much in my mind during the last few days. A nullo libentius discas quam a discipulo. True, there is a dangerous element of pride lurking in this sentiment, that very pride which one would keep down; and yet love and gratitude will not allow that pride to be a mortal sin; and, as I look over the names of the contributors to this superb volume, names written high in the annals of their chosen domains of work, names that are associated with the forward movement of our world of research; when I glance over the various themes that have been handled, and think of the light that has come from all this patient and intense study, I feel how good and pleasant a thing it is to learn from those who have once

called me teacher, or haply here and there in early enthusiasm, master. Everyone who has ventured out of the class-room into the larger world, everyone who has brought his wares into the open market, who has delivered addresses and compiled text-books and written essays, is more or less tempted to measure his success in life by the reception which has been accorded to the work that is intended for the public ear, the public eye. The author multiplies himself by the man that he reaches directly; and the teacher with his narrower circle shrinks in his own estimation. This false standard seems inevitable; and I do not deny that I have been at times under its domination and have called myself a respectable failure. But an hour like this rectifies the count; and as the most successful writer in our line of work can only live on, and live on impersonally in the few little contributions he has made to the vast sum of that which is known, so a teacher who has done his duty day by day, a teacher, who has been privileged to guide and inspire the studies of so many high and enthusiastic spirits, may be reconciled with his lot in life, may rejoice in it.

No one, let me add, is in a better position than I am, to know what such a volume as you have offered me has cost the givers. Every little monograph represents many hours of hard work and intense thought. Who knows this better than the paragraph writer of "Brief Mention"? The volume which you have given me has been brought together by editorial labors which no one can better appreciate than the man who has been over a score of years in the editorial harness.

But as I look from one to another of the group of men who have made me their debtor for the rest of my life, I miss the lithe form, the flashing eye, the kindly presence of one who threw himself into the task with all the ardor of his nature. May I ask a pause for a silent tribute to the memory of Morris Sutphen.

This sad note could not be kept out of this joyous meeting. But after all, be a course short or long, it is complete in the eyes of the great Master, to whom we reverently commit all

our ways. There is no broken column. The Supreme Architect finishes the shaft.

And so back to life and all its claims. You have cheered my heart for what remains of toil and endeavor. You have shown, what after all appeals to me most, that you have recognized in the brazen bowels of a Didymus Chalkenteros, the great grammarian—that you have recognized in one who has spared you as little as he has spared himself, something that yearns and loves. Else there had not been this manifestation of affection, for it is love that begets love. And so to all the little band in this upper room, and all the absent brothers who live in the airy regions of high thought and high purpose, my best wishes, my heartfelt thanks.

§ 30

ACCEPTING A HORSE AND SADDLE

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT

(Delivered by the President of the United States at Cheyenne, Wyo., June 1, 1903.)

SENATOR WARREN AND FRIENDS: I thank you most cordially. I thank you, my friends of Cheyenne, for the beautiful saddle you gave me and I thank the citizens of Douglas for the beautiful horse you have presented to me. I accept both with the greatest pleasure and I will rechristen the horse "Wyoming" to commemorate this state, and I shall be proud at Washington to be riding so fine a horse, which comes from the cow country I love so well and which produces the finest horses in the world.

I have broken the saddle, as you see. I must say that this single-footer is a rocking chair to ride across even a rough country on his back. I couldn't have had a gift that would have pleased me more. And again I wish to thank you for these splendid gifts which will commemorate as pleasant a forty-eight hours as any President ever spent since the White House was built.

CHAPTER VI

SPEECHES IN THE PERFORMANCE OF OFFICIAL DUTIES AT PUBLIC FUNCTIONS BY OFFICERS IN CHARGE

§ 31

INDUCTION ADDRESS

By VICTOR M. GORE

(Delivered by a Regent of the University of Michigan, October 14, 1923, at the inauguration of President Burton.)

The people of the State of Michigan dedicated this University to the cause of higher education. That means it was dedicated to the progress of knowledge as well as the care and culture of men and women. To preserve it unimpaired to future generations it was given lodgment in our State Constitution. There it remains in security and strength. It is, therefore, a part and parcel of the government itself. It is preëminently of the people. We owe a debt of gratitude to the electors of 1850 who answered in the affirmative this question: Will a free people tax themselves for higher education? That splendid verdict meant that growth, and even larger growth for the institution, awaited the coming years. Progress has become its breath of life. Under wise and wholesome leadership the University has grown in efficient strength until to-day the friends of education the world over join us in cheering its past achievements and welcoming its future and its problems. The University has thus justified the faith and leveled up to the ideals of

its founders. It has produced in gratifying abundance noble men and noble women, and that is the true measure of its service and glory.

Michigan may well be proud of its presidents. From the first they have been uniformly able men. Upon every tongue to-day are the names of Tappan and Haven, Angell and Hutchins. These inspiring names span Michigan history like a bow of promise. They are forever linked together in the great constructive work of the University. Every lover of education should rejoice that the work of these distinguished leaders will be continued by a masterful executive, possessing, in rounded measure, the full quota of Michigan's requirements.

This day is indeed auspicious. It belongs to Michigan. It marks in its career a memorable transition. We close one notable administration and formally install its successor. And that hour has struck.

Marion LeRoy Burton: By reason of your distinguished successes and eminence as an administrator, you have been called to the leadership of this great University by the unanimous action of its Board of Regents. The trust imposed is preëminently a sacred one. This old University has a deep and firm hold upon the affections as well as upon the pride of the people of the State of Michigan. Into your hands we cheerfully confide its traditions, laden with the worth and work of its sons and daughters. We bring you, in its able faculties, an army of trained and zealous experts and educators. We bring you vast groups of devoted and vigilant alumni. We turn over to your fostering care its high-minded and eager student body. We place in your hands the honor and good name of the University, priceless above all things rich or rare. We bring you, also, the good will and fervent prayers of the people of this great State; those who maintain this institution, cheer its progress, and glory in its mission.

Moreover, as I deposit with you the charter and keys of the University, I make you the trustee of its vast properties; its sacred donations coming from benefactors both living and

dead; its noble fellowships, uplifting in their appeal to worthy ambition. And we are pleased to pledge you now and here in this vast presence the cordial coöperation and support of its Board of Regents. All these are yours. All these unite to welcome, to strengthen, and to prosper your administration. We thus turn over to your tried and able hands the very flower of Michigan life and endeavor. This we do, indulging the high and confident hope that you may lead this University to transcendent accomplishments of which poets have dreamed and prophets spoken. Cheered by your efforts, inspired by your example and successes, the people of this Commonwealth and the friends of education the country over, bid you Godspeed.

And now, in the name and by the direction of its Board of Regents, I pronounce you, Marion LeRoy Burton, President of the University of Michigan.

§ 32

CLOSING SUMMARY OF EDUCATIONAL CONFERENCE

By WALTER HINES PAGE

(Delivered by the Chairman at the close of the Sixteenth Conference for Education in the South, at Richmond, Va., April 18, 1913.)

In a few moments (after the formal adjournment of the Conference, so that a number of you who wish to take a train may do so) Dr. Freeman, of the State Board of Health of Virginia, will show a number of lantern slides setting forth the progress of health work in this State. After that is over the Conference will disperse without further announcement.

Some months ago I was asked by the executive secretary to summarize the work of this Conference at its conclusion. This was a custom of our earlier years. It could have been done

very well then. But to attempt it at this time would be like summarizing the springtime, with its varied beauty and charm.

But there are a few thoughts that might have occurred to all. First, there is its comprehensiveness. Never before, I believe, have so many thoughtful and suggestive people come together from so many regions of the South. Every State is represented by a group, and every member of each group seems to be a leader. The comprehensiveness of the program is beyond all precedent in my experience and observation. It is no haphazard affair, but goes in ordered procession through all the allied subjects.

The largest problem that faces the American civilization to-day lies in building up its country life. No matter what attitude some of us may have toward the tasks the United States bears, we are obliged to come to this. We have just passed through a period of organization of the machinery of the modern world—making the city and the railroad—and the country has been left out.

Now we must build it up, and that is the errand that brings us here. We all know that in the coming centuries, as in past, the character and the vision of American life will come from the soil. I marvel, therefore, at the wisdom with which the schedule of our meetings was laid out.

In our early days the characteristic of the people of the United States was individualism. Great as this was for the cause of democracy, it rested upon a false economic basis. A man's home cannot be his castle, for he is mutually linked as his brother's keeper, whether he will or no. A larger vision and a larger liberty and a larger opportunity now comes on us as the task for our working hours. We must organize in the country.

Another thing, and one that must have impressed a stranger from a different land, suddenly dropped among us, is the unselfishness with which everything has been done and discussed. I defy anyone to find so many intelligent, self-supporting men and women anywhere, to sit for three days

discussing problems for the good of all, never once admitting the exploitation of anybody, for any purpose.

The historian of the progress of democracy could not write a more thrilling chapter than the events of the past ten or fifteen years, taking as the cue the note of the Conference for Education in the South. We begin with the school and the child, and we end with them, of course; but every step has been toward a widening democratic ideal, nothing less, to see how we could teach one another. Dr. Knapp let a flood of light on all this problem. I am not sure but that he was the greatest schoolmaster of the age.

So our discussions have come regularly, with no eccentricities, but with a broadening application of all that coöperation means. To till the soil, to train the children, to make the home, a work of continuous service, I count it as one of the greatest privileges that can fall to the lot of man. We have worked on a program to bring to pass the dream of the fathers, that our republic shall be and remain the hope of the world.

With that thought, and with infinite gratitude from the bottom of my heart to every one of you, and with a growing hope, I declare the Sixteenth Conference for Education in the South adjourned.

§ 33

OPENING CONFERENCE ON IMMIGRANT EDUCATION

By B. PRESTON CLARK

(Delivered at the opening of a conference on Immigrant Education, at the National Education Association Convention, Boston, Mass., July 6, 1922.)

We shall this morning listen to reports dealing concretely with different phases of Immigrant Education. As a member

of the Associated Industries of Massachusetts, it is a pleasure to preside at this conference, because it makes clear the mutual desire of the manufacturers of Massachusetts, and of the Educational forces of the State, to work in close co-operation for the common good.

I am not an educator, just a business man, and I cannot hope to tell you men and women anything you do not already know. The most I can hope to do is briefly to express what I believe to be in the minds and hearts of us all, as to what immigrant education really is.

If an immigrant is a person who has come from some foreign land, and if education is the bringing out of the latent powers of a person, then immigrant education is the bringing out of the latent powers of all those who have come to us from foreign countries. This is hardly broad enough. I would like it to include the bringing out the capacities of all those who spring from immigrant stock.

This definition includes every one of us here today. The only nativeborn American is the American Indian, and he, poor chap, is mostly dead. We who are here today are many of us Anglo-Saxons. Being one myself, I think they are pretty good people, but there are lots of other good people too. We Anglo-Saxons have our limitations, and one of them has been that, being a strong race, we have been too sure of ourselves, sometimes too arrogant. We must get over it.

We Anglo-Saxons came here first, we have contributed much to American life, and shall contribute more. But we are not the whole push. We are today a nation of forty races, and we all have much to learn from one another. We must in fact learn from one another if we are to be a united people. The stars on our flag I like to feel stand for these races as well as for the States.

One of the greatest missionaries I have ever known, Howard Bliss, of Beirut, Syria, said that the true missionary tried to exchange the best that we have with the best the other races have. It is a thought we may well bear in mind in immigrant education.

As President Lowell, of Harvard, said so splendidly, "The American is not a finished product. He has been in the making ever since the first white man set foot upon our shores, and he will continue to be in the making so long as streams of foreigners pour into our land. Americanization does not mean molding them to an already settled type, but the blending together of many distinct elements. No one of the peoples that have come from Europe to our shores is devoid of qualities that can enrich our common heritage, and some have already contributed greatly thereto."

One of the purposes of teaching English is surely that through a common language we may the better understand one another.

It has been my happiness to live my life among all sorts of people. I did a ten-hour day, and at one time a sixteen-hour day in a Massachusetts mill.

The nineteenth century was remarkable for many discoveries, many inventions. The great discovery of the twentieth century in this country will, I believe, be the latent capacities of these forty races under free American conditions. The world has never seen what these people could do under such conditions.

In some small way, it is given to each one of us, to help to bring out these latent capacities in ourselves and in others. It will not be done by program alone, though there must be intelligent planning. It will largely be done through making a vision which we all share in common, real in golden fact, through such wise and loving personal work, as you who are gathered here this morning, and thousands more like you, are doing from week to week and from month to month. In such work let me wish you all Godspeed.

§ 34

OPENING THE CEREMONIES AT THE DEDICATION OF A LAW BUILDING

By CHARLES CUSTIS HARRISON

(Address delivered by the Provost of the University, at the opening of the ceremonies held on the occasion of the dedication of the new law building at the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, February 21, 1901.)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I need not confess with how much pleasure the University greets, this afternoon, its guests from far and near. The occasion is certainly one which may well touch us all with a flush of modest pride;—for the day marks not only the dedication of a noble building to a true subject of University study; but it also marks a new era in the history of the Law School. Hitherto, the Department of Law has been without a home and fireside of its own, and for the greater part of its life it has been separate and apart from the University—a School of Law, but hardly a University School of Law. It has missed the contact with the daily life of the University, and the University has missed the influence of the School. The mother has had an adult child in separate and distant lodgings. Hereafter and henceforth, we are all to be together.

The Trustees desire me at this time to express their sincere thanks for the public interest and the private munificence which have made their purposes possible to the extent we see to-day. During all the time in which our plans were forming, the City of Philadelphia has given us patient and free use of the court house and court rooms not far from that "Old Building" where James Wilson delivered his first law lecture before the University, 110 years ago—and that act of public thoughtfulness is to-day well retaliated by this result of many private gifts. Through these alone and in entire dependence thereon has this building been erected. It is a danger, I believe, in such University undertakings as this, to think too much of the present and not enough of the future;

but I feel that in this latest work we have emptied our quiver of its arrows. The patience and care and affection with which our plans and purposes have been safe-guarded by the Faculty, the Architects, and the Law Committee of the Trustees may have been equalled at other times and in other places, but not in my experience. The interest of all has never failed; but I am sure that no one will withhold approval when in this respect I publicly thank the hard worked Dean of the Law Faculty and Messrs. Cope and Stewardson, the architects. One can scarce realize what it means when I say that a full year was given to the continuous study of the plans before their final adoption. It is hard to know whom not to thank. Builder and workman, master and servant alike, deserve, and to-day receive, their proper wage of approval. Like the building of that other temple, under an older dispensation of law, there has been no voice of strife or contention or dispute here. Nor any accident.

It is quite natural that we should wish, peculiarly, to thank, at this time, the givers of the many gifts for the erection of the building. It has been my fortune personally to know them all. They will prefer not to be mentioned by name at this time; but they will quite understand how the University feels towards and thinks of them. We thank all; we are grateful for the memory of him—my classmate—who first stirred us to the undertaking; and in equal measure to those young lawyers, who, in more instances than one, have given a large part of a year's fees. In the memorials, too, which have been here founded, we have the beginning of an Abbey of Inscriptions, telling of lives of "judicial independence, of professional honor, and of public respect," whose influence must take its hold upon master and scholar alike. Many, both men and women, will know what I mean when I extend to them, here and now, my personal thanks.

I am sure that the Trustees will desire me to say that while this building has been presently completed, we do not wish to take all the credit and honor of it. It means simply that the time had come for us to do this work. Other men had been for a century building a foundation, and we have erected the

building upon that foundation, well cemented and prepared. It is our greater pride—greater than the realized purpose—that no history of the Bar of Philadelphia—or, as Horace Binney definitively expressed it—"the leaders of the Bar of Philadelphia," can be written without writing in part the history of the University of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Chairman, others may speak of the development of the law as a science, of the progression of the law, depending upon the progress of the lawyer. My part and duty shall have been ended, I trust, when I offer for your approving acceptance this new building of the Department of Law of the University. Its purpose and the purposes of the University are clear. We seek to offer here the largest facilities in science and letters, and the highest influences upon the conduct of life, to that class—not caste—which may be willing to devote itself to those ideals of education which alone become a University. Nations are slow to recognize the social value of such education, but quick to know that no uneducated nation can survive as against an educated one. No whole nation can be educated to the ideals of a University, but influence flows gently downwards; and the function of the American Universities is to prepare a gradually increasing number, whose guiding power and influence in their respective spheres may gladly be accepted by the nation at large. The University Chemist and Physicist are recognized in their authority when they apply the original work of the Laboratory to the Arts of the people. So, with increasing influence, are the Historian, the Economist and the Sociologist heard.

May the students of Law, in this new building, so master the principles of their science, and be so imbued with high ideals of their calling, that Law and Equity, expounded in their practice and illustrated in their lives, may more and more decide the cause of the people, and in this democracy of ours be the guardians of an ordered liberty.

§ 35

OPENING THE CEREMONIES HELD IN OBSERVATION OF A UNIVERSITY CENTENNIAL

By ARTHUR TWINING HADLEY

(Address delivered by the President of the University, at the opening of the exercises held in commemoration of the centennial of the Yale Medical School, New Haven, Connecticut, June 15, 1914.)

We meet to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Yale Medical School. A department of Medicine is and always has been regarded as an essential element in every well equipped university. The importance of the public service rendered by its graduates and the careful theoretical training necessary to prepare them for such service make it at once a duty and a privilege for a great university to take its part in medical training. And there are certain special circumstances in the history of Yale which give to its Medical School a more than ordinary significance as an integral part of Yale life and organization.

In the first place, the establishment of the Medical School was the first of a series of events which during the nineteenth century changed Yale from a college to a university.

All through the eighteenth century the work of the students at Yale had been scholastic rather than professional. Both in the choice of studies and in the methods of teaching, the curriculum represented an advanced course in a classical academy rather than a training for the subsequent work of after life. The advent of the Medical School involved a recognition of the old Latin maxim, "Non scholæ sed vitæ discimus." Its establishment paved the way for the establishment of special courses in law and theology and engineering and chemistry, and the various other departments of instruction by whose gradual accretion and organization Yale has to-day become a university in the European sense.

In the second place, the establishment of a medical school of high grade a hundred years ago constituted an important

part of that work in natural science with which Yale has always been so prominently identified.

Among the many great things which the elder President Dwight accomplished for Yale, perhaps the most striking was the establishment of an active interest in chemistry, mineralogy, and geology, under the leadership of Benjamin Silliman. But the practical applications of chemistry and geology to the problems of industrial life were in these days hardly recognized; and the interest thus created by Professor Silliman would have rested on a purely theoretical and therefore rather precarious basis, had it not been for the establishment of the Yale Medical School a few years later. I doubt if any of us to-day recognize how dependent the scientific courses in the College and the practical courses in the Medical School were upon one another in those early days or how much each did for the other. But we have an example of this interdependence before our eyes at the present day in the work of Professor Chittenden and his pupils. Every Yale man knows what the study of physiological chemistry and the study of medicine have done for one another. It is a matter of congratulation to us all that the building of the new University laboratories will give to the student of sciences auxiliary to medicine a broader basis of interest and a wider field of development than they have ever had before, and will, I am confident, strengthen correspondingly the whole work of the School.

A third reason why a medical school is of importance to Yale is that its work is so essentially a preparation for public service.

The Collegiate School at Saybrook was founded, to quote the words of the original charter, as a place of training for public employment in church and civil state. Those who wrote these words probably had in mind only preparation for the ministry or the law. And as a matter of fact, no small part of the skilled practitioners of medicine in the eighteenth century were also ministers of the gospel, and treated the healing of the body as an incident to the healing of the soul. But with the advent of the nineteenth century

a wider conception of public service and public employment came into play. It was recognized that the physician who was animated by a public purpose was a public servant. In order that this conception might be realized in practice it was needful that the teachings of medicine should be taken up by places like Yale, whose tradition had trained men for service to others rather than for gain to themselves. Thus and thus only could medicine come to its rightful standing as a profession and not a trade. Thus only could the spirit of the oath of Hippocrates be made a part of the tradition of American medicine. I count it as one of the greatest privileges of Yale to have had its share in establishing the position of the medical practitioner as one of public service. The public character of the work done by Yale was attested from the first by the active co-operation of the Connecticut Medical Society, without which the early achievements of the Yale Medical School would have been well nigh impossible. It has been attested in later years by the spirit manifested by the graduates of the Medical School themselves in the various lines of practice or teaching to which they have been called.

This is a commemoration of the past rather than a forecast of the future. I shall reserve for this evening what details I have to suggest regarding the probable future of the School. Let it suffice now to express the belief that in the second century of its existence no less than in the first, the Yale Medical School will reflect Yale's character as a university, giving scientific preparation for the practical work of life; that its interests will be closely and harmoniously associated with those of other parts of the University, so that every development of scientific interest or scientific discovery in one shall react favorably upon the other; and that it will in the future, even more than in the past, be a place whence physicians and surgeons shall go forth to do public service and to exemplify before the public the ideals of such service, for which Yale wishes to stand.

CHAPTER VII

SPEECHES OF GREETING AND CONGRATULATION BY GUESTS AND DELEGATES

§ 36

AMERICA GREETS FRANCE

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT

(Delivered by the President of the United States at a luncheon given on board the French Battleship, *Gaulois*, at Annapolis, Md., May 23, 1902.)

MR. AMBASSADOR: We appreciate what France has done in sending to our shores on this occasion such a magnificent warship, and we appreciate the choice of those who were sent here; and, Mr. Cambon, we thank you for your happy good judgment in selecting such an illustrious commander of the army and navy to send to us on the auspicious occasion of the unveiling of the Rochambeau statue. One hundred and twenty years ago the valor of the soldiers and sailors of France exerted, according to the judgment of historians, the determining influence in making this country free and independent. Mr. Ambassador, I thank you personally for the courtesy which has been extended to me. It has been a source of valued information to be permitted to see and inspect this splendid French vessel, and I have been duly impressed by its superior mechanism and by the superior physique and discipline of your men. I am sure I speak for the American navy when I say it has been a source of pleasure that such a splendid specimen of French naval architecture

as the *Gaulois* has visited our shores on such a friendly mission, and in its name I thank pou. Let me, on behalf of all the people of the United States, and with certain conviction that I have expressed their sentiments, drink to the health of President Loubet and to the continued prosperity of the mighty nation of which he is President.

§ 37

THE REPUBLIC OF CHILE

By W. G. McADOO

(Address delivered at the luncheon given by the Minister of Finance of Chile, at the Union Club of Santiago, Chile, on April 18, 1916, in honor of Hon. W. G. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury and Chairman of the United States Section of the International High Commission.)

MR. MINISTER, EXCELLENCIES, AND GENTLEMEN: Permit me to propose, on behalf of the delegation of the United States, the health of the President of the Republic of Chile and the prosperity and increasing greatness of the Chilean Nation.

(The toast was drunk standing.)

Mr. Minister [addressing the Minister of Finance], I am deeply touched by your very generous words. When I hear such sentiments, especially when they are commingled with praise of myself, I wish with all my soul that I deserved them. For my colleagues and myself words are insufficient, even though those words were a combination of all the languages of the world, to express to you adequately our sentiments of esteem and appreciation of the people of Chile, and especially of our colleagues of the Chilean section of the International High Commission over which you so ably presided, and our constant gratitude for your generous and cordial welcome into this great land of yours.

We are most happy to be here. The joy of our stay is modified only by the brevity of its duration. We wish, in-

deed, that we could remain longer to see more of your people, to fraternize more intimately with them, and to learn more of the resources of your great country. What we have seen has convinced us of the tremendous possibilities of its future development. We are satisfied that it is only a question of time when your Nation and our Nation will be drawn together even more closely than in the past, and that by reciprocal action we shall be able to contribute, in some measure at least, to the development of your resources, as we know that you will be able to contribute to our progress and to our civilization.

In the work we have done at Buenos Aires the Chilean delegation played a most important part. The ability of your representatives contributed greatly to the wise conclusions we reached there. Those conclusions, Mr. Minister, if they can be translated into action, will, in my judgment, have a profound effect upon the relations of the two American Continents. It isn't enough to have a vision; any man can have a dream; but a vision is worth while only if it is translated into reality. The statesman with a vision but without the power of action is a visionary statesman; but the statesman with a vision and the power of action is a serviceable statesman. Therefore, it is necessary, gentlemen, that we who are striving for the realization of the vision which originated with the great Bolivar in the early part of the nineteenth century should translate that vision into reality; that we should make effective the dream of the statesmen of two continents by bringing the Americas closer together and making them a unified people in the common purpose and determination to serve not only themselves but mankind throughout the world. Unless we can do that, all that we are striving for will be only measurably beneficial. I say measurably because unless we attain the perfection of our endeavor we can not serve humanity in the highest degree.

Now, what is the purpose of Pan Americanism, and what is it that we are striving for? We are striving to bring about,

through unity of purpose and action by homogeneous and independent States throughout the Americas, that solidarity and common accord with each other which will enable us, so far as the world is concerned, to present a united front when it is necessary to act unitedly for the best interests of mankind. That is what we are attempting to accomplish. I know, of course, that that is a difficult task—an enormously difficult task—but because it is difficult it is the more worth while, and because it is difficult it is all the more inspiring.

And when I speak of difficult tasks, I know that there is a responsive thrill in the breast of every Chilean, because the Chilean people are accustomed to difficult tasks. Nature put before you a country which could only be conquered by the virile and courageous character of the men who have settled here, and you have proven yourselves capable, by the progress you have made in this great country of yours, of achieving anything to which you set your hands. [Applause.] That is the reason why as between the Chilean people and the people of my own country—and I think I may claim similar virtues for them without seeming to praise immodestly—that is the reason why our people and the Chilean people have been so much in sympathy with each other; that is the reason why we feel in accord by natural instinct and common purpose. This sympathy does not have to be generated; it exists already. All we have to do is to give it fair play and full operation.

We have hoped that by coming to South America and meeting you face to face and conferring with you in the intimate fashion that prevailed at Buenos Aires we could reach not only sound conclusions, but that we could stimulate that interest in great purposes which would make us realize them all the sooner. I hope that every man who was in that conference returns to his home with the full determination and purpose to make effective the results of that conference. The only way we can do it is to have the commission of each country represented there continue as a permanent body to

urge upon the different Governments the necessity of translating into action the conclusions of the conference. By that sort of determined effort we can get results.

For more than 100 years we have talked about these things, and for the last 30 years we have embodied these things in resolutions, but resolutions will not of themselves accomplish much. They must be followed up with concrete and determined effort, and once we have applied ourselves in that spirit I know that we can realize our aims.

Gentlemen, I feel, as we view the tremendous calamity which has befallen Europe, that the civilization of the world has been relegated to chaos. Because of that very chaos and the horrible suffering it has brought upon mankind there is a craving in every human breast that some solution for permanent peace shall come out of this great struggle. I can not help feeling that responsibility for the peace of the world in the future rests upon the Western Hemisphere.

I believe that if we can bring about this Pan American ideal we can make each nation feel that as to its own possessions it is secure against aggression; that as between ourselves we are safe with each other, that we can trust each other, that we can confide in each other; that our efforts will not be wasted in arming against each other and that our strength will not be expended in fighting each other; then we shall be able to devote our best energies to the peaceful conquests of a high civilization.

When we can preserve the equilibrium of civilization we shall have attained an ideal of immeasurable benefit to humanity. With a united America we would not have to use force, because we could tip the scales through our own weight in favor of peace throughout the civilized world. We could say to nations which intend to war with each other that if you war with each other we shall not support you in any fashion, but, on the contrary, we shall withdraw all the support of which we are capable. By use of the economic power of united America we could prevent any nation from going

to war, and could make an end of the crime of killing human beings to settle needless controversies.

Gentlemen, on yesterday I had the pleasure of visiting your Military Academy in company of your distinguished Secretary of War and other distinguished members of your Cabinet. I know of nothing I have enjoyed so much in a long time as the discipline and military bearing manifested by the young men in the service of Chile. One of the things which impressed me most was the spirit of those young men. It is not numbers or wealth or vastness of territory that make a nation great; it is the people of a country that make a nation great. And no people can be great unless they have a spirit, and that spirit must be the intense spirit of nationality, the spirit of that matchless patriot of my own country—Nathan Hale—who, when condemned to an undeserved death as a spy, said, "I regret that I have only one life to give for my country." That is the spirit, gentlemen, which I believe animates the Chilean people; that is the spirit which those young men yesterday gave so much in evidence.

And now, my friends, we must leave you. We wish we could stay longer. We have enjoyed your hospitality more than I can express. I have been asked several times if I was tired because you have entertained us so much. Chilean hospitality does not tire; Chilean hospitality invigorates; it is a tonic both in quality and quantity; it is good for the health and splendid as an inspiration. We hope that you will all come to our country some day and let us have the opportunity of making you feel, Mr. Minister, the warmth and depth of our affection and the genuineness of our appreciation of you and your great country.

§ 38

GREETING FROM THE ALUMNI

By FREDERICK R. COUDERT

(Delivered on behalf of the Alumni at the installation of President Low at Columbia University, February 3, 1890.)

And now, Mr. President, come the Alumni to add their greeting, to testify their joy, and—to tender their counsel. This last and most important function they could not well omit, lest they fail in their duty to you and especially to themselves. For we are not unmindful that it has always been the pride of a good judge to amplify his own jurisdiction, and the laudable effort of every body of men to assert their power and extend their authority. Whatever else we fail in to-day, we shall not be remiss or hesitating, when we advance the claims of the Alumni, to impress upon you at one and the same time the value of their counsel and the necessity of their existence.

The Alumni of Columbia stand, in relation to the governing powers, much as the Third Estate of France did to the other two, viz., the Clergy and the Nobility; both these orders being with us largely and well represented by the Trustees and the Faculty, in whose ranks may be found worthy members of the sacred profession, quite competent by their merit to leaven even a larger mass of laymen. The direction of Columbia's policy, the administration of her finances, a wise and patient concern for her moral welfare, the judicious appropriation of whatever may be useful in the new devices that agitate our educational world—and these things have been committed to and dealt with by our two estates. As to this, our Third Estate, a prudent disinclination to indulge in boldness of speech prevents my claiming what was claimed for that subdivision of the French nation. "What is the Third Estate?" once cried a member of that body; "Nothing! What ought it to be? Everything!" Without venturing in this presence to echo the sentiment,

even while quoting the language of this outspoken patriot, I may be pardoned when I look about me with exultation and find strong grounds for indulgence in something much akin to glorification. You, sir, are one of Columbia's honored and favorite children—an Alumnus who always took a just pride in the title. The learned Professor who has just addressed us, and who has given us the best years of his useful life, belongs to Columbia's household and family. In our Board of Trustees the intelligence and care and wisdom of Columbia's children are predominant and most precious factors. Never before, I think, in her history has Columbia been so thoroughly herself as she is to-day. She may proudly defy all laws, wise or unwise, which embarrass the introduction of learning from abroad and prohibit the importation of foreign intellect by contract. Other institutions may suffer, but she, with her Alumni, is self-supporting—in that sense at least. Nor can it with truth be said that the accident of personal distinction accounts for the presence of our Alumni in these high places. We need no argument based upon exceptions to prove that Columbia has at her back more than Ulysses or any dozen heroes—a compact, loyal, affectionate body of intelligent and self-respecting men to honor and to serve her. That she has these, and that they stand high on the roll of our city's and our country's most faithful servants, no man knows, sir, better than yourself. And these all stand by your side, loyal friends to applaud and rejoice when you shall have won great honor for yourself by doing full justice to her.

But lest my language should create a wrong impression, let me add that the great distinction which Columbia has bestowed upon you is not the result of any narrow pride in her own children. You have been selected for the highest honor within her gift because of her full confidence in your capacity to do all that she expects from you. In proportion to the value of the gift shall be the return demanded; she will exact full measure, to overflowing; she will expect all that your record teaches that she may demand: that your brain shall

work and your heart shall beat for her and her glory, that you will respond to the inspiration of your surroundings, to the traditions that will follow you at every step, to the eloquent admonitions of those who have gone before, and especially, as you take the seat so honorably filled for a quarter of a century, that you will resolve with generous ardor to follow him who filled it before you, not "with long interval and unequal steps," but with such earnestness of pursuit that the end of his career will prove to be but the beginning of a new one, destined, let us all hope, with the blessing of Providence, to be as long and as honored and as splendid in its results as his own. Else were the promise of fruition from his great service to be broken before maturity. The past is not secure unless adopted, continued, and excelled by the future.

That you are one of us in the best sense of the word adds much to our confidence. That Columbia has found a fitting successor for her great leader without crossing the boundaries of her own jurisdiction is a fact not without its bearing on the problems that she will have to deal with and to solve. These problems may seem many and arduous, but they will be shorn of their terror if you succeed in satisfying the citizen of New York that he is bound to Columbia by ties that he has no right to ignore and no power to break. Teach him, we pray you, that if there is any subject upon which he may well indulge in civic pride, it is the College that has worked so modestly and yet efficiently to train the men about him for every duty of life. Tell him, and impress upon him, if you may, that the glamor of distance, while it lights up with artistic beauty objects in the physical world, and conceals defects by suppressing them, does not add to the beauty of institutions whose excellence belongs to the moral order. Warn him against the delusive charms of a lovely mirage, against the fallacy which clothes the unknown with splendor, while the virtues of that which we possess become dwarfed by proximity and possession. It is not strange, perhaps, that our men of New York should seek far from home for that

which they may find at hand. That is the story of every day and of every age. It is the key of much that would otherwise be unintelligible. Why do men change their sky when they cannot change their mind or heart? why do they, which is much more to our purpose, forget that Columbia is at their door, and yet fill the halls of other colleges with their sons—colleges great and good, no doubt, but possessing, we venture to think, no real claim to preference over your own Alma Mater. We at least may be pardoned for thinking that no paramount title exists in their favor; none, perhaps, other than that which a glowing fancy paints, which Rumor, growing with distance, boldly asserts, and which rests upon no securer foundation that the strange belief that the disruption of family ties is the first step to intellectual advancement. If you are at a loss how to impress upon the citizen of New York these teachings and warnings, turn to your old Horace, the universal medicine man in whose pharmacopoeia you will find a remedy for every ill that may be cured by common-sense and sound philosophy; tell our citizens what he says to his friend Bullatius, the wanderer. He had visited Chios and Samos and Lesbos and lovely Mitylene, and yet the poet laughs at him for his pains, and chides him for his restlessness: "What you seek is here, here at home, within your reach; quod petis, hic est . . . animus si te non deficit æquus," that is, if you have any judgment worth speaking of. Should they stubbornly refuse to listen to Horace, they are indeed far gone, and I must leave you to such devices as your experience of men, acquired in practical statesmanship, may suggest.

Let me congratulate you upon the auspicious time which marks the beginning of your career as Columbia's President. The days of doubt and anxiety are past; success has ceased to be a question. In friendly rivalry for the front rank with her brilliant sisters, she occupies by common consent a most honorable place. She feels that with them she may share the great privilege of preparing the generations of the future to discharge all the duties of the citizen; that she is doing and will do her part towards preserving the Republic.

Upon the graduates of Columbia and Harvard and Yale and Princeton and others the success of our phenominal experiment of governing ourselves must largely depend. General education, the most potent agent in our civilization, has removed old difficulties, but created new ones by enlarging the boundaries of our mental activities and opening new territories for the pioneers in the scientific and political world. There must be among us men who have the leisure to study, the brain to acquire, the opportunity to advance; who have the will, the ability, the learning, the equipoise that make the leaders, and they will be found to a great extent among college graduates. The delusion is disappearing that the science of government may be acquired by contagion; the folly of trusting men upon their own statement of their own value has been ascertained by experience. Political science is not to be learned in a tavern and the experience of the past may not be disregarded without peril.

Even the superstition that a knowledge of letters is inconsistent with a proper performance of public duties, or that it constitutes an impediment to serious business, has already reached its highest point and is in a condition of decline.

Nor will you fail to rejoice in the good fortune which enables you to broaden the usefulness of Columbia. An auspicious day has dawned upon our city, since woman may claim, if she will, equal opportunity with man to drink at the fountain of knowledge, and to fit herself by study and preparation for the enjoyment of those literary and scientific pursuits which constitute the surest, safest, and most constant of all the charms of refined life. In spite of History, which proclaims on so many of its pages her ability to instruct and delight the world, the indifference or selfishness of man had closed the doors of the Temple of Learning against her. Let Barnard College under your wise guidance stand henceforth as a protest against narrow intolerance, as a demonstration of woman's fitness for all that is good, and as a living proof that Columbia has turned her face to the light and thrown off the impediment of senseless prejudice.

But I must stop—lest you do, what perhaps you have al-

ready done in your mind—namely, resort to Horace for consolation. I can give you the appropriate quotation, the one that you will find most apt; it is the witch's prophecy that he heard when a boy: "This child neither shall cruel poison, nor hostile sword, nor gout, nor pleurisy, nor cough destroy; a talker shall one day demolish him; if he is wise let him avoid talkative men as soon as he comes to man's estate."

> Hunc neque dira venena, nec hostis auferet ensis,
> Nec laterum dolor, aut tussis, nec tarda podagra;
> Garrulus nunc quando consumet cunque; loquaces,
> Si sapiet, vitet simul atque advoleverit aetas.

Your life is too precious, sir, to be imperilled by further speech. I forbear, and close with a renewed pledge of cordial and affectionate support from your brethren the Alumni.

§ 39

GREETING FROM THE FOUNDERS

By STEWART L. WOODFORD

(Delivered on behalf of the men who were present and active at the ceremonies opening Cornell University, at the 25th anniversary, October 6, 1893.)

My friends, I hardly dare trust myself to say a word. Of all the men who stood at the cradle of Cornell University only twenty-five years ago, there are but two living: Andrew D. White, our first President, now serving the Republic in distant lands, and myself. Ezra Cornell, our founder, Horace Greeley, are dead. Erastus Brooks, George W. Schuyler, Sibley, Barnes, Boardman, all have gone across the river. From the tower above this great library ring the chimes that first rang out that October afternoon twenty-five years ago, and she whose spirit voice seems to speak to us in those chimes

is in the better land above. I have no words. Heart, memory, hope, are all too full. Cornell has more than answered the promise of her childhood—God grant that in the centuries to come she may do good work, true work, loyal work, for education, for humanity, for the Republic.

§ 40

GREETINGS TO JOHNS HOPKINS

By E. A. ALDERMAN

(Delivered by the President of Tulane University at the 25th celebration of the founding of Johns Hopkins, February 22, 1903.)

President Remsen remarked a moment ago, in describing Wyman Park, that he had "stood upon a bluff." The phrase, had somehow, a strangely familiar sound to me. In some previous existence I seem to have heard it. Last week when this banquet began, I had some idea of making a speech to you, but the hands upon the clock admonish me that, after all, perhaps, I had better "stand upon that bluff."

Still, I have come a long distance from the southernmost University of this continent, and from a city and state that command its southern gateway, to bring to Johns Hopkins University, and to its loyal sons, a message of congratulation, and faith and duty, and I am going to do that, though the spectacle of this weary company, already feeling the touch of Sabbath peace, reminds me of the story of an old preacher, who had preached for two hours on the major and minor prophets, and, at the end of that time, suddenly said, "Now where shall we put Hosea?" and a man who had "gone 'way back and sat down" and gone to sleep, woke up, at that moment, and said, "Parson, you can let Hosea have my seat; durn me if I ain't going home."

I repeat that I have come to bring a message of faith and

duty, and pride to Johns Hopkins University: There is no University in the history of the world that ever passed through its era of origins—usually so full of stumbling blocks and costly errors—with such dignity of achievement, with such steadiness of purpose, with such grand verity and simplicity of educational ideals.

Twenty-five years ago, as a mere boy, I read the inaugural address of Daniel C. Gilman, whose clear voice, heard yesterday, as he laid down this task, and entered upon an enterprise of such import as to stir the blood as adventures of war and conquest once did, rang with the honest emotion of a man who looked upon the work of his hands, and beheld it to be good and enduring. This address told simply how it was proposed to erect here a foundation to conserve, to augment and to disseminate knowledge among men. Twenty-five years is an atom of time in institutional life. This day the whole world has a juster conception of what a real University should be because of the service of Johns Hopkins University. Fortunate in the hour of its birth when the nation was just recovering from the paralysis of war, and was entering upon real national self-consciousness; fortunate in its home here in the middle city of the Atlantic slope; fortunate in its leader, and in its teachers and scholars, it is no mere compliment to say that Johns Hopkins has been one of the great forces in American life—quickening and energizing the public will, and giving soberness and exultation to the public spirit. An old merchant's gold has changed its form. Once it was a thing of gold and paper, now it is a thing of spirit diffused over the continent, enriching American life with some thousands of brave, free scholars—living the creed that it is fruitful to follow truth, that it is good to find truth, and that it is better still to apply truth to the service of the dim toiling thousands that make up our turbulent democracy.

Johns Hopkins has taught a young land the sobering gospel of investigation and verification; but it must not be content simply to raise this standard of truth and freedom; it

must seek to flash it in the eyes of assertive and unlovely men, beset by the democratic peril of inefficiency, arrogant self-confidence, and vulgar strength.

Next to Mr. Peabody's great gift for the sustenance of schools for the plain people of the South, this foundation of Johns Hopkins did most to serve the Southern States. For when those States were struggling on without energy in law, or order in society, when grim, true men, beaten in war but unconquerable in spirit, were seeking to find the clew to a changed social order, when almost all the ancient lights had been blown out by the angry gusts of war, Johns Hopkins University was born, and with its birth, scholarship showed its bright face again to the war-smitten land, and high hopes, good cheer, and fresh courage visited the stout hearts of her scholars.

Long life and unending useful service to Johns Hopkins University.

CHAPTER VIII

SPEECHES OF RESPONSE

§ 41

RESPONSE TO WELCOME

By SETH LOW

(Delivered in response to addresses on behalf of the Faculties Alumni, and students of Columbia University on the occasion of his installation as President of Columbia, February 3, 1890.)

GENTLEMEN OF THE FACULTIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE ALUMNI:

I thank you for your cordial welcome to me as the President of Columbia. If the Trustees furnish the sinews for our work and give a general direction to it, the Faculties in reality make the College, and the Alumni certify to its value. In the best view, I think, we all belong to the Alumni rather than they to us. I esteem it one of the fortunate incidents connected with my Presidency, that I am assured in advance of their hearty support. In replying to the Faculties, I must needs say, sir, if you will allow me, first of all, a few words to yourself, who have spoken on their behalf. The friendship which began between us in our old relation of professor and student most happily has been an unbroken one. As I sat at your feet in college, so I have not ceased to learn from you those finer lessons which are taught by an upright and noble character. For more than forty years you have served Columbia faithfully and well. I like to think that in a certain sense I receive the Presidency at your hands. It comes to me largely, as I feel it, the gracious gift from age to youth,

bearing with it for this reason a precious benediction and a large inspiration. The Faculties will appreciate, that as to the technical side of their work, I must be for a long time a learner. I do indeed bring to your councils two new and different points of view, both of which may be valuable in the work we shall have to do together. I shall bring into your meetings the experience of a man of affairs and the point of view of the Trustees. I appreciate thoroughly the importance of the questions that are awaiting the new order of things for determination. To these questions I can bring no better equipment than an open mind. I rely upon your patience and forbearance with me if matters which to you appear plain and simple on my part demand study and thought. I can promise you my most earnest efforts to acquaint myself promptly with the condition and needs of the College in all its parts. You will not expect me to-day to outline a policy. Were I to have a policy, under existing conditions, it would seem an evidence of unfitness for my post. Two points appear to me essential to the securing of the best results. We must conceive of the College as a single institution. In my view its various schools are as much integral parts of the College as the undergraduate department itself. This is fundamental, because, unless we have this view, it is impossible to make the different parts work together to the best advantage toward common ends. This suggestion is entirely consistent, in my mind, with a belief that the School of Arts, the historic side of the College, is the foundation of the whole. I believe in doing better than ever, if we can, the work that the College has been doing from the beginning. But I see no reason why this work should not be so done as to coöperate with the different schools in the work which they propose to do. Whatever can be made to grow out of the old root I should expect to be strong and sound. But I do not believe in destroying the old foundation in order to rest a new structure upon an uncertain base. While I say this I am in entire sympathy with the desire to see the College continue its development into a complete University adapted to the largest possible service to American needs. I hold myself open to conviction

as to all details. I indicate simply what seems to me a fundamental condition of the problem. The other point which to my mind appears of vital consequence is a frank recognition of the fact that all parts of the work which the College has to do are honorable and worthy of our best service. Some men have the gift of leading students in research. Others have the gift of instruction, which is needed in the disciplinary work. It will be fatal to the best results if all the members of our Faculties wish to do either one rather than the other. Let us dispose our forces in such a way that each man shall have that kind of work to do which he is fitted for, and let each regard the other as employed in an equally honorable way as himself.

I hope every man in the Faculties looks upon his own department as the most important one in the College. Of course the President may not hold this view. His duty is specially to observe and maintain the proportion of things. I cannot therefore promise to each of you that every thing which you wish will command my support; but this I can promise to each and every one of you: that, in your efforts to make your own department conform to your highest ideal, you shall have my sympathy completely. You will never feel, I trust, that you can trouble me by calling my attention to any matter which seems to you of consequence to the College. With your permission, I shall call on each of you in the same spirit. Acting thus together, we may reasonably anticipate, I think, a happy outcome of our labors. The Alumni of the College are those to whom we look specially for support in the community. It is not enough for a college to have large endowments. It must have living friends. The gifts of the past exhaust themselves. The bounties of the present should run in a perpetual stream. For the last few years the Trustees have sent to every Alumnus whose address was known an abstract of the President's report and a copy of the Treasurer's statement. It shall not be my fault if the Alumni in the future are not kept well informed as to the plans and hopes and doings of Alma Mater. They can bring to our aid, if they will, invaluable suggestions from their vantage-ground

of experience. As there are none who have greater pride in the College, so there are none to whom the College should be able to turn with greater assurance of help. Columbia College, in my view, has an unequalled opportunity by reason of its position in the city of New York. Its position here confronts it also with its special difficulties. The city is a great city, and it is not easy for any institution to make itself powerfully felt in so large a community. Nevertheless, gentlemen of the Alumni, that is precisely what we have to do. Much will depend, no doubt, on the attitude of the Trustees and the administration of the College. But both will fail unless the Alumni, entering into the life of the community as they do in a thousand ways, are thoughtful for the good name of the College at all times. As has been said, it is forty years since an Alumnus of the College occupied the President's office. I am glad to believe that, in turning to my fellow-Alumni for counsel and support, I shall receive a glad and hearty response. I rejoice with you, sir, that in Barnard College Columbia has found a way in which she can with heartiness co-operate in advancing the higher education of women. Barnard College is governed, as you know, by its own trustees, and it is wholly dependent on the community for its support. But Columbia does undertake to shape its curriculum, to see that its standards are maintained, and to give to its graduates the recognition of a Columbia degree. For its name's sake and for its work's sake Barnard College may rest assured of my hearty and willing help. Gentlemen of the Faculties and gentlemen of the Alumni, I thank you again for your warm welcome.

Students of Columbia, I thank you for the warm welcome you have extended to me as the President of the College. No incident of the day is more gratifying to me. I hope you will find me in sympathy with you in every matter which relates to your happiness as well as to your intellectual progress. Nothing which concerns you shall be foreign to me. I pledge you my best efforts to do every thing in my power to make your student days a bright and happy chapter in your lives. Again I thank you for your hearty welcome.

§ 42

RESPONSE TO FORMAL GREETING BY CITIZENS

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT

(Delivered by the President of United States at a banquet given in his honor by the citizens of San Francisco, California, at Palace Hotel, May 12, 1903.)

MR. CHAIRMAN, MR. MAYOR, MR. GOVERNOR, AND YOU, MY HOSTS: Let me thank you with all my heart for the more than kindness, the more than courtesy and cordiality, with which I have been treated in California from the hour when I first set foot within her borders. Governor, the message that I shall send back is: I have come to California; I have seen; and I have been conquered by California's citizens and California's Governor.

And, Mr. Mayor, as you said in your speech, the thing that has struck me most coming here, coming from the East through the West, and west of the West to California—the thing that has struck me most is that though I have never been in your great and beautiful State before, though I have known your citizens only as I met them elsewhere, I am absolutely at home, for I am speaking as one American to his fellow-Americans. I have been pleased with the diversity of the country, but, oh my fellow-countrymen, I have been pleased infinitely more with the unity of our country. While I am not by inheritance a Puritan, I have acquired certain traits one of which is an uneasy feeling which I think a large number of Americans share, that when we are having a good time, it is not quite right. And during the week that I have been in California I have enjoyed myself so much that I have had a slight feeling that maybe I was not quite doing my duty. But I cannot say that I am penitent about it.

And now, my fellow-citizens, let me try to express, for I can only try, I cannot fully express, how I have enjoyed and appreciated my visit to California, my sojourn among you. It has been a genuine revelation, for while I knew of much

that I should see, I could not realize it until I had seen it. I think I was a fairly good American a week ago when I came into your State, but I am a better one now, and even more confident in the nation's future and more resolute to do whatever in my power lies to bring about that future. I thank you; I thank you the citizens of the Golden State for this greeting. I rejoice with you in the wonderful prosperity of California, and that prosperity is but a part of the prosperity of the whole nation. Speaking broadly, prosperity must of necessity come to all of us or to none of us. There are sporadic exceptions. Of course we all of us know people who cannot be made prosperous by any season of good fortune. There will be exceptions, individual and local, but the law of brotherhood is the universal law, the law upon which the well-being of this nation is based, and taken as a whole we can state with absolute certainty that if good times come they will come more or less to all sections and all classes, and that if hard times come, while they may bear unequally upon us, yet more or less they bear upon each State, upon each set of individuals. For weal or for woe, we of this country are indissolubly bound together. In the long run we shall go up or go down accordingly as the whole nation goes up or goes down. Therefore it is that no more wicked deed can be done than the deed of him who would seek to make any of our people believe that they can rise by trampling down their fellows. And no more wicked appeal can be made than the appeal of rancor, to hatred, to jealousy, whether made in the name of a section or in the name of a class.

The Golden State has a future of even brighter promise than most of her older sisters, and yet the future is bright for all of us. California, still in her youth, can look forward to such growth as only a few of her sisters can share, yet there are immense possibilities of growth for all our States from one end of the Union to the other. In this growth, in keeping and increasing our prosperity, the most important factor must be the character of our citizenship. Nothing can take the place of the average quality of energy, thrift, business enterprise and sanity in our community as a whole.

Unless the average individual in our nation has to a high degree the qualities that command success we cannot expect to deserve it or to keep what it brings. Our future is in my opinion well assured from the very fact that there is this high degree of character in the average American citizen. I cannot over-emphasize the fact that law and the administration of the law can merely supplement and help to give full play to the forces that make the individual man a factor of usefulness in the community. If the individual citizen has not got the right stuff in him you cannot get it out of him, because it is not there to get out. No law that the wit of man has ever devised ever has made or ever will make the fool wise, the coward brave, or the weakling strong. When we get down to those places where you see humanity in the raw then it is the native strength of the man that will count more than aught else; and we cannot afford in this community ever to weaken the spirit of individual initiative, ever to make any man believe that if he cannot walk himself somehow the law can carry him. It cannot. There is but one real way in which any man can be helped, and that is by teaching him to help himself.

Remember that the factor of the sum of the individual's own qualities comes first. With that admitted, with that kept in mind, it is then true that something, and oftentimes a good deal, can be done by wise legislation and by upright, honest and fearless enforcement of the laws, and enforcement of the laws which must and shall know no respect of persons —laws local, laws state, laws national. We have attained our present position of economic well-being, of economic leadership in the international business world under a tariff policy in which I think our people, as a whole, have acquiesced as essentially wise, alike from the standpoint of the manufacturer, the merchant, the farmer, and the wageworker. Doubtless as our needs shift it will be necessary to re-apply in its details this system so as to meet those shifting needs; but it would certainly seem from the standpoint of our business interests—and such a question, primarily a business question, should be approached only from the standpoint of our

business interests—it would seem most unwise to abandon the general policy of the system under which our success has been so signal.

In financial matters we are to be congratulated upon having definitely determined that our currency system must rest upon a gold basis, for to follow any other course would have meant disaster so widespread that it would be difficult to overestimate it. There is, however, unquestionably need of enacting further financial legislation so as to provide for greater elasticity in our currency system. At present there are certain seasons during which the rigidity of this system causes a stringency most unfortunate in its effects. The last Congress in its wisdom took up and disposed of various matters of vital moment; such as those dealing with the regulation and supervision of the great corporations commonly known as trusts, with securing in effective fashion the abolition of rebates by transportation companies, that is, with securing fair play as between the big man and the little man in getting their products to market, and in initiating the national system of irrigation. So in my judgment the Congress that is to assemble next fall should take up and dispose of the pressing questions relating to banking and currency. I believe that such action will be taken, and I am sure that it ought to be taken. It is needed in the interest of the business world and it is needed even more in the interest of the world of producers, of earth tillers, of men who make their living by the products of the farm and ranch. Such action would supplement in fitting style the excellent work that has already been done in recent years in regard to our monetary system. There always will be need of wise legislation and an even greater need of the wisdom which recognizes when the wisest policy is to have no legislation; and it is of prime importance to us to remember that we cannot afford to condone in public life any deviation from the principles of common sense and of rugged honesty which we deem essential in private and business life.

There is no royal road to good government. Good govern-

ment comes to the nation the bulk of whose people show in their relations to that government the humdrum, ordinary, work-a-day virtues, and it comes and can come upon no other condition. We need the best intellectual skill, we need the most thorough training in public life, but such skill and such training can be only supplementary to and in some sense substitutes for the fundamental virtues that have marked every great and prosperous nation since the dim years when history dawned, the fundamental virtues of decency, honesty, courage, hardihood; the spirit of fair dealing as between man and man, the spirit that dares, that foresees, that endures, that triumphs; and added to all those qualities, the saving grace of common sense.

§ 43

RESPONSE TO INFORMAL GREETING BY CITIZENS

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT

(Delivered by the President of the United States at Riverside, California, May 7, 1903.)

MR. MAYOR, AND YOU, MY FELLOW CITIZENS:

I have enjoyed to the full getting into your beautiful State. I had read about what I should expect here in Southern California, but I had formed no idea of the fertility of your soil, the beauty of your scenery, or the wonderful manner in which the full advantage of that soil had been taken by man. Here I am in the pioneer community of irrigated fruit growing in California. In many other parts of the country I have had to preach irrigation. Here you practice it, and all I have to say here is that I earnestly wish that I could have many another community learn from you how you have handled your business. Not only has it been most use-

ful, but it is astonishing to see how with the use you have combined beauty. You have made of this city and its surroundings a veritable little paradise.

It has been delightful to see you. Today has been my first day in California. I need hardly say that I have enjoyed it to the full. I am glad to be welcomed by all of you, but most of all by the men of the Grand Army, and after them by my own comrades of the National Guard, and I have been particularly pleased to pass between the rows of school children. I like your stock and I am glad it is not dying out.

I shall not try this evening to do more than say to you a word of thanks for your greeting to me. I admire your country, but I admire most of all the men and women of the country. It is a good thing to grow citrus fruits, but it is even a better thing to have the right kind of citizenship. I think you have been able to combine the very extraordinary material prosperity with that form of the higher life which must be built upon material prosperity if it is to amount to what it should in the long run.

I am glad to have seen you. I thank you for coming here to greet me. I wish you well at all times and in every way, and I bid you good luck and good night.

§ 44

RESPONSE TO WELCOME

By JACOB GOULD SCHURMAN

(Delivered at the inauguration of President Schurman at Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., November 11, 1892, in reply to the addresses in behalf of the students, the Alumni, and the Faculty.)

Fellow-Students, Fellow-Graduates, Fellow-Teachers: I thank you for your words of welcome, of kindly cheer, and of generous sympathy and confidence. Uttered not only with the grace of scholarship but with all the cordiality of

friendship they have, I freely confess to you, gratified and moved beyond any power of description. A man is especially sensitive to the judgment of his peers; and, with the exception of an early apprenticeship to business, my life, like yours, has been devoted to the things of the mind. But there is another reason why I earnestly covet your good opinion. It is you who constitute the University; in its essence you are the University.

The students are the final cause of its existence. My young fellow-workers we are all here for your sakes. And all we have and are is yours. Take hold then with all your organs on the life that environs you; and let the thews of your minds be nourished and strengthened by the truth on which the spirit feeds. The variety of the intellectual life of Cornell University is itself a liberal education to those who know how to use it. Here, while learning everything of something, you may also learn something of everything. And with all your getting, get wisdom. Conduct is not merely three-fourths of life, as Matthew Arnold said; it is the whole of life. And it is my earnest desire and prayer that Cornell University may go on to evolve a more perfect type of manhood,—a manhood which, shuffling off the animal coil and fulfilling the divine idea of man, shall attain to a sense of honor that feels a stain like a wound, to an integrity that will not palter with the truth, to a justice and kindliness which, in their ministrations, go out to meet the claims and needs of others, to a gentleness which is harsh with nothing but meanness and a tolerance that forgives everything except hypocrisy, and to a reverence and piety which transcending all the sublimities of Time go on to commune with the Spirit of Life and Truth and Love Eternal. Students of Cornell University! this is your moral vocation. To keep it constantly before you is the highest duty of your President.

And you, older sons and daughters of Alma Mater, I have heard your words with joy as I shall obey your summons with alacrity. The spirit of Cornell University is mine as fully as it is yours. And it bids us all work together for the liberal and practical education of the youth of all classes and pro-

fessions of our people. I wish, however, to state, with all the emphasis I can command, that Alma Mater has now reached a point in her history beyond which further growth is impossible without the united and cordial support of her children. It is for you to consider how you can most effectually maintain the University which from this time on must be so largely entrusted to your keeping. Without you we can do nothing; with your aid all things are possible. Alumni, I appeal to you because you are strong. Alumnæ, I appeal to you because you are quick-witted. We need the help of both. A giant's work is before us. But through your heroism we shall triumph.

Fellow-teachers, I desire to magnify our office. We are training minds. And, as Emerson most truly said, "the main enterprise of the world for splendor, for extent, is the upbuilding of a man." Methods of education, like metaphysics, must be reconsidered by every generation. Therefore, besides teaching and investigating, you must shape our educational policies. And grave educational issues are now before you. Within the very general limits prescribed by the charter, you must determine the constituents of a liberal culture and of a professional training, and fix their proper relation to each other. All culture should be humanistic and naturalistic at the same time; but it is no easy matter to adjust the claims of each. The humanities are indispensable; but the end is humanity: and it is at least an open question whether the English language and literature are not the most effective of all liberalizing disciplines. Cornell University must settle all such questions on their own merits. As Goldwin Smith said at the foundation of the institution, it is for Cornell "to remain uninfluenced, either in the way of imitation or of antagonism by other educational institutions or ideas." Gentlemen of the Faculty, it is your privilege as it is your duty, to settle our educational problems in the way you think best. The President is your chairman; he is the exponent of your ideas; and the executor of your resolutions. But yours is the responsibility of framing the legislation he administers.

Gentlemen, I thank you all once more for your messages. Yet I do not misunderstand their import. You pledge co-operation; the work is still before us. You summon me to action; in your strength I say, Forward!

§ 45

RESPONSE TO PRESENTATION OF TOKEN OF ESTEEM

By ROBERT F. MADDOX

(Delivered at a meeting of the American Bankers Association in St. Louis, Mo., October 2, 1919, Mr. Maddox was retiring from the presidency of the association. A silver service was presented to him in behalf of the association.)

Mr. Hinsch and Members of the American Bankers Association: I appreciate this more deeply than words can express. If during my administration as your President, the American Bankers Association has held the position it occupied when I assumed that office my efforts have not been in vain. If it has advanced and its service has been greater to our membership and our country, it has been due to the other officers of the Association. But I am glad to have this tangible evidence of the service I have had with you to take to my home, and when I am gone, to leave to my children. But let me say to you that in the mind of memory I shall draw precious recollections of friendship that time cannot tarnish and which I hope time will even make brighter, and I will always value it more highly than all this exquisite silver for which I thank you in the name of Mrs. Maddox and myself.

CHAPTER IX

DEDICATION SPEECHES

§ 46

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

By WOODROW WILSON

(Address delivered by the President of the United States on the occasion of the acceptance by the War Department of the gift to the nation of the Lincoln birthplace farm at Hodgenville, Kentucky, September 4, 1916.)

No more significant memorial could have been presented to the nation than this. It expresses so much of what is singular and noteworthy in the history of the country; it suggests so many of the things that we prize most highly in our life and in our system of government. How eloquent this little house within this shrine is of the vigor of democracy! There is nowhere in the land any home so remote, so humble, that it may not contain the power of mind and heart and conscience to which nations yield and history submits its processes. Nature pays no tribute to aristocracy, subscribes to no creed of caste, renders fealty to no monarch or master of any name or kind. Genius is no snob. It does not run after titles or seek by preference the high circles of society. It affects humble company as well as great. It pays no special tribute to universities or learned societies or conventional standards of greatness, but serenely chooses its own comrades, its own haunts, its own cradle even, and its own life and adventure and training. Here is proof of it. This little hut was the cradle of one of the great sons of men, a man of singular, delightful, vital genius who presently emerged upon the great

stage of the nation's history, gaunt, shy, ungainly, but dominant and majestic, a natural ruler of men, himself inevitably the central figure of the great plot. No man can explain this, but every man can see how it demonstrates the vigor of democracy, where every door is open, in every hamlet and countryside, in city and wilderness alike, for the ruler to emerge when he will and claim his leadership in the free life. Such are the authentic proofs of the validity and vitality of democracy.

Here, no less, hides the mystery of democracy. Who shall guess this secret of nature and providence and a free polity? Whatever the vigor and vitality of the stock from which he sprang, its mere vigor and soundness do not explain where this man got his great heart that seemed to comprehend all mankind in its catholic and benignant sympathy, the mind that sat enthroned behind those brooding, melancholy eyes, whose vision swept many an horizon which those about him dreamed not of,—that mind that comprehended what it had never seen, and understood the language of affairs with the ready ease of one to the manner born,—or that nature which seemed in its varied richness to be the familiar of men of every way of life. This is the sacred mystery of democracy; that its richest fruit spring up out of soils which no man has prepared and in circumstances amidst which they are the least expected. This is a place alike of mystery and of reassurance.

It is likely that in a society ordered otherwise than our own Lincoln could not have found himself or the path of fame and power upon which he walked serenely to his death. In this place it is right that we should remind ourselves of the solid and striking facts upon which our faith in democracy is founded. Many another man besides Lincoln has served the nation in its highest places of counsel and of action whose origins were as humble as his. Though the greatest example of the universal energy, richness, stimulation, and force of democracy, he is only one example among many. The permeating and all-pervasive virtue of the freedom which challenges us in America to make the most of every gift and

power we possess every page of our history serves to emphasize and illustrate. Standing here in this place, it seems almost the whole of the stirring story.

Here Lincoln had his beginnings. Here the end and the consummation of that great life seem remote and a bit incredible. And yet there was no break anywhere between beginning and end, no lack of natural sequence anywhere. Nothing really incredible happened. Lincoln was unaffectedly as much at home in the White House as he was here. Do you share with me the feeling, I wonder, that he was permanently at home nowhere? It seems to me that in the case of a man,—I would rather say of a spirit,—like Lincoln the question *where* he was is of little significance, that it is always *what* he was that really arrests our thought and takes hold of our imagination. It is the spirit always that is sovereign. Lincoln, like the rest of us, was put through the discipline of the world,—a very rough and exacting discipline for him, an indispensable discipline for every man who would know what he is about in the midst of the world's affairs; but his spirit got only its schooling there. It did not derive its character or its vision from the experiences which brought it to its full revelation. The test of every American must always be, not where he is, but what he is. That, also, is of the essence of democracy, and is the moral of which this place is most gravely expressive.

We would like to think of men like Lincoln and Washington as typical Americans, but no man can be typical who is so unusual as these great men were. It was typical of American life that it should produce such men with supreme indifference as to the manner in which it produced them, and as readily here in this hut as amidst the little circle of cultivated gentlemen to whom Virginia owed so much in leadership and example. And Lincoln and Washington were typical Americans in the use they made of their genius. But there will be few such men at best, and we will not look into the mystery of how and why they come. We will only keep the door open for them always, and a hearty welcome,—after we have recognized them.

I have read many biographies of Lincoln; I have sought out with the greatest interest the many intimate stories that are told of him, the narratives of nearby friends, the sketches at close quarters, in which those who had the privilege of being associated with him have tried to depict for us the very man himself "in his habit as he lived"; but I have nowhere found a real intimate of Lincoln's. I nowhere get the impression in any narrative or reminiscence that the writer had in fact penetrated to the heart of his mystery, or that any man could penetrate to the heart of it. That brooding spirit had no real familiars. I get the impression that it never spoke out in complete self-revelation, and that it could not reveal itself completely to anyone. It was a very lonely spirit that looked out from underneath those shaggy brows and comprehended men without fully communing with them, as if, in spite of all its genial efforts at comradeship, it dwelt apart, saw its visions of duty where no man looked on. There is a very holy and very terrible isolation for the conscience of every man who seeks to read the destiny in affairs for others as well as for himself, for a nation as well as for individuals. That privacy no man can intrude upon. That lonely search of the spirit for the right perhaps no man can assist. This strange child of the cabin kept company with invisible things, was born into no intimacy but that of its own silently assembling and deploying thoughts.

I have come here to-day, not to utter a eulogy on Lincoln; he stands in need of none, but to endeavor to interpret the meaning of this gift to the nation of the place of his birth and origin. Is not this an altar upon which we may forever keep alive the vestal fire of democracy as upon a shrine at which some of the deepest and most sacred hopes of mankind may from age to age be rekindled? For these hopes must constantly be rekindled, and only those who live can rekindle them. The only stuff that can retain the life-giving heat is the stuff of living hearts. And the hopes of mankind cannot be kept alive by words merely, by constitutions and doctrines of right and codes of liberty. The object of democracy is to transmute these into the life and action of

society, the self-denial and self-sacrifice of heroic men and women willing to make their lives an embodiment of right and service and enlightened purpose. The commands of democracy are as imperative as its privileges and opportunities are wide and generous. Its compulsion is upon us. It will be great and life a great light for the guidance of the nations only if we are great and carry that light high for the guidance of our own feet. We are not worthy to stand here unless we ourselves be in deed and in truth real democrats and servants of mankind, ready to give our very lives for the freedom and justice and spiritual exaltation of the great nation which shelters and nurtures us.

§ 47

A PLEA FOR HIS RACE

By BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

(Address delivered by a negro teacher at the opening of the Cotton States and International Exposition at Atlanta, Ga., September 18, 1895, as reported in the Atlanta *Constitution* September 19, 1895.)

Mr. President, Gentlemen of the Board of Directors, and Citizens: One-third of the population of the South is of the Negro race. No enterprise seeking the material, civil, or moral welfare of this section can disregard this element of our population and reach the highest success. I but convey to you, Mr. President and Directors, the sentiment of the masses of my race when I say that in no way have the value and the manhood of the American Negro been more fittingly and generously recognized than by the managers of this magnificent Exposition at every stage of its progress. It is a recognition which will do more to cement the friendship of the two races than any occurrence since the dawn of our freedom.

Not only this, but the opportunity here afforded will awaken among us a new era of industrial progress. Ignorant

and inexperienced, it is not strange that in the first years of our new life we began at the top instead of at the bottom; that a seat in Congress or the State Legislature was more sought than real estate or industrial skill; that the political convention or stump speaking had more attractions than starting a dairy-farm or truck-garden.

A ship lost at sea for many days suddenly sighted a friendly vessel. From the mast of the unfortunate vessel was seen the signal: "Water, water; we die of thirst!" The answer from the friendly vessel at once came back: "Cast down your bucket where you are." A second time the signal, "Water, water; send us water!" ran up from the distressed vessel, and was answered: "Cast down your bucket where you are." And a third and a fourth signal for water was answered: "Cast down your bucket where you are." The captain of the distressed vessel, at last heeding the injunction, cast down his bucket, and it came up full of fresh, sparkling water from the mouth of the Amazon River.

To those of my race who depend on bettering their condition in a foreign land, or who underestimate the importance of cultivating friendly relations with the Southern white man, who is their next door neighbor, I would say: "Cast down your bucket where you are"—cast it down in making friends in every manly way of the people of all races by whom we are surrounded. Cast it down in agriculture, mechanics, in commerce, in domestic service, and in the professions. And in this connection it is well to bear in mind that whatever other sins the South may be called upon to bear, when it comes to business, pure and simple, it is in the South that the Negro is given a man's chance in the commercial world, and in nothing is this Exposition more eloquent than in emphasizing this chance. Our greatest danger is, that in the great leap from slavery to freedom we may overlook the fact that the masses of us are to live by the productions of our hands, and fail to keep in mind that we shall prosper in proportion as we learn to dignify and to glorify common labor and put brains and skill into the common occupations of life; shall prosper in proportion as we learn to draw the

line between the superficial and the substantial, the ornamental gewgaws of life and the useful.

No race can prosper until it learns that there is as much dignity in tilling a field as in writing a poem. It is at the bottom of life we must begin, and not at the top. Nor should we permit our grievances to overshadow our opportunities.

To those of the white race who look to the incoming of those of foreign birth and strange tongue and habits for the prosperity of the South, were I permitted I would repeat, what I say to my own race, "Cast down your bucket where you are." Cast it down among 8,000,000 Negroes whose habits you know, whose loyalty and love you have tested in days when to have proved treacherous meant the ruin of your firesides. Cast down your bucket among these people who have, without strikes and labor wars, tilled your fields, cleared your forests, builded your railroads and cities, and brought forth treasures from the bowels of the earth, and helped make possible this magnificent representation of the progress of the South.

Casting down your bucket among my people, helping and encouraging them as you are doing on these grounds, and to education of head, hand, and heart, you will find that they will buy your surplus land, make blossom the waste places in your fields, and run your factories. While doing this, you can be sure in the future, as in the past, that you and your families will be surrounded by the most patient, faithful, law-abiding, and unresentful people that the world has seen.

As we have proved our loyalty to you in the past, in nursing your children, watching by the sick-bed of your mothers and fathers, and often following them with tear-dimmed eyes to their graves, so in the future, in our humble way, we shall stand by you with a devotion that no foreigner can approach, ready to lay down our lives, if need be, in defense of yours, interlacing our industrial, commercial, civil, and religious life with yours in a way that shall make the interests of both races one. In all things that are purely social we can be as separate as the fingers, yet one as the hand in all things essential to mutual progress.

There is no defense or security for any of us except in the highest intelligence and development of all. If anywhere there are efforts tending to curtail the fullest growth of the Negro, let these efforts be turned into stimulating, encouraging, and making him the most useful and intelligent citizen. Efforts or means so invested will pay a thousand per cent interest. These efforts will be twice-blessed—"blessing him that gives and him that takes."

There is no escape through law of man or God from the inevitable:—

> "The laws of changeless justice bind
> Oppressor with oppressed;
> And close as sin and suffering joined
> We march to fate abreast."

Nearly sixteen millions of hands will aid you in pulling the load upwards, or they will pull against you the load downwards. We shall constitute one-third and much more of the ignorance and crime of the South, or one-third its intelligence and progress; we shall contribute one-third to the business and industrial prosperity of the South, or we shall prove a veritable body of death, stagnating, depressing every effort to advance the body politic.

Gentlemen of the Exposition, as we present to you our humble effort at an exhibition of our progress, you must not expect overmuch. Starting thirty years ago with the ownership here and there in a few quilts and pumpkins and chickens (gathered from miscellaneous sources), remember that the path that has led us from these to the inventions and production of agricultural implements, buggies, steam-engines, newspapers, books, statuary, carving, paintings, the management of drug stores and banks has not been trodden without contact with thorns and thistles.

While we take just pride in what we exhibit as a result of our independent efforts, we do not for a moment forget that our part in this exhibition would fall far short of your expectations but for the constant help that has come to our educational life, not only from the Southern States, but espe-

cially from Northern philanthropists, who have made their gifts a constant stream of blessing and encouragement.

The wisest among my race understand that the agitation of questions of social equality is the extremest folly, and that progress in the enjoyment of all the privileges that will come to us must be the result of severe and constant struggle rather than of artificial forcing. No race that has anything to contribute to the markets of the world is long in any degree ostracized. It is right and important that all privileges of the law be ours, but it is vastly more important that we be prepared for the exercises of these privileges. The opportunity to earn a dollar in a factory just now is worth infinitely more than the opportunity to spend a dollar in an opera-house.

In conclusion, may I repeat that nothing in thirty years has given us more hope and encouragement, and nothing has drawn us so near to you of the white race, as the opportunity offered by this Exposition; and here bending, as it were, over the altar that represents the results of the struggles of your race and mine, both starting practically empty-handed three decades ago, I pledge that in your effort to work out the great and intricate problems which God has laid at the doors of the South you shall have at all times the patient, sympathetic help of my race; only let this be constantly in mind that, while from representations in these buildings of the product of the field, of the forest, of mine, of factory, letters, and art, much good will come: yet far above and beyond material benefits will be that higher good, that let us pray God will come, in a blotting out of sectional differences and racial animosities and suspicions, in a determination even in the remotest corner to administer absolute justice, in a willing obedience among all classes to the mandates of law, and a spirit that will tolerate nothing but the highest equity in the enforcement of law. This, coupled with our material prosperity, will bring into our beloved South a new heaven and a new earth.

§ 48

THE PURPOSE OF LOOMIS INSTITUTE

By NATHANIEL HORTON BATCHELDER

(Address delivered by the Headmaster at the dedication of Founders Hall at Loomis Institute, Windsor, Conn., November 4, 1916.)

The purpose of education is to fit the individual to live happily and efficiently in his environment. To that end training in manual skill and in the observational sciences, through which all the great advances of civilization have come, is essential. But the schools have never given adequate attention to this phase of education. I wish to point out why the neglect of the schools mattered little in the past, and how conditions seem to me to have changed. As a schoolboy in a New England town of moderate size, I learned to use tools from a particularly skilful cabinet maker who did not mind boys about his shop, printing in my grandfather's newspaper office, and enough of pattern making in a nearby foundry so that I could cast a twelve-pound lead sphere for shot putting. I did not myself care for agricultural pursuits, but many of my friends kept chickens or cultivated gardens, and we all knew pretty well, if not in strictly pedagogical fashion, mechanical processes and natural history. To-day the town has grown to be a considerable manufacturing city, there are fewer open spaces, the conditions of industry have changed, machines have taken the place of hand work, the efficiency man has speeded up the operatives; and I fear if I were to go back I should find the sign "No Admittance" on the doors of my boyhood paradise. The same fate has befallen many a schoolboy of to-day. The city schools partly realize the situation, and have introduced many courses in manual training, but only as a preparation for trades, and not for purposes of general education. The boarding schools, to which more and more pupils resort because of the undesirable features of city life, cling for the most part to a rigidly literary curriculum, with a scarcely less rigid recreational régime

of competitive athletics. If the school has a carpenter shop or a farm the boys are warned off as nuisances. Now we do not question the value of literary studies or the value of competitive athletics, but we do claim that they do not by themselves furnish a well rounded training, and that the natural desire of most boys to make things and grow things cannot be smothered without serious loss to the individual and the community.

A boy at Loomis, even though he be headed for an academic college, may have two years of mechanical drawing and woodworking, or two years of elementary agriculture, covering the care of a small garden in one year and of a pen of poultry or some other small animals in the other. All boys must have in the first year a course in General Science, or what a fine German colleague used to call the Science of Common Things. In the second year a boy may elect Biology, in which we stress outdoor work, plants, trees and animals in their natural environment and not laboratory dissection; or Commercial Geography, in which a part of the work consists in the instructor taking the pupils as Franklin's father took the youthful Franklin to view a variety of trades and businesses. Some of these courses are credited at various colleges, but, even if they earn no points, we find them valuable. Moreover, we believe that training along these practical lines, rather than detracting from the capacity for strictly bookwork, actually stimulates the faculties and sends the boy back to his books refreshed and invigorated.

So far as preparation for academic college is concerned, it is largely a matter of emphasis. Where many schools demand much of the classics and ancient history, and make a tardy concession to science in a senior year elective, we prescribe science and the history of the United States. We expect our college candidates to take two years of Latin, and advise more. We do not believe in a scientific age that many boys can afford to study two dead languages at the expense of science. We believe the history of our own country more important than that of ancient peoples—the acts of the Wilson administration more vital than the reforms of the Gracchi. If a boy wishes

to trace the origin of our institutions from early times we believe that to be task for maturity better left to the college We believe, in general, in the principle of proceeding with boys from the known to the unknown.

But preparation for academic and scientific colleges, while nearly half of our pupils are enrolled in these courses, is not our distinctive contribution to education. We offer also courses in agriculture and business. The keynote in both cases is Lowell's fine phrase, "no science peddling with the names of things." For instance, a boy in the agricultural course must, in addition to class and laboratory work, manage a project. These projects cover in successive years market gardening, the care of small animals, field crops, and dairying. The boy must choose his exact project in the general field, must finance the work himself or borrow money from the school (in which case he pays interest), must hire his land and implements, do all the work himself, keep accurate accounts, and, if he loses, make good the deficit in principal, but not in interest or rent, from money that he earns by other labor. The information that is needed comes, as information should always come, in response to a real demand. A boy wants to know what breed of hens to keep, what to feed them, how much and how often. He is confronted by an actual situation, a task that must be performed if he would not suffer, but a task that will net him a profit if well done. He learns from the instructor where information may be had and consults textbooks and agricultural bulletins until he finds what he needs. These boys learn, as few others do, how to go to the sources for information, and what they learn is crystallized by action. They learn, too, not only how to raise a considerable variety of farm produce, but how to dispose of it, for we leave them to find their own markets. And they learn how to keep accounts of a very accurate sort. For the students who mean to go directly into farming on graduation, agriculture in its practical and theoretical aspects occupies one-half of the school time, the other half being given to English, history, mathematics, commercial geography, and sciences other than agriculture. For those who mean to enter agri-

cultural colleges a modern language is added throughout four years, and a little of the agriculture is omitted.

The project method of study is not possible in the business department; we can hardly have each boy manage a business of his own, but we do the next best thing. We have organized a store to supply the books and stationery needed in the school work. It has a set of books of its own and boys not only make the sales, but keep the accounts, take inventory and do all the work that would be necessary in a store of similar sort under private ownership. We have a bank in which all boys keep their spending money, thus learning how to keep personal accounts and draw checks. This bank advances money for agricultural projects on notes of boys properly guaranteed by the parents, and boys in the business department keep a regular customers' ledger such as is used in any national bank. We keep with minute accuracy the accounts of our dining hall, our power plant, our laundry and our farm, and the more experienced pupils graduate from the stationery office and bank to these departments. At the end of his course a boy has had actual office practice. He can not merely sort and file papers; he knows a good many forms of bookkeeping and something of the intricacies of cost accounting, and he knows it not as mere theory out of books, but as something real and vital. In addition, he has studied a modern language, history, law and economics, and mathematics. As with the agricultural student, he can be fitted for special colleges by slight modifications of this program.

We are often misunderstood. It is sometimes thought that we do not prepare for college, or that we do not approve of college for our boys. We by no means think a boy educated at eighteen or nineteen. We urge all who can to go on, and three-fourths of our pupils expect to do so; but we believe in a boy's choosing the particular sort of higher institution, academic, scientific, agricultural or commercial, that will suit his needs, and we believe in special courses of preparation. Until recently we have been confronted by the curious anomaly of agricultural colleges that would accept Latin for entrance, but would not accept agriculture. Fortunately a

new and saner era is dawning both with the special and the general colleges. If the colleges would not in the past accept many subjects that schools taught it was largely because there was no guarantee that they were well taught. We hope to make some small contribution to the teaching of the newer courses.

The multiplicity of our subjects will be confusing to many, who will be inclined to wonder if such diversity is worth while. They will ask if there is not some one method of education that is good for all pupils. A former colleague once made an investigation of the relation between success in business and the length and kind of schooling. The result seemed to show that the longer one remained at school the more successful he became in after life, but it did not seem to make much difference what kind of school was attended. The graduates of classical schools seemed by this one investigation to be as good business men as the graduates of commercial high schools. One of the committee supervising the investigation at once drew the conclusion that all special schools should be abandoned as unnecessary. To my mind his conclusion was wholly wrong. Among those who succeeded in the special schools were many who would have become discouraged and dropped out of the typical school, and so have lacked the training essential for success. May I quote a few instances from our own short experience? A boy is accepted from a typical high school, but on probation because of his failure at that school and on our entrance examinations. A business course stimulates his interest, and shortly half of his grades are of honor rank and none below C. Even History and German, stumbling blocks before, are mastered with credit. A boy is taken from a city high school with a poor record. His interest in agriculture brings an awakening and a fair proportion of honor ranks. The improvement includes English, which had been very poor. He can deliver a creditable illustrated lecture on alfalfa and his literary appreciation of such poets as Burns and Whittier proves keen and sincere. These two cases are typical. Give a boy one thing he can do well and his pride and self-respect will tone up all

his activities. We do not pray for easy tasks; we do not ask that boys be protected from the results of their deserved failures, but we do ask that boys full of energy and real ability be saved the anguish of being misunderstood and rated as failures, merely because they have been set tasks unfitted to their natures. Such tasks are not disciplinary, but destructive, and may cause much bitterness, if not real disaster, to sensitive spirits. It is as if an athletic trainer should say the diversity of events at a track meet is unnecessary—the mile run is a good standard event, we will judge all our men by that. Fancy the feelings of a springy high jumper sent day after day at the hopeless grind. And who shall say that a John Paul Jones is a greater or finer athlete than an Alma Richards? Mental equipments are not less different than physical, and while we value the all around man, the important thing to society is that the special and distinctive faculty should be trained. Who would care whether an Edison became an indifferent classical scholar, so long as his marvelous scientific powers were at the disposal of the community? I have seen successful engineers and business men who spent years on traditional studies, acquiring nothing but the bad habit of failure and a sense of personal inferiority, when a broader course would have liberated their energy and enthusiasm for their personal happiness and the good of others.

I have dwelt at length on our courses of study, but we do not consider the curriculum the only important element in education. I have rather casually dismissed the subject of disciplinary studies because we believe in the fine phrase, "the discipline of life should come from the normal acts of living." I have heard schools praised because there were scholarship boys in them and it was good for others to see them working. We believe in no such vicarious benefits. Here every boy works, rich and poor alike. Each boy cares for his own room and shares in turn in caring for corridors and common rooms, and in the serving of meals, not as waiters, but as members of a simple family without servants. At the end of each term the faculty wait on table with much

good nature, as a symbol that we believe in all useful labor and are not ashamed to assume any task. We have in this way a useful routine that trains to habits of order and self-reliance. Boys take from this service a feeling of their own dignity and of ownership in the place that makes them courteous and hospitable.

I have heard one criticism of student labor—that it costs more to supervise than it would to hire servants. Our supervision costs nothing, for supervision as well as labor is cared for by boys. A Student Council has grown up in response to a request of the boys themselves. The council is a sort of lower house in the government of the school. It is purely elective, with representation from each dormitory and from the day pupils, with a certain minimum number of seniors and a stipulated representation of lower classes. There is no appointed member, and no representative of the faculty. It truly represents the student body and presents its views to the upper house or faculty. It is zealous for the good name of the school. It has taken vigorous action in some cases of discipline and has been supported by the school. The old loyalty of schoolboy to comrade even in evil doing, a loyalty that had its source in the right place, but sometimes degenerated into an honor among thieves, is replaced by a finer loyalty to the community rather than the individual, which cannot suffer the good name of the school to be sullied. Here is the root of good citizenship, which should stand among the first aims of education.

I wish time served to dwell upon many other aspects of our school life. We have spent four years with bricks and mortar and lavished our attention on every detail of size and arrangement of dormitories, arrangement of tables in the dining hall and many others. We have tried to build a place where it would be easy to be good and to be friendly, and we have tried to build a place of such beauty that our pupils should take inspiration from it.

To-day as we dedicate our newest and finest building, we dedicate it not only to the memories of our Founders, but to the principles of democracy and progress in education.

§ 49

GREATNESS IN CITIZENSHIP

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT

(Delivered by the President of the United States at the laying of the cornerstone of the new Law School at the University of Chicago, April 2, 1903.)

MR. PRESIDENT, MEN AND WOMEN OF THE UNIVERSITY, AND YOU, MY FELLOW CITIZENS, PEOPLE OF THE GREAT CITY OF THE WEST:

I am glad indeed to have the chance of being with you this afternoon to receive this degree at the hands of President Harper, and in what I have to say there is little that I can do save to emphasize certain points made in the address of Dr. Judson. I speak to you of this university, to you who belong to the institution, the creation of which has so nobly rounded out the great career of mercantile enterprise and prosperity which Chicago not merely embodies but of which in a peculiar sense the city stands as symbolical.

It is of vast importance to our well being as a nation that there should be a foundation deep and broad of material well being. No nation can amount to anything great unless the individuals composing it have so worked with the head or with the hand for their own benefit, as well as for the benefit of their fellows in material ways, that the sum of the national prosperity is great.

But that alone does not make true greatness or anything approaching true greatness. It is only the foundation for it, and it is the existence of institutions such as this, above all the existence of institutions turning out citizens of the type which I know you turn out, that stands as one of the really great assets of which a nation can speak when it claims true greatness. From this institution you will send out scholars, and it is a great and fine thing to send out scholars to add to the sum of productive scholarship.

To do that is to take your part in doing one of the great

duties of civilization, but you will do more than that, for greater than the school is the man, and you will send forth men; men who will scorn what is base and ignoble; men of high ideals who yet have the robust sense necessary to allow for the achievement of the high ideal by practical methods. It was also a sage who said that it was easier to be a harmless dove than a wise serpent.

Now, the aim in production of citizenship must not be merely the production of harmless citizenship. Of course it is essential that you should not harm your fellows, but if after you are through with life all that can be truthfully said of you is that you did not do any harm it must also be truthfully added that you did no particular good.

Remember, that the commandment had the two sides, to be harmless as doves and wise as serpents; to be moral in the highest and broadest sense of the word; to have the morality that does and fears, the morality that can suffer and the morality that can achieve results. To have that, and coupled with it to have the energy, the power to accomplish things which every good citizen must have if his citizenship is to be of real value to the community. Dr. Judson said in his address to-day that what we need—the things that we need are elemental.

We need to produce, not genius, not brilliancy, but the homely, commonplace, elemental virtues. The reason we won in 1776, the reason that in the great trial from 1861 to 1865 this nation rang true metal was because the average citizen had in him the stuff out of which good citizenship has been made from time immemorial, because he had in him courage, honesty, common sense.

Brilliancy and genius? Yes, if we can have them in addition to the other virtues. If not, if brilliant genius comes without the accompaniment of the substantial qualities of character and soul, then it is a menace to the nation.

If it comes in addition to those qualities, then, of course, we get the great general leader, we get the Lincoln, we get the man who can do more than any common man. But without it much can be done. The men who carried musket and

saber in the armies of the East and the West through the four grim years which at last saw the sun of peace rise at Appomattox had only the ordinary qualities, but they were pretty good ordinary qualities.

They were the qualities which, when possessed as those men possessed them made in their sum what we call heroism, and what those men had need to have in time of war we must have in time of peace, if we are to make this nation what she shall ultimately become, if we are to make this nation in very fact the great republic, the greatest power upon which the sun has ever shone. And no quality is enough.

First of all, honesty, and again remember I am using the word in its broadest signification, honesty, decency, clean living at home, clean living abroad, fair dealing in one's own family, fair dealing with the public.

And honesty is not enough. If a man is never so honest, but is timid, there is nothing to be done with him. In the Civil War you needed patriotism in the soldier, but if the soldier had patriotism, yet felt compelled to run away, you could not win the fight with him. Together with honesty you must have the second of the virile virtues, courage; courage to dare, courage to stand against the wrong and to fight, aggressively and vigorously for the right.

And if you have only honesty and courage you may yet be an entirely worthless citizen. An honest and valiant fool has but a small place of usefulness in the body politic. With honesty, with courage, must go common sense; ability to work with your fellows, ability when you go out of the academic halls to work with the men of this nation, the men of millions who have not got an academic training, who will accept your leadership on just one consideration, and that is if you show yourself in the rough work of actual life fit and able to lead, and only so.

You need honesty, you need courage and you need common-sense. Above all, you need it in the work to be done in the building the cornerstone of which we laid today, the law school, out of which are to come the men who, at the bar and on the bench, make and construe, and in construing make

the laws of this country, the men who must teach by their actions all our people that this is in fact essentially a government of orderly liberty under the law.

Men and women, you the graduates of this university, you the undergraduates, upon you rests a heavy burden of responsibility; much has been given to you; much will be expected of you. A great work lies before you. If you fail in it you discredit yourselves, you discredit the whole cause of education. And you can succeed and will succeed if you work in the spirit of the words and the deeds of President Harper and of those men whom I have known so well who are in your faculty today. I thank you for having given me the chance to speak to you.

§ 50

UNVEILING OF A MEMORIAL

By EVELYN HARRINGTON

(Prepared as a class exercise in the course in speech composition in the University of Wisconsin Summer Session, 1921.)

This afternoon we are to bring to mind the memory of those students and alumni who gave their lives in the World War. Their names are engraved on this bronze tablet made possible by the loving and willing generosity of the students of this high school.

Owensboro High School sent one hundred and eighty-two of her boys and men into the service. From this number four will never return. The names of these four are known to all of you, for they were all young men. You knew them all. They are Captain Arch Huston, Lieutenant George Morrey, Privates Hugh Cummins and Thomas O'Hara.

Captain Arch Huston you remember as young Dr. Huston of the class of 1912. After completing his medical course he settled here. You have passed his office many times on

your way to this school. From this office he went to a southern camp and then across the water. He thought in the Medical Corps to find his particular service, and in this service he spent himself and gave the most he had to give—his health, his strength, and his life.

Lieutenant George Morrey you remember best as a famous baseball star. His initiative, strength, and spirit were known to all, and to none of us was it a surprise that he "batted well in that last great game of all."

Privates Hugh Cummins and Tom O'Hara are too near to us in time for our discussion. They would have been graduated last June. They went into the service from this ivy-covered building, from these very rooms. We can see them sauntering through this hall on whose walls this affixed tablet bears their names in memory.

To the friends of these four young men I wish to say that to me, and I trust to them, there is a great solace in the thought that these four, whose names are engraved here, will always be young. The relentless years will come and go, leaving their marks on the rest of us, but age will never touch them. We shall always think of them as young adventurers tingling with life to their finger-tips. They have gained, as the poet says, "the youthful immortality of the early dead."

But there is a purpose, young people, in having this tablet ever in your view. This heedless world needs just such memorials. It is all too forgetting. We need to get and hold the idea that heroism is not a vague knightly quality all laid away to rest in a book of bygone poesie but that the heroic was and is all about us.

These boys with whom you studied, laughed, played, and sang are now men of the ages. The common clay of life no longer envelopes them; they have become the Sir Galahads of your memory. The heroic is still around you and only awaits its test. We hope that never again the cruel test of war will bring it out, but in some way that test will surely come. Will we be worthy of our friends' example?

The families of these young men have decided that their bodies shall remain in France, so it is doubly fitting that we

commemorate them here. But neither carved stone nor memorial bronze are needed. It is we who need the memorial. They have made their own.

A young ambulance driver, Ray Gauger, has immortalized this idea in one of the real poems of the war:

"Where I shall fall upon my battle-ground
There may I rest—nor carry me away
What holier hills could in these days be found
Than hills of France to hold a soldier's clay,
Nor need ye place a cross of wooden stuff
Over my head to mark my age and name,
This very ground is monument enough,
'Tis all I wish of show or outward fame
Deep in the hearts of fellow-countrymen
My fast immortal sepulchre shall be,
Greater than all the tombs of ancient kings,
What matter where my dust shall scatter then?
I shall have served my country overseas
And loved her dying with a heart that sings."

CHAPTER X

ANNIVERSARY SPEECHES

§ 51

THE COLLEGE A TRAINING SCHOOL FOR PUBLIC SERVICE

By WENDELL PHILLIPS STAFFORD

(An address delivered by an alumnus, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, at the sesquicentennial of Dartmouth College, October 20, 1919.)

Mr. President: When Wycliffe earned the proud title of heretic by giving Englishmen a translation of the Bible, he would not use the word *church* to signify the great body of Christian believers. He chose the word *congregation.* And this was one of his chief offenses. That choice marked the whole difference between ecclesiasticism, the hierarchy that had ruled Europe for a thousand years, and the reign of the people, which was even then beginning. Wycliffe was wise enough to know that the word *church* would conjure up for his readers a picture of cathedrals, croziers, miters, and all the pomp and paraphernalia of the priests. We are always having to do what Wycliffe then did,—to get back to the original idea, the impulse and inspiration which has clothed itself in the visible form and institution. When we come upon the word *college,* have we not instantly before our eyes a picture of such a group of buildings as surrounds us now,—of laboratories and classrooms, of campus, gowns and processions, and all the equipment and ceremonial of academic life? What we have to do this morning is to forget all these, to strip our minds of everything external, and try to find the spirit itself

that makes a college what it is. For there must be something at the heart of all we see that could suffer the loss of all and yet keep on its way, making for itself new instruments to work with. That spirit, as I conceive it, is, *A bold and hardy determination to cultivate and discipline our powers, with the aid of all that men have learned before us, and then to pour the whole stream of our power into the noble tasks of our own time.* Its voice is not the subdued murmur of the cloister: it is *vox clamantis in deserto,* sane, wholesome, invigorating, as President Tucker has described it,—the voice of a hermit, perhaps, but a hermit who has trained and strengthened himself in the desert, and now returns to be the leader and prophet of his people. That is the spirit that puts forth institutions as a tree puts forth its leaves, and when they fall can put forth others without end.

That spirit has shown itself in men who never knew how the inside of a college looked. When Lincoln jotted down the main facts of his life for the Congressional Directory, he wrote: "Education defective." And yet, tried by the test we are applying now, he was college-bred. The question is not, whether you studied Euclid in a classroom or stretched out on the counter of a country store. The question is, whether you mastered it. Lincoln did. And the thews and sinews of his mind, which he developed so, stood by him in the day when he threw Douglas down. John Keats was as innocent of the Greek language as the new curriculum assumes all men should be; yet out of some stray book on mythology the "miserable apprentice to an apothecary" contrived to draw into his soul the very spirit of Hellenic art, until he left us poems which Hellenists declare to be more Grecian than the Greek. He, too, was college-bred, as we now mean it, for he was impelled by that determination to subdue and fructify his powers, with the aid of all the past has left us, until they yielded something glorious and undying for his fellow men. His spirit was not the spirit of the dove, but of the eagle:

> "My spirit is too weak! Mortality
> Weighs heavily on me, like unwilling sleep;

> **And each imagined pinnacle and steep**
> **Of godlike hardship tells me I must die,**
> **Like a sick eagle looking at the sky."**

If I am right, there lie wrapped up in this determination those three aims: (1) to discipline one's powers and make them fruitful; (2) in order to accomplish this, to make use of all that men have gained before us; and (3) to devote these powers and acquisitions to the common weal. The advantage the college has is this: That here the determined spirit finds the tool-shop and the arsenal. That spirit itself the college can foster and encourage but cannot create. It can and does lay open to its use the weapons and the tools. It can and does teach in a fair, general way, what men thus far have done. It leads the newcomer to the point where they left off, and says: "Begin here, if you would not waste your time. This territory has been conquered. Go forth from this frontier." It also shows the worker of the present day what other men are doing. It brings him into touch with them, that he may put his effort forth where it will tell the most. Better still, it can and does help him to find out himself,—not by telling him what he can or cannot do, as the President of Harvard told Phillips Brooks that he could never hope to preach, but by giving him the chance and means to find out for himself. And, above all the rest, if it is true to its high calling, it can and does prompt the determined spirit, disciplined by toil and taught its fitting place, to look on every gift that it possesses as on a sacred trust with which to serve its time.

Now it is the glory of Dartmouth that in an eminent degree it has been the embodiment of this spirit. Whenever men hear this name they have a very clear and definite conception of what it means. Dartmouth has succeeded in creating or manifesting a spirit by which it may be known, something that may be said to belong to it. Without neglecting, certainly without despising, the graces and refinements of scholarship, it has laid its emphasis upon a certain virility, a masculine vigor of intellect and effort,—what soldiers sometimes call "grit and iron." It is not afraid of difficulties. Rather it asks for something hard to do. When Othello is

summoned from the bridal bed to undertake the Turkish wars, he exclaims:

> "The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
> Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
> My thrice-driven bed of down. I do agnize
> A natural and prompt alacrity
> I find in hardness!"

He finds in it something akin to his own nature, and embraces it as a brother. Dartmouth does not exactly stand for the Montessori system in higher education! It has always harbored a suspicion that one of the principal things to be gained in a place like this is the ability to hold the mind to a disagreeable but necessary task. It may find itself a little old-fashioned herein; but the entrance list would indicate that there are still a considerable number who share the suspicion. There is a sense in which those famous lines in the Prophecy of Capys belong to "the cloisters of the hill-girt plain":

> "Leave to the soft Campanian
> His baths and his perfumes;
> Leave to the sordid race of Tyre
> Their dying-vats and looms;
> Leave to the sons of Carthage
> The rudder and the oar;
> Leave to the Greek his marble nymphs
> And scrolls of wordy lore!
> Thine, Roman, is the pilum!
> Roman, the sword is thine!"

Of course when I lay claim to lines like those I am not speaking of what Eleazar Wheelock would have called "carnal weapons." You know perfectly well that I have in mind an intellectual temper, an ideal of education as a discipline devoted to the State,—every power trained to the utmost and then given unstintedly, used religiously, for the public good. That temper, that ideal, I do on this great day claim for Dartmouth; and I vouch the history of the nation, a few years younger than the College itself, to make good the claim.

If I were asked to make clear to a novice in American history the main course of its stream, I would try to make him understand, first of all, the conflict between two ideas, two hostile conceptions of the nation and its organic law, on the one hand a conception that looked upon the Constitution as a mere compact between sovereign States, on the other a conception that looked upon it as the body in which one whole people's life was to be lived. He would trace the course of that struggle through debates and decisions. He would see the minds of the country divided into two hostile camps; and finally he would see the same contending hosts with arms in their hands, and behold the triumph of the national idea upon the field of blood. I would try to make him understand, next, the relation of this struggle to the institution of slavery. He would see in one section a civilization based upon that institution, essentially feudal and looking toward the past. In another he would see a civilization essentially free and looking to the future. He would see the doctrine of State Rights adhered to by the one, the doctrine of an indivisible Union adhered to by the other. He would observe that the real strength of slavery lay in the Constitution itself. There was its citadel, from which, for generations to come, it might have defied the friends of freedom. He would see the possessors of the citadel foolishly leave it and bend all their efforts to destroy it. And when the strife was over he would see a new Constitution dedicated to freedom. And, lastly, I would try to make him understand that the mighty force working its way through these tremendous events is the spirit of man determined to be free, the conception of human rights embodied in the Declaration of Independence; that the real struggle throughout had been a struggle between the Declaration and the old Constitution,—between the live spirit of man and the dead weight of institutions that did not give it room; and that the same mighty force is still at work, remolding the laws and institutions of our own time. Thus there would be three chapters.

No higher praise could be bestowed on Dartmouth than to say that the story of that first chapter might be told in the

biography of her greatest alumnus, her Olympian son, in whose hall we are gathered now. But the story of the second chapter could be told in the biography of another of her sons, Thaddeus Stevens. Webster's devotion to his College, his work in saving and refounding it, his massive service to the nation in expounding its Constitution and inspiring the coming generation, so that it was said with no less truth than eloquence that his voice was heard "in the deep roar of Union guns from Sumter to Appomattox," his supreme place in your annals as the representative of your culture, your strength, your public zeal,—all these have been celebrated, and there is nothing left for me to say. But with Stevens it is otherwise. Caricature and vilification have followed him in death with a malignity even greater than they showed him in his life. And yet I believe it is capable of demonstration that in his time none of all your sons was more true to your traditions, none wielded a more terrible weapon, or did a more noble and enduring work. I can think of no better use to which this occasion could be put than to paint in clear outline and true color the figure of that giant son. Of course in the time now left me I cannot tell the story of his life. The strokes of the artist must be few and strong. Stevens was born in 1793. He was graduated here in 1814. He practiced law in Pennsylvania. When he died, Jeremiah Black declared he had not left an equal at the American bar; and Black was a rival at the bar, a political opponent, sometime Attorney-General of the United States, himself accounted by many the greatest lawyer of his time. Stevens had two periods of service in Congress, but it is the second that concerns us now. All his life he had been the bitterest hater of the slave power. He had lived upon its border, and knew all its darkest traits. He had not expected to come to Washington again: when he had retired a few years earlier, he had delivered his valedictory; and now as he reappeared he sadly confessed the consciousness of failing powers. It was December, 1859, and Stevens was on the verge of three score years and ten. Age had bent his frame, deformity had crippled his gait; suffering had blanched his cheek; thought and care

had plowed deep into his forehead; strife and passion had left the mark of bitterness and scorn upon his sunk and withered lip. But with the clear vision of a prophet he saw that one of the crises of the world's history was at hand; and denying to himself the comfort and quiet of age he gathered up all the remains of his ancient strength to strike his last and heaviest blow for freedom. Thereafter for nine years he stood forth in that arena the unequaled champion of free principles. For the greater part of that time, and up to the very last, he ruled the House of Representatives with a rod of iron, the greatest parliamentary figure, with the possible exception of John Quincy Adams, that ever dominated its debates. Keeping steadily before his eyes, all through the war, the problem of reconstruction that would confront us at its close, he prepared the way, he marshaled his forces, and when the time came poured the lava of the nation's thrice-heated love of liberty into the enduring molds of its organic, fundamental law. When all deductions have been made, the candid historian of the future will be compelled to say, that his was the hand, his the indomitable will, his the uncompromising zeal for the Declaration of Independence, that, more than any other single man's, harvested the fruit of those bloody years and made the Declaration and the Constitution one. Democrat of democrats, he enjoined it upon his executors that he should not be buried in any ground from which the meanest of his fellowmen should be excluded; and so he sleeps to-day in an obscure graveyard in western Pennsylvania, among the children of the despised race which he had given all his dying strength to lift to the fair level of equal and impartial law. I ask you now, if that was not the work of a true Dartmouth man?

Proud as we are of Webster, and highly as we must always rate the work he did, we cannot deny that the Union of his day was almost completely in the hands of the slave power; and the only blemish upon his fame was his failure to rise to the height of his opportunity, especially in the Seventh of March, 1850, and become the trumpet at the lips of a free

North. As Whittier mourned long after in "The Lost Occasion,"

> "He should have lived to feel below
> His feet Disunion's fierce upthrow,
> The late-sprung mine that underlaid
> His sad concessions, vainly made.
> He should have seen from Sumter's wall
> The star-flag of the Union fall
> And armed rebellion pressing on
> The broken ranks of Washington.
> No stronger voice than his had then
> Called out the utmost might of men
> To make the Union's charter free
> And strengthen law by liberty."

But if *he* could not be here for that great service, the Nation was not without the needed son, nor yet was Dartmouth.

Shall they ever, ever want such sons to lead them? Has there ever been a time when the need was more than now? Who shall meet the problems that confront us here upon the threshold of the coming age? For we now stand face to face with a new riddle of the Sphinx. You all know the old Greek story that relates how a strange monster, having the body of a lion, the wings of a great bird, and the head of a woman, sat beside the road that ran to the City of Thebes, and everyone who passed that way was accosted with her riddle. If he gave the wrong answer he must die. If he gave the right answer, she herself would perish and the people would be free. The condition that confronts us now is such a Sphinx. The question it propounds is one that *we* must answer if free government is to survive. That question is, How are the masses of men and women who labor with their hands to be secured out of the products of their toil what they will feel to be and will be in fact a fair return? Until we can answer that question we shall have no peace; and if we fail to answer it, we shall have a revolution. The question is not one that faces America alone: it faces Britain; it faces France; it faces Italy; it has torn Russia into pieces. The

Sphinx sits by the road that every modern nation has to pass. Shall we despair? In the old story a man appeared one day who solved the riddle. Thebes offered him her throne if he could answer the question, and he answered it. The Sphinx was destroyed and Edipus became King. Let us hope that our own country may be the one to find the true solution of the riddle, and thereby bring safety and freedom to the people of all lands. If that shall be the fortunate result the parallel will be complete; for America will take her seat upon the throne of power, not to rule the world in the ordinary ways of political control, but by the might of truth and the influence of her example. The riddle the old Sphinx proposed was this: What creature is it that goes on four feet in the morning, on two at noon, and on three in the evening? The answer was: Man. In the morning he creeps. At noon he walks upright on two strong feet. In the evening he limps along with cane or staff. "Man! Man!" cried Edipus; and the Sphinx was slain. So now, whatever the formula may prove to be, the answer is still, man,—the dignity, the honesty, the intelligence of man. Our safety can only be found in a policy that treats all men as brothers, all equally entitled to the fruits of their labor, all equally entitled to raise themselves as high as possible, each in his own place, without doing wrong to any of the rest. It is the spirit of justice and fraternity that must be our guide. And where are we to look for leadership if not in institutions such as this,—especially in this, whose just and democratic spirit is its most distinctive sign, the very hallmark by which it is and always has been known.

Strong-hearted Mother of the North,
  Counting thy many-colored years,
And holding not the least in worth
  Those that were cast in want and fears,—

Great Mother, thou art still the same,
  Whether in rags or purple drest,—
To-day as when thine eaglets came
  To thy dark pines as to their nest.

We bid not *thee* to look abroad—
Thine eyes have never sought the ground—
But us—oh, let our feet be shod
Where *thy* thought flieth to be found!

Give *us* thy vision, us thy strength,
To spread the truth which makes men free
And dying leave a land at length
Worthy, O mighty heart, of thee!

§ 52

THE MEANING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

By WOODROW WILSON

(Delivered by the President of the United States at Independence Hall, July 4, 1914.)

We are assembled to celebrate the one hundred and thirty-eighth anniversary of the birth of the United States. I suppose that we can more vividly realize the circumstances of that birth standing on this historic spot than it would be possible to realize them anywhere else. The Declaration of Independence was written in Philadelphia; it was adopted in this historic building by which we stand. I have just had the privilege of sitting in the chair of the great man who presided over the deliberations of those who gave the declaration to the world. My hand rests at this moment upon the table upon which the declaration was signed. We can feel that we are almost in the visible and tangible presence of a great historic transaction.

Have you ever read the Declaration of Independence or attended with close comprehension to the real character of it when you have heard it read? If you have, you will know that it is not a Fourth of July oration. The Declaration of Independence was a document preliminary to war. It was a vital piece of practical business, not a piece of rhetoric;

and if you will pass beyond those preliminary passages which we are accustomed to quote about the rights of men and read into the heart of the document you will see that it is very express and detailed, that it consists of a series of definite specifications concerning actual public business of the day. Not the business of our day, for the matter with which it deals is past, but the business of that first revolution by which the Nation was set up, the business of 1776. Its general statements, its general declarations cannot mean anything to us unless we append to it a similar specific body of particulars as to what we consider the essential business of our own day.

Liberty does not consist, my fellow citizens, in mere general declarations of the rights of man. It consists in the translation of those declarations into definite action. Therefore, standing here where the declaration was adopted, reading its businesslike sentences, we ought to ask ourselves what there is in it for us. There is nothing in it for us unless we can translate it into the terms of our own conditions and of our own lives. We must reduce it to what the lawyers call a bill of particulars. It contains a bill of particulars, but the bill of particulars of 1776. If we would keep it alive, we must fill it with a bill of particulars of the year 1914.

The task to which we have constantly to readdress ourselves is the task of proving that we are worthy of the men who drew this great declaration and know what they would have done in our circumstances. Patriotism consists in some very practical things—practical in that they belong to the life of every day, that they wear no extraordinary distinction about them, that they are connected with commonplace duty. The way to be patriotic in America is not only to love America but to love the duty that lies nearest our hand and know that in performing it we are serving our country. There are some gentlemen in Washington, for example, at this very moment who are showing themselves very patriotic in a way which does not attract wide attention but seems to belong to mere everyday obligations. The Members of the House and Senate who stay in hot Washington to maintain a quorum of the Houses and transact the all-important busi-

ness of the Nation are doing an act of patriotism. I honor them for it, and I am glad to stay there and stick by them until the work is done.

It is patriotic, also, to learn what the facts of our national life are and to face them with candor. I have heard a great many facts stated about the present business condition of this country, for example—a great many allegations of fact, at any rate, but the allegations do not tally with one another. And yet I know that truth always matches with truth; and when I find some insisting that everything is going wrong and others insisting that everything is going right, and when I know from a wide observation of the general circumstances of the country taken as a whole that things are going extremely well, I wonder what those who are crying out that things are wrong are trying to do. Are they trying to serve the country, or are they trying to serve something smaller than the country? Are they trying to put hope into the hearts of the men who work and toil every day, or are they trying to plant discouragement and despair in those hearts? And why do they cry that everything is wrong and yet do nothing to set it right? If they love America and anything is wrong amongst us, it is their business to put their hand with ours to the task of setting it right. When the facts are known and acknowledged, the duty of all patriotic men is to accept them in candor and to address themselves hopefully and confidently to the common counsel which is necessary to act upon them wisely and in universal concert.

I have had some experiences in the last fourteen months which have not been entirely reassuring. It was universally admitted, for example, my fellow citizens, that the banking system of this country needed reorganization. We set the best minds that we could find to the task of discovering the best method of reorganization. But we met with hardly anything but criticism from the bankers of the country; we met with hardly anything but resistance from the majority of those at least who spoke at all concerning the matter. And yet so soon as that act was passed there was a universal chorus of applause, and the very men who had opposed the

measure joined in that applause. If it was wrong the day before it was passed, why was it right the day after it was passed? Where had been the candor of criticism not only, but the concert of counsel which makes legislative action vigorous and safe and successful?

It is not patriotic to concert measures against one another; it is patriotic to concert measures for one another.

In one sense the Declaration of Independence has lost its significance. It has lost its significance as a declaration of national independence. Nobody outside of America believed when it was uttered that we could make good our independence; now nobody anywhere would dare to doubt that we are independent and can maintain our independence. As a declaration of independence, therefore, it is a mere historic document. Our independence is a fact so stupendous that it can be measured only by the size and energy and variety and wealth and power of one of the greatest nations in the world. But it is one thing to be independent and it is another thing to know what to do with your independence. It is one thing to come to your majority and another thing to know what you are going to do with your life and your energies; and one of the most serious questions for sober-minded men to address themselves to in the United States is this: What are we going to do with the influence and power of this great Nation? Are we going to play the old rôle of using that power for our aggrandizement and material benefit only? You know what that may mean. It may upon occasion mean that we shall use it to make the people of other nations suffer in the way in which we said it was intolerable to suffer when we uttered our Declaration of Independence.

The Department of State at Washington is constantly called upon to back up the commercial enterprises and the industrial enterprises of the United States in foreign countries, and it at one time went so far in that direction that all its diplomacy came to be designated as "dollar diplomacy." It was called upon to support every man who wanted to earn anything anywhere if he was an American. But there ought to be a limit to that. There is no man who is more interested

than I am in carrying the enterprise of American business men to every quarter of the globe. I was interested in it long before I was suspected of being a politician. I have been preaching it year after year as the great thing that lay in the future for the United States, to show her wit and skill and enterprise and influence in every country in the world. But observe the limit to all that which is laid upon us perhaps more than upon any other nation in the world. We set this Nation up, at any rate we professed to set it up, to vindicate the rights of men. We did not name any differences between one race and another. We did not set up any barriers against any particular people. We opened our gates to all the world and said, "Let all men who wish to be free come to us and they will be welcome." We said, "This independence of ours is not a selfish thing for our own exclusive private use. It is for everybody to whom we can find the means of extending it." We cannot with that oath taken in our youth, we cannot with that great ideal set before us when we were a young people and numbered only a scant 3,000,000, taken upon ourselves, now that we are 100,000,000 strong, any other conception of duty than we then entertained. If American enterprise in foreign countries, particularly in those foreign countries which are not strong enough to resist us, takes the shape of imposing upon and exploiting the mass of the people of that country it ought to be checked and not encouraged. I am willing to get anything for an American that money and enterprise can obtain except the suppression of the rights of other men. I will not help any man buy a power which he ought not to exercise over his fellow beings.

You know, my fellow countrymen, what a big question there is in Mexico. Eighty-five per cent. of the Mexican people have never been allowed to have any genuine participation in their own Government or to exercise any substantial rights with regards to the very land they live upon. All the rights that men most desire have been exercised by the other fifteen per cent. Do you suppose that that circumstance is not sometimes in my thought? I know that the American

people have a heart that will beat just as strong for those millions in Mexico as it will beat, or has beaten, for any other millions elsewhere in the world, and that when once they conceive what is at stake in Mexico they will know what ought to be done in Mexico. I hear a great deal said about the loss of property in Mexico and the loss of the lives of foreigners, and I deplore these things with all my heart. Undoubtedly, upon the conclusion of the present disturbed conditions in Mexico those who have been unjustly deprived of their property or in any wise unjustly put upon ought to be compensated. Men's individual rights have no doubt been invaded, and the invasion of those rights has been attended by many deplorable circumstances which ought some time, in the proper way, to be accounted for. But back of it all is the struggle of a people to come into its own, and while we look upon the incidents in the foreground let us not forget the great tragic reality in the background which towers above the whole picture.

A patriotic American is a man who is not niggardly and selfish in the things that he enjoys that make for human liberty and the rights of man. He wants to share them with the whole world, and he is never so proud of the great flag under which he lives as when it comes to mean to other people as well as to himself a symbol of hope and liberty. I would be ashamed of this flag if it did anything outside America that we would not permit it to do inside of America.

The world is becoming more complicated every day, my fellow citizens. No man ought to be foolish enough to think that he understands it all. And, therefore, I am glad that there are some simple things in the world. One of the simple things is principle. Honesty is a perfectly simple thing. It is hard for me to believe that in most circumstances when a man has a choice of ways he does not know which is the right way and which is the wrong way. No man who has chosen the wrong way ought even to come into Independence Square; it is holy ground which he ought not to tread upon. He ought not to come where immortal voices have uttered the great sentences of such a document as this Dec-

laration of Independence upon which rests the liberty of a whole nation.

And so I say that it is patriotic sometimes to prefer the honor of the country to its material interest. Would you rather be deemed by all the nations of the world incapable of keeping your treaty obligations in order that you might have free tolls for American ships? The treaty under which we gave up that right may have been a mistaken treaty, but there was no mistake about its meaning.

When I have made a promise as a man I try to keep it, and I know of no other rule permissible to a nation. The most distinguished nation in the world is the nation that can and will keep its promises even to its own hurt. And I want to say parenthetically that I do not think anybody was hurt. I cannot be enthusiastic for subsidies to a monopoly, but let those who are enthusiastic for subsidies ask themselves whether they prefer subsidies to unsullied honor.

The most patriotic man, ladies and gentlemen, is sometimes the man who goes in the direction that he thinks right even when he sees half the world against him. It is the dictate of patriotism to sacrifice yourself if you think that that is the path of honor and of duty. Do not blame others if they do not agree with you. Do not die with bitterness in your heart because you did not convince the rest of the world, but die happy because you believe that you tried to serve your country by not selling your soul. Those were grim days, the days of 1776. Those gentlemen did not attach their names to the Declaration of Independence on this table expecting a holiday on the next day, and that 4th of July was not itself a holiday. They attached their signatures to that significant document knowing that if they failed it was certain that every one of them would hang for the failure. They were committing treason in the interest of the liberty of 3,000,000 people in America. All the rest of the world was against them and smiled with cynical incredulity at the audacious undertaking. Do you think that if they could see this great Nation now they would regret anything that they then did to draw the gaze of a hostile world upon them? Every idea

must be started by somebody, and it is a lonely thing to start anything. Yet if it is in you, you must start it if you have a man's blood in you and if you love the country that you profess to be working for.

I am sometimes very much interested when I see gentlemen supposing that popularity is the way to success in America. The way to success in this great country, with its fair judgments, is to show that you are not afraid of anybody except God and His final verdict. If I did not believe that, I would not believe in democracy. If I did not believe that, I would not believe that people can govern themselves. If I did not believe that the moral judgment would be the last judgment, the final judgment, in the minds of men as well as the tribunal of God, I could not believe in popular government. But I do believe these things, and, therefore, I earnestly believe in the democracy not only of America but of every awakened people that wishes and intends to govern and control its own affairs.

It is very inspiring, my friends, to come to this that may be called the original fountain of independence and liberty in America and here drink draughts of patriotic feeling which seem to renew the very blood in one's veins. Down in Washington sometimes when the days are hot and the business presses intolerably and there are so many things to do that it does not seem possible to do anything in the way it ought to be done, it is always possible to lift one's thought above the task of the moment and, as it were, to realize that great thing of which we are all parts, the great body of American feeling and American principle. No man could do the work that has to be done in Washington if he allowed himself to be separated from that body of principle. He must make himself feel that he is a part of the people of the United States, that he is trying to think not only for them, but with them, and then he cannot feel lonely. He not only cannot feel lonely but he cannot feel afraid of anything.

My dream is that as the years go on and the world knows more and more of America it will also drink at these fountains of youth and renewal; that it also will turn to America

for those moral inspirations which lie at the basis of all freedom; that the world will never fear America unless it feels that it is engaged in some enterprise which is inconsistent with the rights of humanity; and that America will come into the full light of the day when all shall know that she puts human rights above all other rights and that her flag is the flag not only of America but of humanity.

What other great people has devoted itself to this exalted ideal? To what other nation in the world can all the eyes look for an instant sympathy that thrills the whole body politic when men anywhere are fighting for their rights? I do not know that there will ever be a declaration of independence and of grievances for mankind, but I believe that if any such document is ever drawn it will be drawn in the spirit of the American Declaration of Independence, and that America has lifted high the light which will shine unto all generations and guide the feet of mankind to the goal of justice and liberty and peace.

§ 53

THE ARMY OF DEMOCRACY

By JOHN G. COYLE

(Address by a distinguished physician and lecturer before Vera Cruz Council, Knights of Columbus, New York City, February 22, 1918.)

On this anniversary of the birth of George Washington, well termed "the Father of Our Country," your Council meets under inspiring circumstances. This day we have seen the ten thousand drafted men from Camp Upton parading in this city. The snow was falling as they marched. It clung to their shoulders. It made soft white flecks upon their hair. It filtered down their rifle barrels. They marched with erect heads. They were bronzed, vigorous, confident, virile. They swung down the avenue with precision and power.

And as we looked at them on this Birthday of Washington we saw in them the army of democracy. They were our brothers, our sons, our relatives, husbands and sweethearts of American women, members of American households. But a few months ago they were clerks, artisans, workers, producers, part of the great American people engaged in the pursuits of peace. They were called into service, not by the mandate of any military despot, not by the coercion of soldiery already in arms. They were summoned because their own elected representatives, men chosen directly by the people, had decreed that the fight for the liberty of the world and the safety of democracy should be made by the army of democracy, the able-bodied citizenry of the United States, called forth in the name of all the people to defend the liberties of all the people.

The snow on which they trod softened the sounds of their footsteps. It filled the vision with the thought and sight of winter. And as that great army marched, snow-covered, and treading through the white flakes, we saw, in fancy, another army marching above them. That ghostly army was clad in rags and tatters. The men marched with shoeless feet, and at every step the crimson stain left upon the ice over which they painfully passed told mutely of their sufferings. And at the head of that ghostly army marched George Washington, who was leading the starving patriots of the American Revolution in the winter at Valley Forge.

Seven score of years have passed since that patriot army made America free. Their deathless valor and sacrifice placed in the free air of heaven a new banner, the emblem of a new nation among the nations of the world, a nation "conceived in liberty" and calling upon all the world to grasp the message that American sacrifice and American blood had here destroyed the hereditary government, the rule of caste, the restriction of opportunity, and had planted here forever equality before the law, government by the people, and ordered liberty, which give fullest expression to the best aspirations in political and civic life.

We rejoice in that heritage of freedom which American

patriots won for themselves and for us, their posterity; that freedom which has inspired the advance of democracy throughout the world. We declare our unfaltering allegiance to the principles of government embodied in our constitution. These principles embrace government by laws enacted by elected legislators directly chosen by and responsible to the people, which laws are enforced by an elected executive, chosen for a brief term, and answerable for his acts to the people. These principles include protection of the rights of life and property and determination of equity by courts chosen directly by the people or confirmed by the people's elected representatives. In these principles we recognize the voice and the control of democracy itself.

In this great world war we pledge to ourselves and to the world that American democracy represented on the battle-front by the sons of a free people is actuated by no selfish motive of aggrandizement of wealth or empire. We send forth that army that the honor and safety of the United States and its free institutions may survive, that despotism shall not crush democracy, that the sword shall not dominate the world, but that this, the greatest republic in the world's history, may continue its destiny of expanding and preserving free institutions and of bringing hither the peoples of the world who seek liberty and opportunity in peaceful development and prosperity, that they may here fuse into a great nation of freemen who shall advance the ideals of democracy in the world.

For these principles the army of democracy, a part of which we this day saw and felt inspiration from, and the greater army yet to go forth on foreign fields, march to the battle test. They and we pledge our unquestioning and wholehearted loyalty to these principles and the hopes and institutions of the United States. They and we unite in declaring that we shall hesitate at no sacrifice of blood, suffering or treasure to bring victory to American arms, and to win a just and lasting peace which shall prove our America to be the hope of the democracy of the world.

§ 54

MAKERS OF THE FLAG

By FRANKLIN K. LANE

(Address delivered by the Secretary of the Interior before the officers and employees of the Department of the Interior at the Inner court, Patent Office Building, Washington, D. C.)

This morning, as I passed into the Land Office, The Flag dropped me a most cordial salutation, and from its rippling folds I heard it say: "Good morning, Mr. Flag Maker."

"I beg your pardon, Old Glory," I said, "aren't you mistaken? I am not the president of the United States, nor a member of Congress, nor even a general in the army. I am only a government clerk."

"I greet you again, Mr. Flag Maker," replied the gay voice, "I know you well. You are the man who worked in the swelter of yesterday straightening out the tangle of that farmer's homestead in Idaho, or perhaps you found the mistake in that Indian contract in Oklahoma, or helped to clear that patent for the hopeful inventor in New York, or pushed the opening of that new ditch in Colorado, or made that mine in Illinois more safe, or brought relief to the old soldier in Wyoming. No matter; whichever one of these beneficent individuals you may happen to be, I give you greeting, Mr. Flag Maker."

I was about to pass on, when The Flag stopped me with these words:

"Yesterday the president spoke a word that made happier the future of ten million peons in Mexico; but that act looms no larger on the flag than the struggle which the boy in Georgia is making to win the Corn Club prize this summer.

"Yesterday the Congress spoke a word which will open the door of Alaska; but a mother in Michigan worked from sunrise until far into the night, to give her boy an education. She, too, is making the flag.

"Yesterday we made a new law to prevent financial panics, and yesterday, maybe, a school teacher in Ohio taught his first letters to a boy who will one day write a song that will give cheer to the millions of our race. We are all making the flag."

"But," I said impatiently, "these people were only working."

Then came a great shout from The Flag:

"THE WORK that we do is the making of the flag.

"I am not the flag; not at all. I am but its shadow.

"I am whatever you make me, nothing more.

"I am your belief in yourself, your dream of what a people may become.

"I live a changing life, a life of moods and passions, of heartbreaks and tired muscles.

"Sometimes I am strong with pride, when men do an honest work, fitting the rails together truly.

"Sometimes I droop, for then purpose has gone from me, and cynically I play the coward.

"Sometimes I am loud, garish and full of that ego that blasts judgment.

"But always I am all that you hope to be, and have the courage to try for.

"I am song and fear, struggle and panic, and ennobling hope.

"I am the day's work of the weakest man, and the largest dream of the most daring.

"I am the Constitution and the courts, statutes and the statute makers, soldier and dreadnaught, drayman and street sweep, cook, counselor, and clerk.

"I am the battle of yesterday, and the mistake of tomorrow.

"I am the mystery of the men who do without knowing why.

"I am the clutch of an idea, and the reasoned purpose of resolution.

"I am no more than what you believe me to be and I am all that you believe I can be.

"I am what you make me, nothing more.

"I swing before your eyes as a bright gleam of color, a symbol of yourself, the pictured suggestion of that big thing which makes this Nation. My stars and my stripes are your dream and your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so out of your hearts. For you are the makers of the flag and it is well that you glory in the making."

§ 55

ROBERT EMMET

By JONATHAN P. DOLLIVER

(Address delivered by a member of Congress from Iowa, March 3, 1892, the one hundred and fourteenth anniversary of the birth of Robert Emmet, in Cooper-Union Hall, New York, under the auspices of the Clan-na-Gael.)

Ladies and Gentlemen: I am here by the favor of your invitation to speak a few words in memory of the most picturesque character in the legends of patriotism. It is now nearly a century since a court of justice, upon the hurried finding of a jury, immortalized the name of Robert Emmet. The years have wrought a miracle in dealing with the verdict of the English law. The friendless boy who stood before the judge and received upon a blameless conscience the penalty of death has entered, by the general consent of men, into the glorious company of the martyrs and is numbered with the choice and master spirits of the world.

His fame does not rest, like the common reputations of the great, upon the achievements of a long career, for history has only half saved from the waste of time events in which he had a share. It rests upon the fact that in anxious and disturbed times, when the hearts of his countrymen had sunk within them, this fearless man, bearing within his breast the injuries of an afflicted nation, was ready with willing sacrifice to lay down his life for the emancipation of his country.

The insurrection of 1803, though lacking in prudence at the beginning and quickly falling into failure almost grotesque at the end, is nevertheless a most impressive incident in the annals of the Irish race. It affixed the final seal of blood upon the declared purpose of the people to attain the rights of self-government. The struggle of that popular aspiration against the implacable barriers of English prejudice has made Ireland the arena of a controversy that has enlisted the good-will of mankind. That controversy has produced statesmen equipped with all the effective weapons of intellectual strife; orators whose perfect art of speech has commanded alike the applause of senates and of the great multitudes; poets whose syllables of music have fallen like the gentle rain from heaven upon all hearts; patriots upon the robes of whose civic virtue not even the dungeon and the gallows have left a stain.

Among these selected leaders of the people stands the unique figure whose name, not by the glory of things done, but by the simple heroism of things suffered, has engaged the affection of three generations. The Irish revolt against an alien despotism has raised up a score of greater men, while thousands from every walk of life, with equal fortitude, have met the barbarous sentences of an arbitrary code. But tonight we easily pass by the names of all to think upon an unknown grave and bring the name of Robert Emmet a kindly tribute of our love.

The anniversary suggests no arch of triumph. It gives to the imagination no pageant of victory. It recalls a child learning the first lessons of patriotism at the fireside of an illustrious family; a youth expelled from school, because he would not become an informer; a wanderer in strange capitals, taking counsel in blind credulity with Bonaparte and Tallyrand, the one a professional butcher, the other a professional liar; an enthusiast, dreaming of war with no armies, and of, military exploits without money; a fanatic, throwing himself upon the strongholds of an established government at the head of an insignificant mob; a fugitive, forsaking the way of safety and returning to the hands of the police, for

a last word with the girl he loved; a prisoner, despising the aid of lawyers and refusing to call witnesses in his own behalf; a convict, making the dock in which he stood famous and endeared by the passion of an inspired eloquence; a piece of bleeding earth cast into potter's field, for obloquy and oblivion, without the ceremony of a prayer or the poor service of a tear.

This century, now coming to an end, early reversed the judgment of the King's Commission which doomed Robert Emmet to death. About his times have gathered the masters of song and fable, and the cheap framework of useless lumber upon which he died has become the tribune from which he speaks to-day in the ears of all the world. Nor is it strange that men should listen now to words which were heard with angry impatience by his accusers, for the century to which he speaks has begun to understand the cause of Ireland in equity. It has learned to look upon the grim *régime* of anarchy plus the constable (if you will permit the phrase from old Carlyle), and to see the fallen and prostrate figure of Justice. The Nineteenth century knows that there are not laws enough in all the statute-books of men effectually to put to confusion the eternal law of Right. It makes no apology for the blunders and crimes which have attended the exercise of English authority in Ireland, but in good faith has begun to offer visible redress for the grievances of the unhappy island. It knows that the record of the government of Ireland is against the real spirit of English liberty. It remembers that the most splendid tribute ever paid to the English Constitution was paid by John Philpot Curran in the defence of an Irishman accused of high treason in 1784. It believes that the common law, broadened by the influence of a generous century, is adequate to secure the rights of men in every quarter of the British Empire.

Already, by the co-operation of all creeds, the fight for a free conscience in Ireland has been won. The subjection of the Catholic Church to the burdens of an alien establishment, and the civil disabilities invented by the bigotry of a narrow age, have gone down before the principles asserted by the

united Irishmen of the last century. The 15th day of May, 1828, is a veritable waymark in the history of religious freedom. On that day Daniel O'Connell, elected to Parliament for Clare, stepped to the bar of the House of Commons and, refusing to take the absurd oath, challenged the infamous enactments that for generations had insulted the conscience of a Christian nation.

The spoliation of the people by an obsolete theory of titles involving most of the evils of feudal villenage, has been a chief factor in the Irish grievance against the English Crown. The process by which an alien proprietor takes away the whole profit of the soil is so obviously an offence against justice that the wonder is, not that the people have united to resist it, but that the statesmen of England have waited so many years to propose any measure of relief. No possible local warrant can create the right to expose the whole people to the hardships of perpetual poverty. Neither parliaments nor the will of kings can give validity to the claims by which a few enjoy the power to turn the industrious peasantry out of doors. The rights of man are higher than the rights of property—at least of stolen property. The time is at hand when English opinion, brought to its senses by the zeal of one man, Charles Stewart Parnell, whose sudden and mournful end has hidden his human frailties behind the splendor of his public service, will welcome the opportunity to restore to the Irish peasantry their ancient heritage.

With the settlement of the land question must come also the final disposition of the larger and not less restless question of self-government for Ireland. That issue, once the theme of jest and ridicule, has acquired an importance that disturbs the plans of all leaders and breaks the programme of every party. The raw and insufficient project of the Government, introduced the other day, though worthy only of the laughter with which it was received, is a significant concession to the little band of Irish representatives who have mastered the House of Commons, reversed the decree of English opinion, and prepared the way for ultimate victory of Home Rule. The interest of every free nation turns now

to the approaching English elections, with solicitude for the health and strength of the venerable statesman [Gladstone], renowned in all the tongues and dialects of the world's thought, who has dedicated the ripened faculties of his great career to the service of public liberty.

It is true that the sum of these social and political reforms —even if they were accomplished—while they were included in the manifestoes on the early Irish rebellions, does not reach the level of that sublime national sentiment which warmed the hearts of the patriots of the past. In those times, dependent communities, overborne with despotism, had no available refuge except rebellion. The colonies of America, with only a few complaints, all of which would in these days be the subject of speedy consultation and fair adjustment, could hear nothing but insults from the stupid Government of George III. A similar policy, if now applied to Canada or Australia, would leave the British Empire without the allegiance of a single populous colony.

It is certain that the increasing purpose which runs through the ages has brought kings and parliaments under a new light. Governments can no longer be safely administered for the accommodation of royal families. The palace and the castle become less and less, and the cottages of the people more and more, so that Gladstone may to-day do more for the rights of Ireland, by the persuasion of an unanswerable argument, than poor Robert Emmet could have done, even if the men of Wexford and Wicklow and Kildare had followed his standard through the streets of Dublin.

In all her misfortunes, even in her frenzy of insurrection, Ireland has attracted the unfailing friendship of the United States. We have received her exiled leaders with demonstrations of honor, and given hospitable shelter to her expatriated children. We have shared with her in years of famine the stores of our abundance, and in the years of her persecution have gladdened her prisons with the light of our sympathy. We have contributed our money to save the lives of her robbed and evicted tenants, and have enabled her representatives to sit in a Parliament that shuts its doors in the faces

of the poor by refusing to provide a salary for the legislative office. For all these things we have been brought into judgment and have passed through the harmless storm of English disapprobation.

A few weeks ago we were compelled in defence of the national rights to deal with a question involving our relations with one of the weak and troubled republics of South America. We settled the whole question without a word of partisan debate, in accordance with the precedents of our national history. No English interests were involved. The question was whether the flag of the great Republic is entitled to respect in South America. We demanded the same consideration for the weak that we stand ready to exact from the strong. I hold in my hand the London "Times" of February 11. In more than a column this journal yields its editorial page to the most intolerant comment on American affairs. It spares neither the people, the Government, nor the Chief Magistrate. It says that "the President and Mr. Blaine have both behaved in the course of the Chilian dispute in a manner which even politicians of the American species can scarcely tolerate."

Such language in treating of a diplomatic incident which did not engender a single conflict of partisan opinion here would be amusing, if the same leading article did not explain its motive by describing the United States as the natural refuge of criminals, who have no reason to suppose that their presence is undesirable "in a country where Congress has welcomed Mr. Parnell on the floor of the House, and the President has turned Mr. Patrick Egan, a fugitive from British justice, into a diplomatist." The London conspiracy against the credit of our minister at Santiago was evidently contrived to illustrate the need of taking English counsel in our treatment of those who have been driven to exile for distinguished service in the cause of Ireland. It is true that Patrick Egan, who has shown himself in a difficult position no mean diplomatist, was chosen Minister to Chili by the President, with the advice and consent of the Senate, on the request of the Secretary of State. It was not regarded as

offensive to friendly powers that an Irishman should be accredited to a nation which traces its independence to the son of an Irish immigrant, who lives in the history of the New World as the liberator of Chili. Nor is it reasonable for our English brethren to expect that he should be discredited to meet the wishes of the London "Times." If it were true, as this journal believes, that the President was playing with the awful machinery of war, merely to catch the Irish vote, it is the most royal compliment ever paid to the motives that control the Irish citizens of the United States. It unconsciously proclaims that no American policy which timidly submits to national affront, or leaves the humblest of our seamen or citizens without protection anywhere in the world, is fit for the indorsement of the Irish people of the United States.

I have referred to the Chilian incident, now happily ended, not merely to show the color of the coin in which British prejudice pays back American sympathy with Ireland, but for the larger purpose of emphasizing the reasons that bind us to the fortunes of that people in the bonds of an unbroken affection. We recognize the justice of the cause of Ireland, because of the American example by which she has interpreted her theory of popular rights. Her entire political literature is kindled by the spirit of the American Revolution. "The echoes of Bunker Hill," said Flood, in the best vein of his exultant eloquence, "rolled over the Atlantic, wakening Ireland from her disgraceful sleep of centuries."

We offer no excuse for our attachment for a people who began their contest against national grievances by hanging up in the banquet hall at the Donegal Arms the portrait of Franklin, with the motto: "Where liberty is, there is my country," and ended the feast with this toast to the New Republic beyond that sea: "Lasting freedom and prosperity to the United States of America!" It is too soon to deny the faith of our fathers by despising the faith of yours, either to conciliate the noise of the London criticism or to suit the over-educated taste of persons living among us, who have

acquired the capacity of appreciating the merits of every country except their own.

That historical alliance of friendly national interest, shown by the grateful words of Washington and Jefferson, and illustrated by the helpful counsel of James Monroe, our Minister at Paris, preserved in the journal of Theobald Wolfe Tone, has grown with our strength till to-day all factions of all parties unite in a common concern for the welfare of Ireland. Her people came with the emigrants of other nations, who settled the wilderness of America. On every field of every American war her blood has been shed for the national defence. She has given advocates to the American bar who have filled our highest courts with the treasures of professional learning. She has contributed the scattered children of her national genius to enrich our literature. She has sent among us the ministers of her faith to spread the truth of the Gospel and exemplify the lofty precepts of our holy religion. She has kept watch through her tears, while from the plundered hovels of her unnatural poverty the lowly millions of her people have set out to find in a land of strangers the fair and equal chance that is denied them in the country in which they were born.

These "fugitives from British justice" have taken upon them the oath of our citizenship, but we have not asked them to renounce their affection for their native land. On the other hand we ask to be counted among the lovers of Ireland, and though neither of your kindred nor of your faith, I bow with you in reverent commemoration of the ideal patriot of Ireland's heroic age.

The traditions that attest the tragedy of Robert Emmet's death relate a weird and pathetic story. It is told by those who saw the ghastly spectacle, that the executioner, having cut off the dead man's head, made this proclamation: "This is the head of a traitor, Robert Emmet." And as the blood fell from the rude scaffold, the dogs were seen lapping it from the pavement, while now and then some timid loiterer about the spot would stop to press his handkerchief upon the hal-

lowed ground and hide it away securely in his bosom. I rejoice with you that long since the dogs of calumny and hatred have been driven from the grave of Robert Emmet; that the hangman's proclamation has been put to universal scorn, and that the traitor of yesterday, who begged in vain for the charity of silence and left his epitaph for other times and other men, has become the favorite hero of popular liberty, his name above the need of eulogy, his motives beyond the reach of malice.

§ 56

MODERN CHANGES IN EDUCATIONAL IDEALS

By ARTHUR TWINING HADLEY

(Address delivered by the President of Yale University at the fourth celebration of Founders' Day at the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, Pa., November 2, 1899.)

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: Many names have been applied to the Nineteenth century by those who have striven to anticipate the verdict of posterity. It has been called an age of steam, and an age of steel; an age of newspapers, and an age of societies. What will be its final title in the light of the calmer judgment of the Twentieth century, I shall not undertake to prophesy. But, whatever that name may be, I feel sure that it will be connected with the inward rather than the outward character of our age; with the fundamental ideas which have pervaded the life of the century, rather than with manifestations which are but incidents in its development.

If we seek for some underlying quality by which to characterize the years which have just passed, we find nothing more marked than the tendency toward expansion of things which were once narrow, and consolidation of things which were once separated. We may fairly call the Nineteenth century an age of synthesis—an age of putting together what previous centuries had tended to keep apart. In science and

in art, in business and in religion, there is everywhere manifest this widening and consolidating activity, which does not rest satisfied with looking at some detail by itself, but makes it a part of some large and harmonious whole.

We see this exemplified on the material side in the progress of industrial consolidation. The wagon has given place to the railroad, the retail storekeeper to the department store. Separate workshops have been supplanted by large factories, and these factories have in turn consolidated their business operations in trusts which regulate the industry of the whole country. These facts are so familiar that they have become a common-place theme of every-day discussion.

If we turn from the sphere of commerce to that of science, a similar change is no less apparent. At the beginning of the century we had many separate branches of human knowledge, each studied by its own rules and its own methods. To-day the different physical sciences have been consolidated into one. The law of the conservation of energy makes the phenomena of motion and sound and heat and light appear, not as separate isolated things, but as transmutations of a single force which is never lost and never destroyed. And in like manner, as we pass from physical to biological science, the application of the doctrine of natural selection has brought into one large and well-ordered whole those detached parts on which the naturalists of a century ago were compelled to concentrate their attention. No longer do we believe in the separate creation of thousands of species, each living for itself and by itself. We have attained to a broader conception of the phenomena of organic life as a whole.

But these transformations of business and of science are perhaps not the most important exemplifications of our principle which the Nineteenth century has witnessed. There is a transformation in our way of regarding human life which touches us all more constantly and more closely—an expansion of our ideas of education; a consolidation into one connected whole of parts of our life and our duty which were once conceived as separated and even antagonistic. No longer do we make the sharp distinction which was once

made between the period of training and of performance. No longer do we find the antagonism which was once thought to exist between work and play.

In the old-fashioned view of life, each human being went through a period of preparation, which was followed by a distinct and separate period of life-work. When such a person left school or college he was thought to have finished his education and to have begun serious business. I think we have all come to see how artificial was this distinction and how evil were many of the results which followed from it. We now understand that well-developed men and women should allow their education to cease only when their life ceases. We no longer attempt to separate our years into two periods, one of training and the other of work. We hold rather that work should begin in the period of training and that training should continue throughout the period of active work.

What this idea has done for the schools we can see in the new interest which has everywhere been awakened, from kindergarten to university, through the introduction of exercises which teach people to do things instead of simply to learn things. What it has done for after life an institution like this can best bear witness. The education which the grown man or woman receives in the library is more dependent and more self-directed than that which the boy has received in school, but it is none the less a training, a means of mental and moral growth, without which human life tends constantly toward stagnation. The modern library or museum supplements and carries to its logical conclusion the education which is furnished by the modern school.

In the first place, it furnishes a means of technical instruction. Each one of us in our life's business, whether in the office or in the store, in the factory or the household, cannot help feeling a certain narrowing effect from his daily routine. That same experience which makes him more skilful in what he does may render his vision of the possibilities of his business less broad. But the habit of reading books that deal with the subject which he pursues counteracts this tendency.

Such books give him command of data a hundred times wider than his own. Science clearly developed and presented is but a summary of the world's experience in its several lines of observation. He who deals with the world's experience instead of his own broadens his work and his capacity for observation instead of narrowing it.

But applied science is far from constituting the whole theme of a library; nor is the study of such science the highest object which it stimulates. We are citizens as well as wage-earners, sharing in the making of our institutions, in the government of ourselves and our fellow men. If we look only at the immediate political condition by which we are surrounded we tend to narrow our political ideas, as surely as the man who looks simply at his own business narrows his business ideas. To fit ourselves to be citizens of a growing commonwealth we must read history; we must familiarize ourselves with the record of the deeds of great men in other times and in other nations. The new problems which come before us in our territorial expansion only increase the necessity of knowing what others have done. The larger the world in which we live, the greater the demands it places upon us.

But neither business success, nor even political achievement, constitutes the whole of a nation's life. The development of personal character is more important than either; and the study of literature, be it poetry or prose, drama or fiction, furnishes the needed stimulus for such development. There are, of course, some people who seem to be born great, whose character stands out grander amid unfavorable surroundings; but these are rare exceptions. In general, people who live only in the narrow world of the day will be narrow in their ideals and aims; while those who have felt the inspiration of great works of fiction and poetry, though they may not always be better men and women, will yet have far higher ideals of what life has in store.

There is yet another distinction, and perhaps a more fundamental one, which the Nineteenth century is gradually obliterating, and in whose obliteration an Institute like this fur-

nishes all-powerful aid—the distinction between work and play.

In old times it was the fashion to divide our actions more or less consciously into two groups: on the one hand, those that we did because necessity or duty compelled us to do them, which we characterized as work; and on the other hand, those that we did because we liked them and enjoyed doing them, which we characterized as play. Actions of the former class were praised; those of the latter class were distrusted. They were looked upon with suspicion as being trifling things, unworthy of the attention of a serious-minded man, and presumptively guilty unless proved to be innocent. It is one of the glories of the Nineteenth century that it has discovered the falseness of this antithesis. That we like doing a thing and desire to do it is no bar to its good results, but rather a help. Whether in school life or in after life, work is better done when it becomes play; play most interesting when it has an element of work. The combination instead of separation of the two things makes the fulfilment of our own desires helpful to others, and gives the work which we do for others additional vigor and efficiency because it is a pleasure no less than a duty.

We see this combination of play and work in the life of our schoolboys, where, to cite but one instance among many, the development of modern athletics has made the playground an unrivaled field for training in honorable self-denial. We see it at a little later stage in the daily experience of colleges and universities, where the old-time drudgery of student duties, unwillingly rendered, is, with our improved methods, giving place to an active interest in preparation for life which the student himself scarcely knows whether to call a labor or a pleasure. We see it exemplified still later and still more completely in the privileges and enjoyments furnished by a library or museum or concert hall. The education which these places give is play, in the sense that it contributes to the enjoyment of those who use them; it is work, and the very best sort of work, in that it makes those persons better fitted to serve their fellow men in every department of life.

Of all the combinations and synthesis of the Nineteenth century, we have here the profoundest—that combination which does away with the distinction of worktime and playtime, and which makes of all life a harmony rather than a conflict between pleasure and duty.

Nor is this its most wide-reaching consequence. Its effect on the life of the body politic is even more marked than its effect on the life of the individual. It establishes the foundations of true democracy more firmly than they have ever stood in the past. It makes it possible to maintain an equality of political rights and obligations in the midst of advancing civilization. This equality is always a precarious thing in any community where work is regarded solely as a task or burden to be shifted as far as possible on to other shoulders. In such a community the strongest will always seeks to impose this burden upon the weakest; and this effort, so far as it is successful, will cause a separation into social classes. The obligation to work becomes a badge of inferiority; the right to play becomes an exclusive privilege of the few. This separation into classes, so fatal to real democracy, has in the past been avoided only in those cases where nature was so niggardly as to deprive all men of the chance to play and render the existence of leisure impossible, or where religious Puritanism was so rigid as to lead all members of the community voluntarily to renounce the chance for such leisure and the opportunities for improvement which come with it.

Under an advancing civilization the former alternative is done away with and the latter becomes increasingly difficult to maintain. Improvement in the arts of life, at Athens or Rome or Florence, meant loss of democratic spirit to the community as a whole, because people had not learned to combine work and play, and therefore separated themselves into working classes and leisure classes as soon as leisure came into existence at all. But if we have learned aright this greatest lesson of the Nineteenth century, democracy in America can escape this danger. If work and play are mingled one with another; if service becomes in the popular

mind not a badge of inferiority, but a means of self-development and enjoyment; then it lies in our power to realize, as the world has never realized before, the possibilities of government by the people.

Our thanks are due to those who have brought this combination within reach of their fellow men, not alone for the pleasure which they have directly given, nor for the work which they have made directly possible, but for the stimulus which they have given to a new conception of the relations between work and play, which will make the Twentieth century greater and better than the Nineteenth. Whether they have identified themselves with better methods of education in school and college, which help to give work the vigor and spontaneity of play, or with better methods of recreation in after life, which give play the unselfishness and permanent value of work, they have in either case contributed to an expansion of our conceptions and a consolidation of our ideas greater far in historic importance than all other movements of expansion and consolidation, whether in the world of science, of business, or of politics.

§ 57

GEORGE WASHINGTON

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT

(Address delivered by the President of the United States at the Commemoration of Washington's birthday at the University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia, February 22, 1905.)

As a nation we have had our full share of great men, but the two men of pre-eminent greatness who, as the centuries go on, will surely loom above all others are Washington and Lincoln; and it is peculiarly fitting that their birthdays should be celebrated every year and the meaning of their lives brought home close to us.

No other city in the country is so closely identified with

Washington's career as Philadelphia. He served here in 1775 in the Continental Congress. He was here as command of the army at the time of the battle of Brandywine and Germantown; and it was near here that with that army he faced the desolate winter at Valley Forge, the winter which marked the turning point of the Revolutionary War. Here he came again as President of the Convention which framed the Constitution, and then as President of the United States, and finally as lieutenant general of the army after he had retired from the Presidency.

One hundred and eight years ago, just before he left the Presidency, he issued his Farewell Address, and in it he laid down certain principles which he believed should guide the citizens of this republic for all time to come, his own words being, "which appear to me all-important to the permanency of your felicity as a people."

Washington, though in some ways an even greater man than Lincoln, did not have Lincoln's wonderful gift of expression—that gift which makes certain speeches of the rail-splitter from Illinois read like the inspired utterances of the great Hebrew seers and prophets. But he had all of Lincoln's sound common sense, far-sightedness, and devotion to a lofty ideal. Like Lincoln he sought after the noblest objects, and like Lincoln he sought after them by thoroughly practical methods. These two greatest Americans can fairly be called the best among the great men of the world, and greatest among the good men of the world. Each showed in actual practice his capacity to secure under our system the priceless union of individual liberty with governmental strength. Each was as free from the vices of the tyrant as from the vices of the demagogue. To each the empty futility of the mere doctrinaire was as alien as the baseness of the merely self-seeking politician. Each was incapable alike of the wickedness which seeks by force of arms to wrong others and of the no less criminal weakness which fails to provide effectively against being wronged by others.

Among Washington's maxims which he bequeathed to his country-men were the two following: "Observe good faith

and justice toward all nations," and "To be prepared for war is the most effective means to promote peace." These two principles taken together should form the basis of our whole foreign policy. Neither is sufficient taken by itself.

It is not merely an idle dream, but a most mischievous dream, to believe that mere refraining from wrongdoing will insure us against being wronged. Yet, on the other hand, a nation prepared for war is a menace to mankind unless the national purpose is to treat other nations with good faith and justice. In any community it is neither the conscientious man who is a craven at heart, not yet the bold and strong man without the moral sense, who is of real use to the community; it is the man who to strength and courage adds a realizing sense of the moral obligation resting upon him, the man who has not only the desire but the power to do his full duty by his neighbor and by the state. So, in the world at large, the nation which is of use in the progress of mankind is that nation which combines strength of character, force of character, and insistence upon its own rights, with a full acknowledgment of its own duties toward others. Just at present the best way in which we can show that our loyalty to the teachings of Washington is a loyalty of the heart and not of the lips only is to see to it that the work of building up our navy goes steadily on, and that at the same time our stand for international righteousness is clear and emphatic.

Never since the beginning of our country's history has the navy been used in an unjust war. Never has it failed to render great and sometimes vital service to the republic. It has not been too strong for our good, though often not strong enough to do all the good it should have done.

Our possession of the Philippines, our interest in the trade of the Orient, our building the Isthmian Canal, our insistence upon the Monroe Doctrine, all demand that our navy shall be of adequate size and for its size of unsurpassed efficiency. If it is strong enough I believe it will minimize the chance of our being drawn into foreign war. If we let it run down it is as certain as the day that sooner or later we shall have to chose between a probably disastrous foreign war or a

peace kept on terms that imply national humiliation. Our navy is the surest guaranty of peace and the cheapest insurance against war, and those who, in whatever capacity, have helped to build it up during the past twenty years have been in good faith observing and living up to one of the most important of the principles which Washington laid down for the guidance of his countrymen.

Nor was Washington the only one of our great Presidents who showed farsighted patriotism by support of the navy. When Andrew Jackson was in Congress he voted for the first warships we ever built as part of our regular navy; and he voted against the grant of money to pay our humiliating tribute to the pirates of the Barbary States. Old Hickory was a patriot through and through, and there was not an ounce of timidity in his nature, and of course he felt only indignant contempt for a policy which purchased an ignoble peace by cowardice instead of exacting a just peace by showing we were as little willing to submit to as to inflict aggression. Had a majority of Jackson's colleagues and successors felt as he did about the navy, had it been built up instead of being brought to a standstill, it would probably never have been necessary to fight the War of 1812.

Again Washington said: "Give to manhood the example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence." This feeling can be shown alike by our dealings within and without our own borders. Taft and Wright in the Philippines and Wood in Cuba have shown us exactly how to practice this justice and benevolence in dealing with other peoples—a justice and benevolence which can be shown, not by shirking our duty and abandoning to self-destruction those unfit to govern themselves, but by doing our duty by staying with them and teaching them how to govern themselves, by uplifting them spiritually and materially. Here at home we are obeying this maxim of Washington just so far as we help in every movement, whether undertaken by the government, or as is, and should be more often the case, by voluntary action among private citizens, for the betterment of our own people. Observe that Washington speaks

both of justice and benevolence, and that he puts justice first. We must be generous, we must help our poorer brother, but above all we must remember to be just; and the first step toward securing justice is to treat every man on his worth as a man, showing him no special favor, but so far as may be holding open for him the door of opportunity so that reward may wait upon honest and intelligent endeavor.

Again Washington said: "Cherish public credit." Just at the moment there is no attack on public credit, but if ever the temptation arises again let our people at the outset remember that the worst because the most insidious form of the appeal that would make a man a dishonest debtor is that which would persuade him that it is anything but dishonest for him to repudiate his debts.

Finally, it is peculiarly appropriate, when I have come to this city as the guest of the University of Pennsylvania, to quote another of Washington's maxims: "Promote, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened." Education may not make a man a good citizen, but most certainly ignorance tends to prevent his being a good citizen. Washington was far too much of a patriot, had far too much love for his fellow-citizens, to try to teach them that they could govern themselves unless they could develop a sound and enlightened public opinion. No nation can permanently retain free government unless it can retain a high average of citizenship; and there can be no such high average of citizenship without a high average of education, using the word in its broadest and truest sense to include the things of the soul as well as the things of the mind. School education can never supplant or take the place of self-education, still less can it in any way take the place of those rugged and manly qualities which we group together under the name of character; but it can be of enormous use in supplementing both. It is a source of just pride to every American that our people have so consistently acted in accordance with Washington's principle of promot-

ing institutions for the diffusion of knowledge. There is nothing dearer to our hearts than our public school system, by which free primary education is provided for every one within our borders. The higher education such as is provided by the University of Pennsylvania and kindred bodies, not only confers great benefits to those able to take advantage of it, but entails upon them corresponding duties.

The men who founded this nation had to deal with theories of government and the fundamental principles of free institutions. We are now concerned with a different set of questions, for the republic has been firmly established, its principles thoroughly tested and fully approved. To merely political issues have succeeded those of grave social and economic importance, the solution of which demands the best efforts of the best men. We have a right to expect that a wise and leading part in the effort to attain this solution will be taken by those who have been exceptionally blessed in the matter of obtaining an education. The college graduate is but a poor creature who does not feel when he leaves college that he has received something for which he owes a return. What he thus owes he can as a rule only pay by the way he bears himself throughout life. It is but occasionally that a college graduate can do much outright for his alma mater; he can best repay her by living a life that will reflect credit upon her, by so carrying himself as a citizen that men shall see that the years spent in training him have not been wasted. The educated man is entitled to no special privilege, save the inestimable privilege of trying to show that his education enables him to take the lead in striving to guide his fellows aright in the difficult task which is set to us of the twentieth century. The problems before us to-day are very complex, and are widely different from those which the men of Washington's generation had to face; but we can overcome them surely, and we can overcome them only if we approach them in the spirit which Washington and Washington's great supporters brought to bear upon the problems of their day—the spirit of sanity and of courage, the spirit which combines hard common sense with the loftiest idealism.

CHAPTER XI

SPEECHES OF PERSONAL TRIBUTE

§ 58

CHARACTERISTICS OF WASHINGTON

By WILLIAM McKINLEY

(Address delivered by the President of the United States at the unveiling of the Washington Statue by the Society of Cincinnati in Philadelphia, May 15, 1897.)

FELLOW CITIZENS: There is a peculiar and tender sentiment connected with this memorial. It expresses not only the gratitude and reverence of the living, but is a testimonial of affection and homage from the dead.

The comrades of Washington projected this monument. Their love inspired it. Their contributions helped to build it. Past and present share in its completion, and future generations will profit by its lessons. To participate in the dedication of such a monument is a rare and precious privilege. Every monument to Washington is a tribute to patriotism. Every shaft and statue to his memory helps to inculate love of country, encourage loyalty and establish a better citizenship. God bless every undertaking which revives patriotism and rebukes the indifferent and lawless! A critical study of Washington's career only enhances our estimation of his vast and varied abilities.

As Commander-in-Chief of the Colonial armies from the beginning of the war to the proclamation of peace, as president of the convention which framed the Constitution of the United States, and as the first President of the United States under that Constitution, Washington has a distinction dif-

fering from that of all other illustrious Americans. No other name bears or can bear such a relation to the Government. Not only by his military genius—his patience, his sagacity, his courage, and his skill—was our national independence won, but he helped in largest measure to draft the chart by which the Nation was guided; and he was the first chosen of the people to put in motion the new Government. His was not the boldness of martial display or the charm of captivating oratory, but his calm and steady judgment won men's support and commanded their confidence by appealing to their best and noblest aspirations. And withal Washington was ever so modest that at no time in his career did his personality seem in the least intrusive. He was above the temptation of power. He spurned the suggested crown. He would have no honor which the people did not bestow.

An interesting fact—and one which I love to recall—is that the only time Washington formally addressed the Constitutional Convention during all its sessions over which he presided in this city, he appealed for a larger representation of the people in the National House of Representatives, and his appeal was instantly heeded. Thus was he ever keenly watchful of the rights of the people in whose hands was the destiny of our Government then as now.

Masterful as were his military campaigns, his civil administration commands equal admiration. His foresight was marvelous; his conception of the philosophy of government, his insistence upon the necessity of education, morality, and enlightened citizenship to the progress and permanence of the Republic cannot be contemplated even at this period without filling us with astonishment at the breadth of his comprehension and the sweep of his vision. His was no narrow view of government. The immediate present was not his sole concern, but our future good his constant theme of study. He blazed the path of liberty. He laid the foundation upon which we have grown from weak and scattered Colonial governments to a united Republic whose domains and power as well as whose liberty and freedom have become the admiration of the world. Distance and time have not detracted from

the fame and force of his achievements or diminished the grandeur of his life and work. Great deeds do not stop in their growth, and those of Washington will expand in influence in all the centuries to follow.

The bequest Washington has made to civilization is rich beyond computation. The obligations under which he has placed mankind are sacred and commanding. The responsibility he has left for the American people to preserve and perfect what he accomplished is exacting and solemn. Let us rejoice in every new evidence that the people realize what they enjoy and cherish with affection the illustrious heroes of Revolutionary story whose valor and sacrifices made us a nation. They live in us, and their memory will help us keep the covenant entered into for the maintenance of the freest Government of earth.

The Nation and the name of Washington are inseparable. One is linked indissolubly with the other. Both are glorious, both triumphant. Washington lives and will live because what he did was for the exaltation of man, the enthronement of conscience, and the establishment of a Government which recognizes all the governed. And so, too, will the Nation live victorious over all obstacles, adhering to the immortal principles which Washington taught and Lincoln sustained.

§ 59

GENERAL SHERMAN

By CARL SCHURZ

(Address by a former United States Senator at a special meeting of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, February 17, 1891, upon seconding resolutions before the Chamber on the death of General William Tecumseh Sherman.)

GENTLEMEN: The adoption by the Chamber of Commerce of these resolutions which I have the honor to second, is no mere perfunctory proceeding. We have been called here by

a genuine impulse of the heart. To us General Sherman was not a great man like other great men, honored and revered at a distance. We had the proud and happy privilege of calling him one of us. Only a few months ago, at the annual meeting of this Chamber, we saw the familiar face of our honorary member on this platform by the side of our President. Only a few weeks ago he sat at our banquet table, as he had often before, in the happiest mood of conviviality, and contributed to the enjoyment of the night with his always unassuming and always charming speech. And as he moved among us without the slightest pomp of self-conscious historic dignity, only with the warm and simple geniality of his nature, it would cost us sometimes an effort of the memory to recollect that he was the renowned captain who had marshaled mighty armies victoriously on many a battlefield, and whose name stood, and will forever stand, in the very foremost rank of the saviours of this Republic, and of the great soldiers of the world's history. Indeed, no American could have forgotten this for a moment; but the affection of those who were so happy as to come near to him, would sometimes struggle to outrun their veneration and gratitude.

Death has at last conquered the hero of so many campaigns; our cities and towns and villages are decked with flags at half-mast; the muffled drum and the funeral cannon-boom will resound over the land as his dead body passes to the final resting-place; and the American people stand mournfully gazing into the void left by the sudden disappearance of the last of the greatest men brought forth by our war of regeneration—and this last also finally become, save Abraham Lincoln alone, the most widely beloved. He is gone; but as we of the present generation remember it, history will tell all coming centuries the romantic story of the famous "March to the Sea"—how, in the dark days of 1864, Sherman, having worked his bloody way to Atlanta, then cast off all his lines of supply and communication, and, like a bold diver into the dark unknown, seemed to vanish with all his hosts from the eyes of the world, until his triumphant reappearance on the shores of the ocean proclaimed to the anxiously expecting

millions, that now the final victory was no longer doubtful, and that the Republic would surely be saved.

Nor will history fail to record that this great general was, as a victorious soldier, a model of republican citizenship. When he had done his illustrious deeds, he rose step by step to the highest rank in the army, and then, grown old, he retired. The Republic made provision for him in modest republican style. He was satisfied. He asked for no higher reward. Although the splendor of his achievements, and the personal affection for him, which every one of his soldiers carried home, made him the most popular American of his day, and although the most glittering prizes were not seldom held up before his eyes, he remained untroubled by ulterior ambition. No thought that the Republic owed him more ever darkened his mind. No man could have spoken to him of the "ingratitude of Republics," without meeting from him a stern rebuke. And so, content with the consciousness of a great duty nobly done, he was happy in the love of his fellow citizens.

Indeed, he may truly be said to have been in his old age, not only the most beloved, but also the happiest of Americans. Many years he lived in the midst of posterity. His task was finished, and this he wisely understood. His deeds had been passed upon by the judgment of history, and irrevocably registered among the glories of his country and his age. His generous heart envied no one, and wished every one well; and ill-will had long ceased to pursue him. Beyond cavil his fame was secure, and he enjoyed it as that which he had honestly earned, with a genuine and ever fresh delight, openly avowed by the charming frankness of his nature. He dearly loved to be esteemed and cherished by his fellow men, and what he valued most, his waning years brought him in ever increasing abundance. Thus he was in truth a most happy man, and his days went down like an evening sun in a cloudless autumn sky. And when now the American people, with that peculiar tenderness of affection which they have long borne him, lay him in his grave, the happy ending of his great life may soothe the pang of bereavement they feel

in their hearts at the loss of the old hero who was so dear to them, and of whom they were and always will be so proud. His memory will ever be bright to us all; his truest monument will be the greatness of the Republic he served so well; and his fame will never cease to be prized by a grateful country, as one of its most precious possessions.

§ 60

THE CHARACTER AND WORK OF GLADSTONE

By SIR WILFRID LAURIER

(Delivered by the Prime Minister of Canada in the Canadian House of Commons, May 26, 1898.)

Mr. Speaker:—

Everybody in this House will, I think, agree that it is eminently fitting and proper that in the universal expression of regret which ascends towards heaven from all parts of the civilized world we also should join our voice and testify to the very high sense and respect, admiration, and veneration which the entire people of Canada, irrespective of creed, or race, or party, entertain for the memory of the great man who has just closed his earthly career.

England has lost the most illustrious of her sons; but the loss is not England's alone, nor is it confined to the great empire which acknowledges England's suzerainty, nor even to the proud race which can claim kinship with the people of England. The loss is the loss of mankind. Mr. Gladstone gave his whole life to his country; but the work which he did for his country was conceived and carried out on principles of such high elevation, for purposes so noble and aims so lofty, that not his country alone, but the whole of mankind, benefited by his work. It is no exaggeration to say that he has raised the standard of civilization, and the world to-day is undoubtedly better for both the precept and the example of

his life. His death is mourned, not only by England, the land of his birth, not only by Scotland, the land of his ancestors, not only by Ireland, for whom he did so much, and attempted to do so much more; but also by the people of the two Sicilies, for whose outraged rights he once aroused the conscience of Europe; by the people of the Ionian Islands, whose independence he secured; by the people of Bulgaria and the Danubian provinces; in whose cause he enlisted the sympathy of his own native country. Indeed, since the days of Napoleon, no man has lived whose name has traveled so far and so wide over the surface of the earth; no man has lived whose name alone so deeply moved the hearts of so many millions of men. Whereas, Napoleon impressed his tremendous personality upon peoples far and near by the strange fascination which the genius of war has always exercised over the imagination of men in all lands and in all ages, the name of Gladstone had come to be, in the minds of all civilized nations, the living incarnation of right against might—the champion, the dauntless, tireless champion, of the oppressed against the oppressor. It is, I believe, equally true to say that he was the most marvelous mental organization which the world has seen since Napoleon—certainly the most compact, the most active, and the most universal.

This last half century in which we live has produced many able and strong men, who, in different walks of life, have attracted the attention of the world at large; but of the men who have illustrated this age, it seems to me that in the eyes of posterity four will outlive and outshine all others—Cavour, Lincoln, Bismarck, and Gladstone. If we look simply at the magnitude of the results obtained, compared with the exiguity of the resources at command—if we remember that out of the small kingdom of Sardinia grew United Italy, we must come to the conclusion that Count Cavour was undoubtedly a statesman of marvelous skill and prescience. Abraham Lincoln, unknown to fame when he was elected to the presidency, exhibited a power for the government of men which has scarcely been surpassed in any age. He saved the American Union, he enfranchised the black race, and for the task he had to per-

form he was endowed in some respects almost miraculously. No man ever displayed a greater insight into the motives, the complex motives, which shape the public opinion of a free country, and he possessed almost to the degree of an instinct the supreme quality in a statesman of taking the right decision, taking it at the right moment, and expressing it in language of incomparable felicity. Prince Bismarck was the embodiment of resolute common sense, unflinching determination, relentless strength, moving onward to his end, and crushing everything in his way as unconcerned as Fate itself. Mr. Gladstone undoubtedly excelled every one of these men. He had in his person a combination of varied powers of the human intellect rarely to be found in one single individual. He had the imaginative fancy, the poetic conception of things, in which Count Cavour was deficient. He had the aptitude for business, the financial ability which Lincoln never exhibited. He had the lofty impulses, the generous inspirations which Prince Bismarck always discarded, even if he did not treat them with scorn. He was at once an orator, a statesman, a poet, and a man of business. As an orator he stands certainly in the very front rank of orators of his country or any country, of his age or any age. I remember when Louis Blanc was in England, in the days of the Second Empire, he used to write to the press of Paris, and in one of his letters to *Le Temps* he stated that Mr. Gladstone would undoubtedly have been the foremost orator of England if it were not for the existence of Mr. Bright. It may be admitted, and I think it is admitted generally, that on some occasions Mr. Bright reached heights of grandeur and pathos which even Mr. Gladstone did not attain. But Mr. Gladstone had an ability, a vigor, a fluency which no man of his age, or any age, ever rivaled, or even approached. That is not all. To his marvelous mental powers he added no less marvelous physical gifts. He had the eye of a god; the voice of a silver bell; and the very fire of his eye, the very music of his voice, swept the hearts of men even before they had been dazzled by the torrents of his eloquence.

As a statesman, it was the good fortune of Mr. Gladstone

that his career was not associated with war. The reforms which he effected, the triumphs which he achieved, were not won by the supreme arbitrament of the sword. The reforms which he effected and the triumphs which he achieved were the result of his power of persuasion over his fellow-men. The reforms which he achieved in many ways amounted to a revolution. They changed, in many particulars, the face of the realm. After Sir Robert Peel had adopted the great principle which eventually carried England from protection to free trade, it was Mr. Gladstone who created the financial system which has been admitted ever since by all students of finance as the secret of Great Britain's commercial success. He enforced the extention of the suffrage to the masses of the nation, and practically thereby made the Government of monarchial England as democratic as that of any republic. He disestablished the Irish Church; he introduced reform into the land tenure, and brought hope into the breasts of those tillers of the soil in Ireland who had for so many generations labored in despair. And all this he did, not by force or violence, but simply by the power of his eloquence and the strength of his personality.

Great, however, as were the acts of the man, after all he was of the human flesh, and for him, as for everybody else, there were trivial and low duties to be performed. It is no exaggeration to say that even in those low and trivial duties he was great. He ennobled the common realities of life. His was above all things a religious mind,—essentially religious in the highest sense of the term. And the religious sentiment which dominated his public life and his speeches, that same sentiment, according to the testimony of those who knew him best, also permeated all his actions, from the highest to the humblest. He was a man of strong and pure affections of long and lasting friendship, and to describe the beauty of his domestic life no words of praise can be adequate. It was simply ideally beautiful, and in the latter years of his life as touching as it was beautiful. May I be permitted, without any impropriety, to recall that it was my privilege to experience and to appreciate that courtesy, made up of dignity

and grace, which was famous all over the world, but of which no one could have an appropriate opinion unless he had been the recipient of it? In a character so complex and diversified, one may be asked what was the dominant feature, what was the supreme quality, the one characteristic which marked the nature of the man. Was it his incomparable genius for finance? Was it his splendid oratorical powers? Was it his marvelous fecundity of mind? In my estimation, it was not any one of those qualities. Great as they were, there was one still more marked, and if I have to give my own impression, I would say that the one trait which was dominant in his nature, which marked the man more distinctly than any other, was his intense humanity, his paramount sense of right, his abhorrence of injustice, wrong, and oppression wherever to be found or in whatever shape they might show themselves. Injustice, wrong, oppression, acted upon him, as it were, mechanically, and aroused every fibre of his being, and from that moment, to the repairing of the injustice, the undoing of the wrong, and the destruction of the oppression, he gave his mind, his heart, his soul, his whole life, with an energy, with an intensity, with a vigor paralleled in no man unless it be the First Napoleon. There are many evidences of this in his life. When he was traveling in southern Italy, as a tourist, for pleasure and for the benefit of the health of his family, he became aware of the abominable system which was there prevailing under the name of constitutional government. He left everything aside, even the object which had brought him to Italy, and applied himself to investigate and to collect evidence, and then denounced the abominable system in a trumpet blast of such power that it shook to its very foundation the throne of King Ferdinand and sent it tottering to its fall. Again, when he was sent as High Commissioner to the Ionian Islands, the injustice of keeping this Hellenic population separated from the rest of Greece, separated from the kingdom to which they were adjacent and towards which all their aspirations were raised, struck his generous soul with such force that he became practically their advocate and secured their independence.

Again, when he had withdrawn from public life, and when, in the language of Thiers, under somewhat similar circumstances, he had returned to *"ses chères études,"* the atrocities perpetrated by the Turks on the people of Roumania brought him back to public life with a vehemence, an impetuosity, and a torrent of fierce indignation that swept everything before it. If this be, as I think it is, the one distinctive feature of his character, it seems to explain away what are called the inconsistencies of his life. "Inconsistencies,"—there were none in his life. He had been brought up in the most unbending school of Toryism. He became the most active Reformer of our own times. But whilst he became the leader of the Liberal Party and an active Reformer, it is only due to him to say that in his complex mind there was a vast space for what is known as conservatism. His mind was not only liberal, but conservative as well, and he clung to the affections of his youth until, in questions of practical moment, he found them clashing with that sense of right and abhorrence of injustice of which I have spoken. But the moment he found his conservative affections clash with what he thought right and just, he did not hesitate to abandon his former convictions and go the whole length of the reforms demanded. Thus he was always devoutly, filially, lovingly attached to the Church of England. He loved it, as he often declared. He had adhered to it as an establishment in England, but the very reasons and arguments which, in his mind, justified the establishment of the church in England compelled him to a different course, as far as that church was concerned in Ireland. In England the church was the church of the majority, of almost the unanimity of the nation. In Ireland it was the church of the minority, and therefore he did not hesitate. His course was clear; he removed the one church and maintained the other. So it was with Home Rule, but coming to the subject of Home Rule, though there may be much to say, perhaps this is neither the occasion nor the place to say it. The Irish problem is dormant, but not solved, but the policy proposed by Mr. Gladstone for the solution of this question has provoked too much bitterness, too deep division, even on

the floor of this House, to make it advisable to say anything about it on this occasion.

I notice it, however, simply because it is the last and everlasting monument of that high sense of justice which, above all things, characterized him. When he became convinced that Home Rule was the only method whereby the insoluble problem could be solved, whereby the long open wound could be healed, he did not hesitate one moment, even though he were to sacrifice friends, power, popularity. And he sacrificed friends, power, popularity, in order to give that supreme measure of justice to a long-suffering people. Whatever may be the views which men entertain upon the policy of Home Rule, whether they favor that policy or whether they oppose it; whether they believe in it or whether they do not believe in it, every man, whether friend or foe of that measure, must say that it was not only a bold, but it was a noble thought,—that of attempting to cure discontent in Ireland by trusting to Irish honor and Irish generosity.

Now, sir, he is no more. England is to-day in tears; but fortunate is the nation which has produced such a man! His years are over, but his work is not closed; his work is still going on. The example which he gave to the world shall live forever, and the seed which he has sown with such a copious hand shall still germinate and bear fruit under the full light of heaven.

§ 61

WILLIAM McKINLEY

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT

(Delivered by the President of the United States at the ceremonies incident to the breaking of sod for the erection of a monument in memory of the late President McKinley, at San Francisco, Cal. May 13, 1903.)

FRIENDS AND FELLOW AMERICANS:

It is a befitting thing that the first sod turned to prepare for

the monument to commemorate President McKinley should be turned in the presence of his old comrades of the great war, and in the presence of the men who, in a lesser war, strove to show that they were not wholly unworthy of those who in the dark years from '61 to '65 proved their truth by their endeavor; and with their blood cemented the foundation of the American Republic. It is a solemn thing to speak in memory of a man who, when young, went to war for the honor and the life of the nation, who for four years did his part in the camp, on the march, in battle, rising steadily upward from the ranks, and to whom it was given in after life to show himself exemplary in public and in private conduct, to become the ideal of the nation in peace as he had been a typical representative of the nation's young sons in war.

It is not too much to say that no man since Lincoln was as widely and as universally beloved in this country as was President McKinley. For it was given to him not only to rise to the most exalted station but to typify in his character and conduct those virtues which any citizen worthy of the name likes to regard as typically American; to typify the virtues of cleanly and upright living in all relations, private and public, as in the most intimate family relations, in the relations of business, in the relations with his neighbors, and finally, in his conduct of the great affairs of state. And exactly as it was given to him to do his part in settling aright the greatest problem which it has ever befallen this nation to settle since it became a nation—the problem of the preservation of the Union and the abolition of slavery—exactly as it was his good fortune to do his part as a man should in his youth in settling that great problem, so it was his good fortune when he became in fact and in name the nation's chief, the nation's titular and the nation's real chief, to settle the problems springing out of the Spanish War; problems less important only than those which were dealt with by the men who, under the lead of Washington, founded our government, and the men who, upholding the statesmanship of Lincoln and following the sword of Grant, or Sherman, or Thomas or Sheridan, saved and perpetuated the Republic.

When 1898 came and the war which President McKinley in all honesty and in all sincerity sought to avoid became inevitable, and was pressed upon him, he met it as he and you had met the crisis of 1861. He did his best to prevent the war coming; once it became evident that it had to come then he did his best to see that it was ended as quickly and as thoroughly as possible. It is a good lesson for nations and individuals to learn never to hit if it can be helped and never to hit soft. I think it is getting to be fairly understood that that is our foreign policy. We do not want to threaten; certainly we do not desire to wrong any man; we are going to keep out of trouble if we possibly can keep out; and if it becomes necessary for our honor and our interest to assert a given position we shall assert it with every intention of making the assertion good.

The Spanish War came. As its aftermath came trouble in the Philippines, and it was natural that this State within whose borders live and have lived so many of the men who fought in the great war—it was natural that this State should find its sons eagerly volunteering for the chance to prove their truth in the war that came in their days; and it was to be expected that California's sons should do well, as they did did do well, in the Philippines in the new contest.

And now it is eminently fitting that the men of the great war and the men of the lesser war claiming not only to have been good soldiers but to be good citizens should come here to assist at laying the foundation of the monument to him who typified in his career the virtues of the soldier and exemplified in his high office our ideals of good citizenship. I am glad that a monument should have been erected here in this wonderful State on the shores of the Pacific; in this city with a great past and with a future so great that the most sanguine among us cannot estimate it; this city, the city of the Occident which looks west to the Orient across the Pacific, westward to the West that is the hoary East; this city situated upon that giant ocean which will in a not distant future be commercially the most important body of water in the entire world.

I have enjoyed coming into your State; coming into your city, and speaking to an audience like this, an audience composed so largely of volunteer soldiers, old and young. I wish to say how I have enjoyed seeing, and to-day reviewing, the officers and enlisted men of the army and navy of the United States—the regulars. Thank Heaven! the day is long past when the thought of any rivalry save that of honest and generous emulation in the service of the Republic could exist between regular and volunteers. Need I say between regular and volunteer? Why, the regulars are all volunteers. In our country every officer, every enlisted man, in the navy or the army is a volunteer because he has volunteered to go in. And as I looked at the faces of the officers and men under General MacArthur and Admiral Glass I felt proud as Commander-in-Chief that they formed our army and navy and prouder as an American citizen to see such American citizens wearing the uniform of Uncle Sam.

I thank you for coming here and for giving me the privilege of joining with you to-day in these solemn ceremonies of commemoration, the ceremonies of laying the foundation of the monument which is to keep green in mind the memory of McKinley as a lesson in war and a lesson in peace, as a lesson to all Americans of what can be done by the American who in good faith strives to do his whole duty by the mighty Republic.

§ 62

GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR

By CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

(Address delivered by a United States Senator from New York, in the Senate, on Resolutions in Memory of Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, January 28, 1905.)

Mr. President: It is asserted by many writers that the Senate has seen its best days. They claim that the statesmen

who made this body famous in the earlier periods of our history have not had any successors of equal merit or genius. The Senate does not change, but the questions which it must discuss and decide are new with each generation. There is a broad distinction between the elucidation and solving of problems which relate to the foundations and upbuilding of institutions, which are vital to their preservation and perpetuity, and the materialistic issues of finance, commercialism, and industrialism. The one arouses in the orator every faculty of his mind, every possibility of his imagination, every aspiration of his soul, and every emotion of his heart, while the others demand mainly the aptitude and experience of the college professor or the expert or student on subjects which affect the fortunes of the factory, the mill, the furnace, and the farm.

Webster could command the attention of listening Senates and of anxious and expectant country with orations which have become part of our best literature and educate the youth of our schools on interpretations of the Constitution of the United States upon which depend the life or death of liberty. But Webster could hold only temporary interest and a narrow audience on tariff schedules upon wool or lumber, upon iron or cotton fabrics, or upon bimetallism or the single standard. Hamilton and Jefferson and their antagonistic schools were creating with little precedent to guide them a form of government in which liberty and law would give the largest protection to the individual citizen and maintain order and promote the greatest happiness of the mass. The one believed these results could best be obtained by centralized power, the other by its distribution among the States. There was then brought into play the loftiest creative and constructive genius which the world has known.

Webster, Clay, and Calhoun, the Senatorial triumvirate, who attained the zenith of Senatorial fame, made their reputations and that of this body upon the discussion of implied powers in the Constitution, affecting not only the nation's life but the destruction of perpetuity of human slavery.

Webster, in that immortal speech, which educated millions of our youth to rush to arms when the Republic was in danger, preached from the test of "Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable." Calhoun saw clearly the extinction of slavery with the growth of the country and brought to the defense of the system resources, intellectual and logical, never equaled; while Clay postponed the inevitable through compromises which were adopted because of his passionate pleas of marvelous eloquence for peace and unity. So in the acute stage of the controversy, which resulted in the Civil War and ended in the enfranchisement of the slaves, Seward here and Lincoln on the platform, were appealing to that higher law of conscience, which uplifts the orator and audience to a spiritual contemplation of things material.

Happily the work of the founders in one age and saviors in another has left to us mainly the development, upon industrial lines, of our country's resources and capabilities. We produced no heroes in over half a century, and yet when the war drums called the nation to arms, Grant, from the tannery, and Lee, from a humble position in the Army, rose to rank among the great captains of all the ages. Had the Civil War never occurred, Grant would have lived a peaceful and modest mercantile life in a country town of Illinois, and Lee would have passed the evening of his days in equal obscurity upon the retired list of the United States Army. Better, if the contest can be honorably averted, that a hero should never be known than that his discovery should be brought about by the calamities of war, the sacrifice of hundreds of thousands of lives, and the distress, demoralization, and devastation of civil strife.

We pay our tribute to-day to one who in any of these great periods would have stood beside the most famous, to one who, having the experience of a longer continuous term in Congress than any other citizen ever enjoyed, testified on all occasions to the increasing power, growth, and beneficent influence of this body, and to the ever advancing purity of American public life. His education and opportunities, his

singularly intimate connection with the glorious past and the activities of the present, made him a unique and in a measure an isolated figure. He was educated under conditions and in surroundings which developed for the public service conscience, heart, and imagination. A lawyer of the first rank by heredity, study, and practice, he nevertheless approached public questions, not from the standpoint of the pleader but the orator; not as an advocate with a brief, but as a patriot with a mission. He cast his first vote in 1847, when all the fire of his youth had been aroused by the slavery agitation. He came actively into politics the year after, when the Democratic Party had divided into the Free Soil and slavery men, and the Whig Party was split between the adherents of conscience or cotton. He began his career upon the platform and his preparation for the public service as a conscience Whig.

He saw the preparation, through the American or Know-Nothing Party, in which Whigs and Democrats were acting together, of an organization upon broader lines. No one worked harder or more intelligently for the fusion of men of opposite creeds on industrial questions, but of one mind in opposition to slavery, into a National Constitutional Anti-slavery Party. When that party came into existence in 1856 with a presidential candidate and platform it had no more ardent sponsor for its faith and its future than Senator Hoar. A party whose fundamental creed was liberty for all men of every race and color appealed to the poetic and sentimental side of our friend and to the Revolutionary ideas with which he was saturated. He came to believe that the worst which the Republican Party might do would be more beneficial to the country than the best which its opponent was capable of. Though often differing from his party associates, his combat was to accomplish his purposes within the lines. He bowed to the will of the majority in his action, without surrendering his individual convictions as to the wisdom of the policy. He claimed, and with much reason, that the party had come after repeated trials, in many instances, to his way of thinking, and if those who went outside of the breastworks and lost

all influence had remained with him his ideas would sooner have been adopted. We have here the explanation of the only criticism which has ever been passed upon his public acts. As in the Hawaiian and Panama questions, where his eloquence gave comfort to the opposition and grieved his friends, his votes supported the position of the majority and the policies of the Administration.

It was a high privilege to be a member of the Judiciary Committee of the Senate under his chairmanship. It was a court presided over by a great lawyer. With courteous deference to the members, bills were sent to subcommittees, but when the subcommittee made its report, they found that the questions had been exhaustively examined before by the chairman. The subcommittee which had perfunctorily done its work received in the form of a polite statement and exposition of the case the report which, if they had attended to their duties, they ought to have made. This work required not only vast legal knowledge and accurate judgment but prodigious industry. It was that rare condition of mind where work becomes a habit, and with Senator Hoar when the committee or the Senate or law or literature failed to give him occupation, he would pass the idle hours in translating Thucydides or some other Greek author into English.

In the examination at the close of the last session, before the Committee on Privileges and Elections, of the president and apostles of the Mormon Church, himself a close student of all theologies and an eminent Unitarian, he was aroused by the claim of divine inspiration for the words and acts of the Mormon apostles. He drew from President Smith the statement that the action of his predecessor, President Woodruff, in reversing the doctrine of polygamy, heretofore held by the church, was directly inspired by God, and then made him testify that though living under the inspiration of the presidency of the church, he was also living in direct violation of that revelation by remaining a polygamist. In the course of a long cross-examination he drew from Apostle Lyman statements of doctrine and beliefs, and subsequently contradictions of these positions, and then forced the apostle

to swear that both the assertion and the contradiction were inspired by God.

At the age of forty-three he was at the cross-roads of his career. He had reached a position at the Bar which placed within his grasp the highest rewards of the profession of the law. The country was entering upon an era of speculation, of railroad building, the bankruptcy and reorganization of combinations of capital in the creation and consolidation of corporations, which called for the highest talents and the best equipment of lawyers. Questions as to the power of the General Government over corporations created by States and the powers of the States as to limitations and confiscations of corporations engaged in interstate commerce interested capital and labor, shippers, and investors. The largest fees and fortunes ever known in the history of the practice of the law came to those who demonstrated their ability during these wonderful years. On the threshold of this temple of fortune and fame at the Bar Mr. Hoar was elected to the United States Senate. He knew that he lived in a State whose traditions were to keep its public men who merited its confidence continuously in Congress. He felt that in the great questions still unsolved which had grown out of the Civil War and the marvelous development of the country he could perform signal public service. His decision was made. The courts lost a great lawyer, the Senate gained a great statesman, and he lived and died a poor man.

I spent a memorable night with Mr. Gladstone when in a reminiscent mood, and with a masterful discrimination and eloquence he conversed upon the traditions of the House of Commons during the sixty years of his membership. As the stately procession of historic men and measures came into view, they were inspired by the speaker with all the characteristics and methods of their period. The changes which had occurred were detailed by a master who loved and revered the Commons. Senator Hoar would do this for the thirty-seven years of his activities in Congress, but with a wit and humor which Gladstone lacked. He remembered the sarcasm, or the ridicule, or the epigram, or the witticism, or the illustra-

tion which had not only illumined but ended the debate, and the opposing debater.

We read with wonder of the nights when Samuel Johnson gathered about him Goldsmith and Burke and Reynolds and Garrick; and Boswell could make immortal volumes of their conversations, especially at this time when conversation is becoming a lost art, because the shop has invaded the drawing-room and the dinner table, and cards have captured society.

But Senator Hoar knew his favorites among the Greek and Roman classics, and the Bible and Shakespeare by heart. He could quote with a familiarity of frequent reading and retentive memory from the literature of the period of Queen Elizabeth and of Queen Anne, as well as best of modern authors, and he was a member of that coterie which met weekly at Parker's, in Boston, where Longfellow, Hawthorne, Whittier, and others reproduced for our day, and in better form, the traditions of the Johnsonian Parliament, and where the Senator and his brother were the quickest and the wittiest of the crowd.

Whether in conversation or debate there never has been in the American Congress a man so richly cultured and with all his culture so completely at command.

The statesmen of the Revolution were with Senator Hoar living realities. The men of the present were passing figures, fading into obscurity, compared with these immortals. In a remarkable speech he said of the signers of the Declaration; "We, not they, are the shadows." On his father's side, his grandfather, two great grandfathers, and three uncles were in Lincoln's company at Concord Bridge, and his mother was a daughter of Roger Sherman, whom he thought the wisest and ablest of the members of the Continental Congress. He was the only person who signed all four of the great State papers to which the signatures of the Delegates of the different Colonies were attached: The Association of 1774, the Articles of Confederation, the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution of the United States.

His mother remembered, as a little girl, sitting on Washington's knee and hearing him talk, and her sister, the mother

of William M. Evarts, when a child of 11, opened the door for General Washington as he was leaving the house after his visit to her father, Roger Sherman. The General, with his stately courtesy, "put his hand on her head and said, 'My little lady, I wish you a better office.' She dropped a courtesy and answered, quick as lightning, 'Yes, sir; to let you in.'" He lived all his life in this atmosphere of his youth. The marvelous results of the working of the principles of the charter framed in the cabin of the *Mayflower* for "just and equal laws," and of the Declaration of Independence in the development of orderly liberty for his countrymen, convinced him that the same rights and privileges would end as happily, after trial, with the negroes of the South and the people of the Philippine Islands and of the Russian Empire. It was a matter with him not of pride or boastfulness, but of sustaining power under responsibilities that in every Congress from the beginning had been a representative of the Sherman clan. I was distantly related to him by the same tie, and he exhibited an elder brotherly and almost fatherly watchfulness and care for me when I entered the Senate.

His cousins, William M. Evarts and Roger Minot Sherman, were the foremost advocates of their periods, his father eminent at the Bar, and his brother Attorney-general of the United States, and yet he would have been the equal of either as a lawyer if he had climbed for its leadership. It has been the high privilege of his colleagues here to meet, converse, work, and debate with a *Mayflower* Puritan, one possessed of all the culture and learning of the twentieth century, but with the virtues, the prejudices, the likes and dislikes, the vigor and courage of the Pilgrim Fathers, neither softened or weakened by the looseness of creeds nor the luxury of living of to-day. As our friend the Senator from Massachusetts (Mr. Lodge) said in his most discriminating and eloquent eulogy—the best, I think, I have ever heard as a tribute of an associate and friend—Senator Hoar would have died like a martyr for his principles. In 1850 he delivered a speech in Mechanics' Hall, at Worcester, upon the evils of slavery and the crime of its extension into the Territories,

which attracted general attention and was widely published. Fifty-four years afterwards he was again before an audience in Mechanics' Hall, composed of the children and grandchildren of the first.

The dread summons had then come to him, and he had but few days to live. The old warrior spoke with the fire of his early manhood, but his message to his neighbors and countrymen after a half century was not of war, as before, but of peace, love, and triumph. The progress and development of the Republic during these fifty years of liberty was his theme. He looked joyously upon the past and present and was full of hope and confidence for the future. He had finished his work and performed a great part in great events of great moment for his country and humanity, and he left to his contemporaries and posterity the brilliant example of a life nobly lived.

CHAPTER XII

AFTER DINNER SPEECHES

§ 63

THE ART OF EXAMINATION

By A. LAWRENCE LOWELL

(Speech delivered by the President of Harvard University at a dinner held in Ann Arbor on the occasion of the inauguration of Marion L. Burton as President of the University of Michigan, October 14, 1920.)

We have met here not only to participate in the inauguration of Mr. Burton as the new President of the University of Michigan, and to express our hope and confidence in the future of that great institution; but also to take an account of stock in the educational progress of the nation. Everyone will admit that the present condition of education in this country has its merits and its defects. The product of our schools and colleges shows a remarkable degree of resourcefulness and adaptability. This may not be wholly due to our educational system, but in part to the environment, which tends to develop these qualities in our people; for they are shown also by men whose systematic education has been exceedingly limited. Nevertheless, it is easy to underrate the effects of schooling. Men often attribute far too little to their instruction, and too much to their own inherent qualities. It is certain not only that our education has not tended to diminish natural resourcefulness and adaptability, but that these very traits have been shown most markedly among college-bred men, as was seen among our college graduates in the late war. The two qualities of resourcefulness and adaptability have been, indeed, those that we have most needed in the past. They have been absolutely essential for

the great American achievement, unparalleled in so short a period, of bringing under cultivation a vast wilderness, of developing the mines and other natural resources of a continent, and of developing various industries for a hundred millions of people. But all this has now been in large part done; the cream has been skimmed; and the great need of the hour is a better conservation, a more complete and scientific use, of our resources. In short, the time for superficial treatment on a large scale has largely passed, and the time has come for the greater thoroughness of an older civilization.

Wisdom consists, not in glorying in one's merits, but in curing one's defects; and the great defect in American education has been the lack of thoroughness. The European professional man is apt to have a wider knowledge and a broader foundation than the American. Professor Maurice Caullery, in his recent book on the universities and scientific life in the United States, in speaking of engineering education says, "The conditions of the training of the American engineer and his French colleague are very different. The latter has certainly a very marked superiority in theoretical scientific instruction. I am told, indeed, that since the war has brought into the American industries a rather large number of our engineers, this fact is well recognized. There is in the United States nothing to compare with the preparation for our competitive examinations for the École Polytechnique and the École Centrale. The first-year students—the freshmen—in the engineering schools are very feebly equipped." On the other hand, he says, "It is not less true that the American engineer gives abundant proof of the combination of qualities which he needs." He then goes on to give an example from Mann's Bulletin on Engineering Education to show that of the freshmen in twenty-two engineering schools only about one-third could solve a simple algebraic equation. We are told also that the English physiologists have a great advantage over ours in a more comprehensive knowledge of physics and chemistry; and probably anyone familiar with learned professions in the two countries could give other examples.

As usual, a number of causes no doubt contribute to the lack of thoroughness in American education. One obviously is the briefness of time spent in study from birth through graduation from college. This is especially true in the younger years. Our children begin late and go slowly, apparently on the theory that the less conscious effort a boy puts into the process of education the more rapidly will he proceed. Another cause is the constant insertion of new subjects which are either not of a very severe nature or ought to be extra curriculum activities, subjects which are inserted to the displacement of more serious ones. If someone suggests that rural walks and the observation of nature are good, the school, instead of providing for them outside of school hours, inserts them in the school time in the place of language, history, or mathematics.

A third cause is the absence of rigorous standards which, until a few years ago, pervaded most college work more than it does to-day, and which I fear is still too largely present in the schools. Last year a boy from a good high school not far from the central part of the country offered himself for the College Entrance Board examinations. He was the valedictorian of his class, and yet in five subjects—in all of which he had obtained a double A at school—his marks were as follows: English Literature 50; Latin 41; American History 37; Ancient History 30; Plane Geometry 33. In Physics, in which he had a B at school—which is, I suppose, an honor mark—his mark was only 28. The papers of the College Entrance Examination Board are not made out, nor are the books marked, by any one college, but by a body representing the colleges and schools. A difference in preparation might very well affect to some extent an examination in literature and history, possibly even in Latin; but surely a boy who obtains an unusually high mark at school in plane geometry ought not to fail any entrance examination with so low a grade as 33 per cent.

The failure to maintain rigorous standards may well be connected with the American system of measurement by credits instead of by attainment. Courses, whether in school,

in college or in any kind of education, instead of being treated as an end, should be regarded as a means; and a test in them should be, not a final reward, but a mere measure of progress. At present the credit for a course is treated like a deposit in a savings bank, without a suspicion that the deposit is not of gold that can be drawn upon at its face value, but of a perishable article. To change the metaphor, we treat it like wheat poured into a grain elevator, whereas it is often more like the contents of a cold storage plant without the means of refrigeration. Indeed, it is sometimes more like the contents of an incinerator.

There is an old saying in England that an educated man should have forgotten Greek. If the adage is true, it is not because the man had forgotten Greek, but because he retained something worth while from having learned it. Even if the material put into the mind be not perishable, we ought to distinguish between information and education. Let me quote again Professor Caullery. He says, "One must not confound education and information. There is in the American system, from the intellectual point of view, too much of the second and too little of the first." Storing in the mind is not enough; we must also train the student to use the store; and accumulating credits for things done is not the way to attain the result. When a man's life ends, we ask what he has done; but a diploma from a school or a degree from a college or university is not an obituary, and when a student's education ends we should ask, not what he has done, but what he is or has become.

Can we measure what the boy or man is or has become; can we measure him as he stands? It does not seem impossible. Yet most of our examinations are adapted to ascertain little except knowledge, which tends to promote mere cramming; whereas the tests in the great school of active life depends rather upon the ability to use information. Surely examinations can be framed to measure not only knowledge but the ability to comprehend and correlate what is known. In short, to test the grasp of a subject as a whole. Such a grasp requires a more rigorous training in fundamentals than we are

in the habit of exacting. An examination of this kind would be not only a measure of that which we desire to ascertain, but it would tend also to direct attention to a field of thought instead of to small isolated fragments of it. In short, it must not be forgotten that examinations essentially control the content of education. If examinations demand a thorough knowledge of fundamental principles, the teachers will provide it and the students will attempt to acquire it. If they require merely a certain amount of miscellaneous knowledge, that will be the aim of instruction; and if, as in many schools, there is no examination at all, there is naturally less inducement to attain a very high standard of any kind.

The mechanical practice of credit for courses is, I believe, the gravest defect in the American educational system, and we ought to strive for some method of general examinations testing the real grasp of a subject as a whole. But if such examinations are possible, it is nevertheless certain that they demand skill which can be acquired only by practice. The art of examination is a difficult one, and in America it is still in its infancy, particularly in the matter of measuring the ability to use one's knowledge. The new psychological tests are interesting as an attempt to do this, to measure the capacity of the boy or man as he stands. They are crude, and for our purpose they suffer under the defect of assuming only the most elementary information. We need tests that will measure ability to use scholarly and specific knowledge. Anyone who attempts to introduce examinations of this kind will be disappointed at first, because the art has not yet been sufficiently developed. To use them effectively, we need to learn that the conduct of examinations is as important and worthy a part of the educational process as giving lectures, and quite as stimulating to the teacher. Ascertaining what the pupil knows, measuring his progress and deficiencies, is, indeed, a part of teaching, and quite as essential a portion of it as the imparting of information. The true teacher should be constantly both developing the mind of his pupil, and ascertaining how rapidly and beneficially the process is going on. One of the defects of much of our teaching—and espe-

cially of the lecture system—is that this second part of the function of education is to a great degree lost from sight. An improvement in our examination system which will measure the grasp of a whole subject is, I believe, the most serious advance that can be made in American education to-day.

§ 64

OUR REUNITED COUNTRY

By CLARK HOWELL

(Speech by the editor of the Atlanta "Constitution" at the Peace Jubilee Banquet at Chicago, October 19, 1898, in response to the toast, "Our Reunited Country: North and South.")

Mr. Toastmaster, and My Fellow Countrymen: In the mountains of my State, in a county remote from the quickening touch of commerce, and railroads and telegraphs—so far removed that the sincerity of its rugged people flows unpolluted from the spring of nature—two vine-covered mounds, nestling in the solemn silence of a country churchyard, suggest the text of my response to the sentiment to which I am to speak to-night. A serious text, Mr. Toastmaster, for an occasion like this, and yet out of it there is life and peace and hope and prosperity, for in the solemn sacrifice of the voiceless grave can the chiefest lesson of the Republic be learned, and the destiny of its real mission be unfolded. So bear with me while I lead you to the rust-stained slab, which for a third of a century—since Chickamauga—has been kissed by the sun as it peeped over the Blue Ridge, melting the tears with which the mourning night had bedewed the inscription:—

"Here lies a Confederate soldier.
He died for his country."

The September day which brought the body of this mountain hero to that home among the hills which had smiled upon

his infancy, been gladdened by his youth, and strengthened by his manhood, was an ever memorable one with the sorrowing concourse of friends and neighbors who followed his shot-riddled body to the grave. And of that number no man gainsaid the honor of his death, lacked full loyalty to the flag for which he fought, or doubted the justice of the cause for which he gave his life.

Thirty-five years have passed; another war has called its roll of martyrs; again the old bell tolls from the crude latticed tower of the settlement church; another great pouring of sympathetic humanity; and this time the body of a son, wrapped in the stars and stripes, is lowered to its everlasting rest beside that of the father who sleeps in the stars and bars.

There were those there who stood by the grave of the Confederate hero years before, and the children of those were there, and of those present no one gainsaid the honor of the death of this hero of El Caney, and none were there but loved, as patriots alone can love, the glorious flag that enshrines the people of a common country as it enshrouds the form that will sleep forever in its blessed folds. And on this tomb will be written:—

"Here lies the son of a Confederate soldier.
He died for his country."

And so it is that between the making of these two graves human hands and human hearts have reached a solution of the vexed problem that has baffled human will and human thought for three decades. Sturdy sons of the South have said to their brothers of the North that the people of the South had long since accepted the arbitrament of the sword to which they had appealed. And likewise the oft-repeated message has come back from the North that peace and good-will reigned, and that the wounds of civil dissension were but as sacred memories. Good fellowship was wafted on the wings of commerce and development from those who had worn the blue to those who had worn the gray. Nor were these messages delivered in vain, for they served to pave

the way for the complete and absolute elimination of the line of sectional differences by the only process by which such a result was possible. The sentiment of the great majority of the people of the South was rightly spoken in the message of the immortal Hill, and in the burning eloquence of Henry Grady—both Georgians—the record of whose blessed work for the restoration of peace between the sections becomes a national heritage, and whose names are stamped in enduring impress upon the affection of the people of the Republic.

And yet there were still those among us who believed your course was polite, but insincere, and those among you who assumed that our professed attitude was sentimental and unreal. Bitterness had departed, and sectional hate was no more, but there were those who feared, even if they did not believe, that between the great sections of our greater government there was not the perfect faith and trust and love that both professed; that there was want of the faith that made the American Revolution a successful possibility; that there was want of the trust that crystallized our States into the original Union; that there was lack of the love that bound in unassailable strength the united sisterhood of States that withstood the shock of Civil War. It is true this doubt existed to a greater degree abroad than at home. But to-day the mist of uncertainty has been swept away by the sunlight of events, and there, where doubt obscured before stands in bold relief, commanding the admiration of the whole world, the most glorious type of united strength and sentiment and loyalty known to the history of nations.

Out of the chaos of that civil war had risen a new nation, mighty in the vastness of its limitless resources, the realities within its reach surpassing the dreams of fiction, and eclipsing the fancy of fable—a new nation, yet rosy in the flesh, with the bloom of youth upon its cheeks and the gleam of morning in its eyes. No one questioned that commercial and geographic union had been effected. So had Rome reunited its faltering provinces, maintaining the limit of its imperial jurisdiction by the power of commercial bonds and the majesty of the sword, until in its very vastness it collapsed.

The heart of its people did not beat in unison. Nations may be made by the joining of hands, but the measure of their real strength and vitality, like that of the human body, is in the heart. Show me the country whose people are not at heart in sympathy with its institutions, and the fervor of whose patriotism is not bespoken in its flag, and I will show you a ship of state which is sailing in shallow waters, toward unseen eddies of uncertainty, if not to the open rocks of dismemberment.

Whence was the proof to come, to ourselves as well as to the world, that we were being moved once again by a common impulse, and by the same heart that inspired and gave strength to the hands that smote the British in the days of the Revolution, and again at New Orleans; that made our ships the masters of the seas; that placed our flag on Chapultepec, and widened our domain from ocean to ocean? How was the world to know that the burning fires of patriotism, so essential to national glory and achievement, had not been quenched by the blood spilled by the heroes of both sides of the most desperate struggle known in the history of civil wars? How was the doubt that stood, all unwilling, between outstretched hands and sympathetic hearts, to be, in fact, dispelled?

If from out the caldron of conflict there arose this doubt, only from the crucible of war could come the answer. And, thank God, that answer has been made in the record of the war, the peaceful termination of which we celebrate to-night. Read it in every page of its history; read it in the obliteration of party and sectional lines in the congressional action which called the nation to arms in the defence of prostrate liberty, and for the extension of the sphere of human freedom; read it in the conduct of the distinguished Federal soldier who, as the chief executive of this great Republic, honors this occasion by his presence to-night, and whose appointments in the first commissions issued after war had been declared made manifest the sincerity of his often repeated utterances of complete sectional reconciliation and the elimination of sectional lines in the affairs of government. Differing with him,

as I do, on party issues, utterly at variance with the views of his party on economic problems, I sanction with all my heart the obligation that rests on every patriotic citizen to make party second to country, and in the measure that he has been actuated by this broad and patriotic policy he will receive the plaudits of the whole people: "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Portentous indeed have been the developments of the past six months; the national domain has been extended far into the Caribbean Sea on the south, and to the west it is so near the mainland of Asia that we can hear grating of the process which is grinding the ancient celestial empire into pulp for the machinery of civilization and of progress.

In a very short while the last page of this war will have been written, except for the effect it will have on the future. Our flag now floats over Porto Rico, a part of Cuba, and Manila. It must soon bespeak our sovereignty over the island of Luzon, or possibly over the whole Philippine group. It will, ere long, from the staff on Havana's Morro, cast its shadow on the sunken and twisted frame of the *Maine*—a grim reminder of the vengeance that awaits any nation that lays unholy hands on an American citizen or violates any sacred American right. It has drawn from an admiring world unstinted applause for the invincible army, that under tropic suns, despite privations and disease, untrained but undismayed, has swept out of their own trenches and routed from their own battlements, like chaff before the wind, the trained forces of a formidable power. It has bodily stripped the past of lustre and defiantly challenged the possibilities of the future in the accomplishment of a matchless navy, whose deeds have struck the universe with consternation and with wonder.

But speaking as a Southerner and an American, I say that this has been as naught compared to the greatest good this war has accomplished. Drawing alike from all sections of the Union for her heroes and her martyrs, depending alike upon north, south, east and west for her glorious victories, and weeping with sympathy with the widows and the stricken

mothers wherever they may be, America, incarnated spirit of liberty, stands again to-day the holy emblem of a household in which the children abide in unity, equality, love and peace. The iron sledge of war that rent asunder the links of loyalty and love has welded them together again. Ears that were deaf to loving appeals for the burial of sectional strife have listened and believed when the muster guns have spoken. Hearts that were cold to calls for trust and sympathy have awakened to loving confidence in the baptism of their blood.

Drawing inspiration from the flag of our country, the South has shared not only the dangers, but the glories of the war. In the death of brave young Bagley at Cardenas, North Carolina furnished the first blood in the tragedy. It was Victor Blue of South Carolina, who, like the Swamp Fox of the Revolution, crossed the fiery path of the enemy at his pleasure, and brought the first official tidings of the situation as it existed in Cuba. It was Brumby, a Georgia boy, the flag lieutenant of Dewey, who first raised the stars and stripes over Manila. It was Alabama that furnished Hobson—glorious Hobson—who accomplished two things the Spanish navy never yet has done—sunk an American ship, and made a Spanish man-of-war securely float.

The South answered the call to arms with its heart, and its heart goes out with that of the North in rejoicing at the result. The demonstration lacking to give the touch of life to the picture has been made. The open sesame that was needed to give insight into the true and loyal hearts both North and South has been spoken. Divided by war, we are united as ever before by the same agency, and the union is of hearts as well as hands.

The doubter may scoff, and the pessimist may croak, but even they must take hope at the picture presented in the simple and touching incident of eight Grand Army veterans, with their silvery heads bowed in sympathy, escorting the lifeless body of the Daughter of the Confederacy from Narragansett to its last, long rest at Richmond.

When that great and generous soldier, U. S. Grant, gave

back to Lee, crushed, but ever glorious, the sword he had surrendered at Appomattox, that magnanimous deed said to the people of the South: "You are our brothers." But when the present ruler of our grand republic on awakening to the condition of war that confronted him, with his first commission placed the leader's sword in the hands of those gallant confederate commanders, Joe Wheeler and Fitzhugh Lee, he wrote between the lines in living letters of everlasting light the words: "There is but one people of this Union, one flag alone for all."

The South, Mr. Toastmaster, will feel that her sons have been well given, that her blood has been well spilled, if that sentiment is to be indeed the true inspiration of our nation's future. God grant it may be as I believe it will.

§ 65

AMERICA'S MISSION

By WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

(Speech delivered by the leader of the Democratic Party at the Washington Day Banquet given by the Virginia Democratic Association at Washington, D. C., February 22, 1899.)

Mr. Chairman: When the advocates of imperialism find it impossible to reconcile a colonial policy with the principles of our government or with the canons of morality; when they are unable to defend it upon the ground of religious duty or pecuniary profit, they fall back in helpless despair upon the assertation that it is destiny. "Suppose it does violate the constitution," they say; "suppose it does break all the commandments; suppose it does entail upon the nation an incalculable expenditure of blood and money; it is destiny and we must submit."

The people have not voted for imperialism! no national convention has declared for it; no Congress has passed upon it.

To whom, then, has the future been revealed? Whence this voice of authority? We can all prophesy, but our prophesies are merely guesses, colored by our hopes and our surroundings. Man's opinion of what is to be is half wish and half environment. Avarice paints destiny with a dollar mark before it, militarism equips it with a sword.

He is the best prophet who, recognizing the omnipotence of truth, comprehends most clearly the great forces which are working out the progress, not of one party, not of one nation, but of the human race.

History is replete with predictions which once wore the hue of destiny, but which failed of fulfilment because those who uttered them saw too small an arc of the circle of events. When Pharaoh pursued the fleeing Israelites to the edge of the Red Sea he was confident that their bondage would be renewed and that they would again make bricks without straw, but destiny was not revealed until Moses and his followers reached the farther shore dry shod and the waves rolled over the horses and chariots of the Egyptians. When Belshazzar, on the last night of his reign, led his thousand lords into the Babylonian banquet-hall and sat down to a table glittering with vessels of silver and gold, he felt sure of his kingdom for many years to come, but destiny was not revealed until the hand wrote upon the wall those awe-inspiring words, "Mene, Mene, Tekel Upharsin." When Abderrahman swept northward with his conquering hosts his imagination saw the Crescent triumphant throughout the world, but destiny was not revealed until Charles Martel raised the cross above the battlefield of Tours and saved Europe from the sword of Mohammedanism. When Napoleon emerged victorious from Marengo, from Ulm and from Austerlitz, he thought himself the child of destiny, but destiny was not revealed until Blücher's forces joined the army of Wellington and the vanquished Corsican began his melancholy march toward St. Helena. When the redcoats of George the Third routed the New Englanders at Lexington and Bunker Hill there arose before the British sovereign visions of colonies taxed without representation and drained of their wealth by

foreign-made laws, but destiny was not revealed until the surrender of Cornwallis completed the work begun at Independence Hall and ushered into existence a government deriving its just powers from the consent of the governed.

We have reached another crisis. The ancient doctrine of imperialism, banished from our land more than a century ago, has recrossed the Atlantic and challenged democracy to mortal combat upon American soil.

Whether the Spanish war shall be known in history as a war for liberty or as a war of conquest; whether the principles of self-government shall be strengthened or abandoned; whether this nation shall remain a homogeneous republic or become a heterogeneous empire—these questions must be answered by the American people—when they speak, and not until then, will destiny be revealed.

Destiny is not a matter of chance, it is a matter of choice; it is not a thing to be waited for, it is a thing to be achieved.

No one can see the end from the beginning, but everyone can make his course an honorable one from the beginning to end, by adhering to the right under all circumstances. Whether a man steals much or little may depend upon his opportunities, but whether he steals at all depends upon his own volition.

So with our nation. If we embark upon a career of conquest no one can tell how many islands we may be able to seize or how many races we may be able to subjugate; neither can anyone estimate the cost, immediate and remote, to the nation's purse and to the nation's character, but whether we shall enter upon such a career is a question which the people have a right to decide for themselves.

Unexpected events may retard or advance the nation's growth, but the nation's purpose determines its destiny.

What is the nation's purpose?

The main purpose of the founders of our government was to secure for themselves and for posterity the blessings of liberty, and that purpose has been faithfully followed up to this time. Our statesmen have opposed each other upon economic questions, but they have agreed in defending self-

government as the controlling national idea. They have quarreled among themselves over tariff and finance, but they have been united in their opposition to an entangling alliance with any European power.

Under this policy your nation has grown in numbers and in strength. Under this policy its beneficent influence has encircled the globe. Under this policy the taxpayers have been spared the burden and the menace of a large military establishment and the young men have been taught the arts of peace rather than the science of war. On each returning Fourth of July our people have met to celebrate the signing of the Declaration of Independence; their hearts have renewed their vows to free institutions and their voices have praised the forefathers whose wisdom and courage and patriotism made it possible for each succeeding generation to repeat the words:—

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of Liberty
Of thee I sing."

This sentiment was well-nigh universal until a year ago. It was to this sentiment that the Cuban insurgents appealed; it was this sentiment that impelled our people to enter into the war with Spain. Have the people so changed within a few short months that they are now willing to apologize for the War of the Revolution and force upon the Filipinos the same system of government against which the colonists protested with fire and sword?

The hour of temptation has come, but temptations do not destroy, they merely test the strength of individuals and nations; they are stumbling blocks or stepping-stones; they lead to infamy or fame, according to the use made of them.

Benedict Arnold and Ethan Allen served together in the Continental army and both were offered British gold. Arnold yielded to the temptation and made his name a synonym for treason; Allen resisted and lives in the affections of his countrymen.

Our nation is tempted to depart from its "standard of morality" and adopt a policy of "criminal aggression." But will it yield?

If I mistake not the sentiment of the American people they will spurn the bribe of imperialism, and, by resisting temptation, win such a victory as has not been won since the battle of Yorktown. Let it be written of the United States: Behold a republic that took up arms to aid a neighboring people, struggling to be free; a republic that, in the progress of war, helped distant races whose wrongs were not in contemplation when hostilities began; a republic that, when peace was restored, turned a deaf ear to the clamorous voice of greed and to those borne down by the weight of a foreign yoke spoke the welcome words, Stand up; be free—let this be the record made on history's page and the silent example of this republic, true to its principles in the hour of trial, will do more to extend the area of self-government and civilization than could be done by all the wars of conquest that we could wage in a generation.

The forcible annexation of the Philippine Islands is not necessary to make the United States a world-power. For over ten decades our nation has been a world-power. During its brief existence it has exerted upon the human race an influence more potent for good than all the other nations of the earth combined, and it has exerted that influence without the use of sword or Gatling gun. Mexico and the republics of Central and South America testify to the benign influence of our institutions, while Europe and Asia give evidence of the working of the leaven of self-government. In the growth of democracy we observe the triumphant march of an idea—an idea that would be weighed down rather than aided by the armor and weapons proffered by imperialism.

Much has been said of late about Anglo-Saxon civilization. Far be it from me to detract from the service rendered to the world by the sturdy race whose language we speak. The union of the Angle and the Saxon formed a new and valuable type, but the process of race evolution was not completed when the Angle and the Saxon met. A still later type has

appeared which is superior to any which has existed heretofore; and with this new type will come a higher civilization than any which has preceded it. Great has been the Greek, the Latin, the Slav, the Celt, the Teuton and the Anglo-Saxon, but greater than any of these is the American, in whom are blended the virtues of them all.

Civil and religious liberty, universal education and the right to participate, directly or through representatives chosen by himself, in all the affairs of government—these give to the American citizen an opportunity and an inspiration which can be found nowhere else.

Standing upon the vantage ground already gained the American people can aspire to a grander destiny than has opened before any other race.

Anglo-Saxon civilization has taught the individual to protect his own rights; American civilization will teach him to respect the rights of others.

Anglo-Saxon civilization has taught the individual to take care of himself; American civilization, proclaiming the equality of all before the law, will teach him that his own highest good requires the observance of the commandment: "Thou shall love thy neighbor as thyself."

Anglo-Saxon civilization has, by force of arms, applied the art of government to other races for the benefit of Anglo-Saxons; American civilization will, by the influence of example, excite in other races a desire for self-government and a determination to secure it.

Anglo-Saxon civilization has carried its flag to every clime and defended it with forts and garrisons; American civilization will imprint its flag upon the hearts of all who long for freedom.

To American civilization, all hail!

"Time's noblest offspring is the last!"

§ 66

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE

By WOODROW WILSON

(Delivered by the President of Princeton University at a dinner in honor of the inauguration of Ernest Fox Nichols as President of Dartmouth College, October 14, 1909.)

It gives me peculiar pleasure to be the bearer of admiring congratulations to the retiring President of Dartmouth, Dr. Tucker, from the institution I represent. We have watched at Princeton the extraordinary progress of Dartmouth under his administration with a growing conception of what the character and power of a single man can do. And also it is most gratifying to me to bear messages of Godspeed to the new man who is assuming this distinguished succession.

I would prefer to believe that the honor conferred upon me to-day by the gracious vote of the Trustees of this College came to me as a representative of Princeton rather than as an individual, for I like to believe that such acts are a recognition of the community of purpose which exists among the colleges of this country, and that we are consciously trying to draw together into a single force the powers, both individual and organic, which lie in the educational institutions of America.

I have been thinking, as I sat here to-night, how little, except in coloring and superficial lines, a body of men like this differs from a body of undergraduates. You have only to look at a body of men like this long enough to see the mask of years fall off and the spirit of the younger days show forth, and the spirit which lies behind the mask is not an intellectual spirit: it is an emotional spirit.

It seems to me that the great power of the world—namely, its emotional power—is better expressed in a college gathering than in any other gathering. We speak of this as an age in which mind is monarch, but I take it for granted that, if that is true, mind is one of those modern monarchs who reign but

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do not govern. As a matter of fact, the world is governed in every generation by a great House of Commons made up of the passions; and we can only be careful to see to it that the handsome passions are in the majority.

A college body represents a passion, a very handsome passion, to which we should seek to give greater and greater force as the generations go by—a passion not so much individual as social, a passion for the things which live, for the things which enlighten, for the things which bind men together in unselfish companies. The love of men for their college is a very ennobling love, because it is a love which expresses itself in so organic a way and which delights to give as a token of its affection for its alma mater some one of those eternal, intangible gifts which are expressed only in the spirits of men.

It has been said that the college is "under fire." I prefer, inasmuch as most of the so-called criticism has come from the college men themselves, to say that the college is *on fire;* that it has ceased to be satisfied with itself, that its slumbering fires have sprung into play, and that it is now trying to see by the light of that flame what its real path is. For we criticize the college for the best of all reasons—because we love it and are not indifferent to its fortunes. We criticize it as those who would make it as nearly what we conceive it ought to be as is possible in the circumstances.

The criticism which has been leveled at our colleges by college men, by men from the inside, does not mean that the college of the present is inferior to the college of the past. No observant man can fail to see that college life is more wholesome in almost every respect in our day than it was in the days gone by. The lives of the undergraduates are cleaner, they are fuller of innocent interests, they are more shot through with the real permanent impulses of life than they once were. We are not saying that the college has degenerated in respect of its character.

What we mean I can illustrate in this way: It seems to me that we have been very much mistaken in thinking that the thing upon which our criticism should center is the

athletic enthusiasm of our college undergraduates, and of our graduates, as they come back to the college contests. It is a very interesting fact to me that the game of football, for example, has ceased to be a pleasure to those who play it. Almost any frank member of a college football team will tell you that in one sense it is a punishment to play the game. He does not play it because of the physical pleasure and zest he finds in it, which is another way of saying that he does not play it spontaneously and for its own sake. He plays it for the sake of the college, and one of the things that constitutes the best evidence of what we could make of the college is the spirit in which men go into the football game, because their comrades expect them to go in and because they must advance the banner of their college at the cost of infinite sacrifice. Why does the average man play football? Because he is big, strong and active, and his comrades expect it of him. They expect him to make that use of his physical powers; they expect him to represent them in an arena of considerable dignity and of very great strategic significance.

But when we turn to the field of scholarship, all that we say to the man is, "Make the most of yourself," and the contrast makes scholarship mean as compared with football. The football is for the sake of the college and the scholarship is for the sake of the individual. When shall we get the conception that a college is a brotherhood in which every man is expected to do for the sake of the college the thing which alone can make the college a distinguished and abiding force in the history of men? When shall we bring it about that men shall be ashamed to look their fellows in the face if it is known that they have great faculties and do not use them for the glory of their alma mater, when it is known that they avoid those nights of self-denial which are necessary for intellectual mastery, deny themselves pleasure, deny themselves leisure, deny themselves every natural indulgence in order that in future years it may be said that that place served the country by increasing its power and enlightenment?

But at present what do we do to accomplish that? We

very complacently separate the men who have that passion from the men who have it not—I don't mean in the classroom, but I mean in the life of the college itself.

I was confessing to President Schurman to-night that, as I looked back to my experience in the classrooms of many eminent masters, I remembered very little that I had brought away from them. The contacts of knowledge are not vital; the contacts of information are barren. If I tell you too many things that you don't know, I merely make myself hateful to you. If I am constantly in the attitude towards you of instructing you, you may regard me as a very well informed and superior person, but you have no affection for me whatever; whereas if I have the privilege of coming into your life, if I live with you and can touch you with something of the scorn that I feel for a man who does not use his faculties at their best, and can be touched by you with some keen, inspiring touch of the energy that lies in you and that I have not learned to imitate, then fire calls to fire and real life begins, the life that generates, the life that generates power, the life that generates those lasting fires of friendship which in too many college connections are lost altogether, for many college comradeships are based upon taste and not upon community of intellectual interests.

The only lasting stuff for friendship is community of conviction; the only lasting basis is that moral basis to which President Lowell has referred, in which all true intellectual life has its rootage and sustenance, and those are the rootages of character, not the rootages of knowledge. Knowledge is merely, in its uses, the evidence of character, it does not produce character. Some of the most learned of men have been among the meanest of men, and some of the noblest of men have been illiterate, but have nevertheless shown their nobility by using such powers as they had for high purposes.

We never shall succeed in creating this organic passion, this great use of the mind, which is fundamental, until we have made real communities of our colleges and have utterly destroyed the practice of a merely formal contact, however intimate, between the teacher and the pupil. Until we live

together in a common community and expose each other to the general infection, there will be no infection. You cannot make learned men of undergraduates by associating them intimately with each other, because they are too young to be learned men yet themselves; but you can create the infection of learning by associating undergraduates with men who are learned.

How much do you know of the character of the average college professor whom you have heard lecture? Of some professors, if you had known more you would have believed less of what they said; of some professors, if you had known more you would have believed more of what they said. One of the driest lecturers on American history I ever heard in my life was also a man more learned than any other man I ever knew in American history, and out of the classroom, in conversation, one of the juiciest, most delightful, most informing, most stimulating men I ever had the pleasure of associating with. The man in the classroom was useless, out of the classroom he fertilized every mind that he touched. And most of us are really found out in the informal contacts of life. If you want to know what I know about a subject, don't set me up to make a speech about it, because I have the floor and you cannot interrupt me, and I can leave out the things I want to leave out and bring in the things I want to bring in. If you really want to know what I know, sit down and ask me questions, interrupt me, contradict me, and see how I hold my ground. Probably on some subjects you will not do it; but if you want to find me out, that is the only way. If that method were followed, the undergraduate might make many a consoling discovery of how ignorant his professor was, as well as many a stimulating discovery of how well informed he was.

The thing that it seems to me absolutely necessary we should now address ourselves to is this—forget absolutely all our troubles about what we ought to teach and ask ourselves how we ought to live in college communities, in order that the fire and infection may spread; for the only conducting media of life are the social media, and if you want to make a con-

ducting medium you have got to compound your elements in the college,—not only ally them, not put them in mere diplomatic relations with each other, not have a formal visiting system among them, but unite them, merge them. The teacher must live with the pupil and the pupil with the teacher, and then there will begin to be a renaissance, a new American college, and not until then. You may have the most eminent teachers and may have the best pedagogical methods, and find that, after all, your methods have been barren and your teachings futile, unless these unions of life have been accomplished.

I think that one of the saddest things that has ever happened to us is that we have studied pedagogical methods. It is as if we had deliberately gone about to make ourselves pedants. There is something offensive in the word "pedagogy." A certain distaste has always gone along with the word "pedagogue." A man who is an eminent teacher feels insulted if he is called a pedagogue; and yet we make a science of being a pedagogue, and in proportion as we make it a science we separate ourselves from the vital processes of life.

I suppose a great many dull men must try to teach, and if dull men have to teach, they have to teach by method that dull men can follow. But they never teach anybody anything. It is merely that the university, in order to have a large corps, must go through the motions; but the real vital processes are in spots, in such circumstances, and only in spots, and you must hope that the spots will spread. You must hope that there will enter in or go out from these little nuclei the real juices of life.

What we mean, then, by criticizing the American college is not to discredit what we are doing or have done, but to cry ourselves awake with regard to the proper processes.

§ 67

THE PRESIDENT

By WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

(Delivered by the President of the United States [a few days after having been defeated for re-election] on November 16, 1912, at a dinner of the Lotos Club of New York City.)

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Lotos Club: The legend of the lotos eaters was that if they partook of the fruit of the lotos tree they forgot what had happened in their country and were left in a state of philosophic calm in which they had no desire to return to it.

I do not know what was in the mind of your distinguished Invitation Committee when I was asked to attend this banquet. They came to me before the election. At first I hesitated to come, lest, when the dinner came, by the election I should be shorn of interest as a guest and be changed from an active and virile participant in the day's doings of the nation to merely a dissolving view.

I knew that generally on an occasion of this sort the motive of the diners was to have a guest whose society should bring them more closely into contact with the great present and future, and not be merely a reminder of what has been. But after further consideration, I saw in the name of your club the possibility that you were not merely cold, selfish seekers after pleasures of your own; that perhaps you were organized to furnish consolation to those who mourn, oblivion to those who would forget, an opportunity for a swan song to those about to disappear.

This thought, prompted by the coming, as one of your committee, of the gentleman who knows everything in the world that has happened and is going to happen, and especially that which is going to happen, by reason of his control of the Associated Press, much diminished my confidence in the victory that was to come on election day. I concluded that it was just as well to cast an anchor to the windward and accept

as much real condolence as I could gather in such a hospitable presence as this, and, therefore, my friends, I accepted your invitation and am here.

You have given the toast of "The President," and I take this toast not merely as one of respect to the office and indicative of your love of country and as typical of your loyalty, but I assume for the purposes of to-night that a discussion of the office which I have held and in which I have rejoiced and suffered will not be inappropriate.

It is said that the office of President is the most powerful in the world, because under the Constitution its occupant really can exercise more discretion than an Emperor or King exercises in any of the Governments of modern Europe.

I am not disposed to question this as a matter of reasoning from the actual power given the President in the Constitutional division of governmental functions, but I am bound to say that the consciousness of such power is rarely, if ever, present in the mind of the ordinary individual acting as President, because what chiefly stares him in the face in carrying out any plan of his is the limitation upon the power and not its extent.

Of course, there are happy individuals who are able entirely to ignore those limitations both in mind and practice, and as to them the result may be different. But to one whose training and profession are subordinate to law, the intoxication of power rapidly sobers off in the knowledge of its restrictions and under the prompt reminder of an ever-present and a not always considerate press, as well as by the kindly suggestions that not infrequently come from that hall of Congress in which impeachments are intimated and that smaller chamber in which they are tried.

In these days of progress, reform, uplift, and improvement, a man does not show himself abreast of the age unless he has some changes to suggest. It is the recommended change that marks his being up to date. It may be a change only for the sake of change, but it is responsive to a public demand, and therefore let 's propose it.

It is contrary to my own love for the dear old Constitution

to suggest any alteration in its terms, lest it be regarded as a reflection upon, or a criticism of, that which has been put to the sacred use for one hundred and twenty-five years of maintaining liberty regulated by law, and the guaranty of the rights by law, and the guaranty of the rights of the minority and the individual under the rule of the majority.

But yielding to the modern habit and just to show that though I am a conservative I am not a reactionary or a trilobite, I venture the suggestion that it would aid the efficiency of the executive and center his energy and attention and that of his subordinates in the latter part of his administration upon what is a purely disinterested public service if he were made ineligible after serving one term of six years either to a succeeding or a non-consecutive term.

I am a little specific in this matter, because is seems necessary to be so in order to be understood. I don't care how unambitious or modest a President is; I don't care how determined he is that he himself will not secure his renomination (and there are very few, indeed, who go to that extent), still his subordinates equally interested with him in his reelection will, whenever they have the opportunity, exert their influence and divide their time between the public service and the effort to secure their chief's renomination and reëlection.

It is difficult to prevent the whole Administration from losing a part of its effectiveness for the public good by this diversion to political effort for at least a year of the four of each administration. Were this made impossible by law, I can see no reason why the energy of the President and that of all his subordinates might not be directed rather to making a great record of efficiency in the first and only term than in seeking a second term for that purpose.

Four years is rather a short time in which to work out great governmental policies. Six years is better.

Another suggestion I would make is that legislative steps be taken, for there is nothing in the Constitution to forbid it, bringing more closely together the operation of the executive and legislative branches. The studied effort to maintain these branches rigidly separate is, I think, a mistake.

I would not add any more actual power to the Executive in legislative matters, nor would I give the legislative any more actual power in executive matters. The veto on the one hand and the confirmation of appointments and the ratifications of treaties on the other I would not change. But is does seem to me that they need not be at arm's length, as they are now under our present system.

It has been proposed twice in our history, after the fullest consideration by some of the wisest statesmen we have ever had, to pass a law giving to each department a seat in the Senate and in the House, and a right to enter into the discussion of proposed legislation in either of the national legislative bodies.

This would keep Congress much better informed as to the actual conditions in the executive departments. It would keep the department heads on the *qui vive* with reference to their knowledge of their own departments and their ability to answer appropriate questions in respect to them. It would necessitate the appointment to the Cabinet of men used to debate and to defend their positions, and it would offer an opportunity for the public to judge of the Executive and of his Government much more justly and much more quickly than under our present system.

The ignorance that Congress at times has of what is actually going on in the executive departments and the fact that hours of debate and use of pages of "The Congressional Record" might be avoided by the answer to a single question by a competent Cabinet officer on the floor of either house is frequently brought sharply to the attention of competent observers.

I think, too, it might perhaps promote the amenities between the two branches if this system were introduced. The rules of the two houses, as I am advised, forbid the use of abusive language by one member against the other house or its members. A somewhat close examination of the rules, however, of both houses does not show that there is any limitation upon the parliamentary character of the language which may be directed against the President.

As to him, the members pursue their own sweet will, and that sometimes leads them into language and epithetical description of the Chief Executive that could hardly be called complementary. If members of the Cabinet were allowed the floor their very presence would suggest, in the possibility of reply, moderation in discussing the Administration, which does not now at all times prevail.

The strongest reason for advocating this change, however, is that the influence that the Executive shall have in shaping legislation shall be more in harmony with the responsibility that the people hold him to in respect to it. He is the head of the party that elected him, and as such, if Congress is controlled by the same political party, as it generally is, he is looked to to shape the Congressional policy and to secure the passage of the statutes which the party platform has promised. Now, with such a burden on him, he ought to have a greater means of bringing about what he wishes in the character of the legislation to be considered by Congress, and greater powers of persuasion to secure the adoption of such legislature than those which the mere right to send messages and the mere opportunity of personal consultation with leading members of the House and Senate give him.

I doubt not that the presence of able Cabinet officers on the floor of each house would give greater harmony of plan for the conduct of public business in both houses, and would secure much more valuable legislation in accordance with party plans than we have now. On the other hand, the system would enable Congress to come closer to the Executive, and pry more effectively into each act and compel a disclosure of the reasons jusitfying it immediately at the time of the act, and to keep the public more quickly advised by the direct questions of hostile critics which must be answered, of the progress of business under Executive auspices.

Of course, this is not the complete English system, because it does not give to the Cabinet the power to lead and control legislative action, as the British Government may in Parliament. But it combines so much of that which is valuable,

and as it can be done by a mere act of Congress, I think it ought to be tried.

One of the results of my observation in the Presidency is that the position is not a place to be enjoyed by a sensitive man. Laurence Sterne said, "The Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." The experience in the Presidency toughens the hide of the occupant so as to enable him to resist the stings of criticism directed against him from the time he takes office until he lays it down.

I don't know that this evil has been any greater in this administration than in a previous administration. All I know is that it was my first experience and it seemed to me as if I had been more greatly tried than most Presidents by such methods.

The result, in some respects, is unfortunate in that after one or two efforts to meet the unfounded accusations, despair in the matter leads to indifference and, perhaps, to an indifference toward both just and unjust criticism. This condition helps the comfort of the patient, but I doubt if it makes him a better President.

Of course, the reassuring formula that history will right one and will give one his just meed of praise is consolatory, but it is not altogether satisfactory, because the thought suggests itself that the time for remedying the injustice may be postponed until one is gathered to his fathers, and when he is not particularly interested in earthly history or mundane affairs.

I think the period for successful muckraking is gradually drawing to a close. I hope so. The evil of the cruel injustice that has been done to many public men in this regard will certainly show itself in the future, and we must consider that the ebullition in muckraking literature is only one of the temporary excesses of the times, which is curing itself by tiring those whose patronage formed the motive for its beginning and rise.

In so far as those criticisms are just, of course, they ought not to be avoided. In so far as they are based on facts, whether they are just or unjust, they must be taken at their

value upon the consideration of the facts. But the query arises in respect to those criticisms and attacks that are made without the slightest reference to the facts, and merely for the purpose of invoking popular opposition and distrust, and with the hope that by constant repetition they can escape any possible refutation.

The Presidency is a great office to hold. It is a great honor, and it is surrounded with much that makes it full of pleasure and enjoyment for the occupant in spite of its heavy responsibilities and the shining mark that it presents for misrepresentation and false attack.

I consider that the President of the United States is well paid. The salary by no means measures the contribution to his means of living which the generosity of Congress has afforded, and unless it is the policy of Congress to enable him in his four years to save enough money to live in adequate dignity and comfort thereafter, then the salary is all that it ought to be.

Of course, the great and really the only lasting satisfaction that one can have in the administration of the great office of President is the thought that one has done something permanently useful to his fellow-countrymen. The mere enjoyment of the tinsel of office is ephemeral, and unless one can fix one's memory on real progress made through the exercise of Presidential power, there is little real pleasure in the contemplation of the holding of that or any other office, however great its power or dignity or high its position in the minds of men.

I beg you to believe that in spite of the very emphatic verdict by which I leave the office, I cherish only the deepest gratitude to the American people for having given me the honor of having held the office, and I sincerely hope, in looking back over what has been done, that there is enough of progress made to warrant me in the belief that real good has been accomplished, even though I regret that it has not been greater.

My chief regret is my failure to secure from the Senate the ratification of the general arbitration treaties with France and

Great Britain. I am sure they would have been great steps toward general world peace. What has actually been done I hope has helped the cause of peace, but ratification would have been a concrete and substantial step. I do not despair of ultimate success. We must hope and work on.

The sustained mental work in the Presidential office is not, I think, so great as is generally supposed. The nervous strain is greater. As it should be, the President has a great many assistants to furnish him data and actually to prepare his letters and his official communications. If he is careful, of course, he corrects and changes these enough to put his own personality into them. His time is very much taken up with social functions, state and otherwise. This is inevitable with the affairs of state, and his actual time for real hard intellectual work is limited. That part of his time which is taken up with the smaller patronage of the office, that is, I mean, the local patronage, the postmasters and collectors, is, in my judgment, wasted, and ought to be removed by putting all the local officers in the classified civil service system, so that it shall be automatic in its operation and the President may not be bothered, and the Congressmen and Senators may not be bothered with that which is supposed to aid politically, but which in the end always operates as a burden to the person upon whom its use is thrust.

I observe that the question of how receptions are to be accorded to those who have business at the White House is now under consideration, and I have been considerably amused at the suggestion that it would be possible to do the public business in the presence of everybody, so that all who are interested might draw near to the Executive Office and stand and see and hear the communications from those who enjoy appointed consultations with the head of the nation.

This matter is always the subject of consideration at the beginning of each administration, and it always settles down to an arrangement which satisfies few people, but which allows those who have the most important business generally to have the easiest and longest access to the President. A President has just so much time to see people, and if the num-

ber of people is very great, as it always is at the beginning of an administration, the amount of time he can give each is very limited. No matter what is done, it will be certain that somebody's toes are stepped on, and when I am asked what is the proper way of arranging receptions of people under conditions which exist, I am forced to tell the story of a gentleman who lived on Sascatchequarle Creek. He was asked how he spelled the name of the creek, and he said: "Some spells it one way and some spells it another, but in my judgment there are no correct way of spelling it."

And now, my friends, I come to the final question which is of immediate moment to me, and in respect to which I observe some discussion and comment and suggestion in the press of the day, "What are we to do with our ex-Presidents?"

I am not sure Dr. Osler's method of dealing with elderly men would not properly and usefully apply to the treatment of ex-Presidents. The proper and scientific administration of a dose of chloroform or of the fruit of the lotos tree and the reduction of the flesh of the thus quietly departed to ashes in a funeral pyre, to satisfy the wishes of the friends and families, might make a fitting end to the life of one who had held the highest office and at the same time would secure the country from the troublesome fear that the occupant could ever come back.

His record would have been made by one term and his demise in the honorable ceremony I have suggested would relieve the country from the burden of thinking how he is to support himself and his family, would fix his place in history and enable the public to pass on to new men and new measures. I commend this method for consideration.

I observe that our friend, Mr. Bryan, proposes another method of disposing of our ex-Presidents. Mr. Bryan has not exactly the experience of being a President. He has been a "near President" for three times, and possibly that qualifies him as an expert to speak of what we ought to do with our ex-Presidents. He has been very vigorous in this campaign in helping to make me an ex-President, and if I

have followed with accuracy his public declarations and his private opinions, he is anxious to perform the office of making my successor an ex-President after one term.

As a Warwick and as a maker of ex-Presidents, I think we should give great and respectful consideration to his suggestion. Instead of ending the ex-Presidential life by chloroform or lotos eating, he proposes that it should expire under the anesthetic effect of the debates of the Senate. He proposes that ex-Presidents should be confined to the business of sitting in the Senate and listening to the discussions in that body. We may assume that he proposes that the ex-Presidents shall share the burden of the Vice-President as he listens to the soliloquies which the various members of that body pour into "The Congressional Record," while the remainder of the Senators are engaged in more entertaining and less somnolent occupation.

The ex-Presidents are to have seats in the Senate and join in the discussion, but not to vote. Why Mr. Bryan should think it necessary to add to the discussion in the Senate the lucubrations of ex-Presidents, I am at a loss to say. I cannot conceive of any reform in the Senate which does not lead to a limit in their debate.

For many reasons, I object to Mr. Bryan's disposition of ex-Presidents. If I must go and disappear into oblivion, I prefer to go by the chloroform or lotos method. It is pleasanter and it 's less drawn out.

But, my friends, I have occupied your time too long in my cursory remarks, the subject of which at times may have seemed too sober and grave for lotos eaters, but as the office of the Presidency is still in my keeping, and as the thought of parting with it is perhaps the most prominent one that figures in my mind, I have ventured to discuss it in accents both grave and gay. I wish to express deep gratitude to you for the honor which you have done me in making me your guest to-night, and I close with a sentiment and a toast to which I most sincerely and cordially ask your unanimous acclaim:

"Health and success to the able, distinguished and patriotic

gentleman who is to be the next President of the United States."

§ 68

SPEECH AT BAR DINNER

By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, Jr.

(Speech of Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, at a banquet in his honor given by the Suffolk Bar Association, Boston, March 7, 1900, upon his elevation to the Chief Justiceship of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts.)

GENTLEMEN OF THE SUFFOLK BAR: The kindness of this reception almost unmans me, and it shakes me the more when taken with a kind of seriousness which the moment has for me. As with a drowning man, the past is telescoped into a minute, and the stages are all here at once in my mind. The day before yesterday I was at the law school, fresh from the army, arguing cases in a little club with Goulding and Beaman and Peter Olney, and laying the dust of pleading by certain sprinklings which Huntington Jackson, another ex-soldier, and I managed to contrive together. A little later in the day, in Bob Morse's, I saw a real writ, acquired a practical conviction of the difference between assumpsit and trover, and marveled open-mouthed at the swift certainty with which a master of his business turned it off.

Yesterday I was at the law school again, in the chair instead of on the benches, when my dear partner, Shattuck, came out and told me that in one hour the Governor would submit my name to the council for a judgeship, if notified of my assent. It was a stroke of lightning which changed the whole course of my life.

And the day before yesterday, gentlemen, was thirty-five years, and yesterday was more than eighteen years, ago. I have gone on feeling young, but I have noticed that I have met fewer of the old to whom to show my deference, and recently I was startled by being told that ours is an old bench.

Well, I accept the fact, although I find it hard to realize, and I ask myself, what is there to show for this half lifetime that has passed? I look into my book in which I keep a docket of the decisions of the full court which fall to me to write, and find about a thousand cases. A thousand cases, many of them upon trifling or transitory matters, to represent nearly half a lifetime! A thousand cases, when one would have liked to study to the bottom and to say his say on every question which the law ever has presented, and then to go on and invent new problems which should be the test of doctrine, and then to generalize it all and write it in continuous, logical, philosophic exposition, setting forth the whole corpus with its roots in history and its justifications of expedience, real or supposed!

Alas, gentlemen, that is life. I often imagine Shakespeare or Napoleon summing himself up and thinking: "Yes, I have written five thousand lines of solid gold, and a good deal of padding—I, who have covered the milky way with words which outshine the stars!" "Yes, I beat the Austrians in Italy and elsewhere; I made a few brilliant campaigns, and I ended in middle life in a *cul-de-sac*—I who had dreamed of a world monarchy and of Asiatic power!" We cannot live in our dreams. We are lucky enough if we can give a sample of our best, and if in our hearts we can feel that it has been nobly done.

Some changes come about in the process; changes not necessarily so much in the nature as in the emphasis of our interest. I do not mean in our wish to make a living and to succeed—of course, we all want those things—but I mean in our ulterior intellectual or spiritual interests, in the ideal part, without which we are but snails or tigers.

One begins with a search for a general point of view. After a time he finds one, and then for a while he is absorbed in testing it, in trying to satisfy himself it is true. But after many experiments or investigations, all have come out one way, and his theory is confirmed and settled in his mind; he knows in advance that the next case will be but another verification, and the stimulus of anxious curiosity is gone.

He realizes that his branch of knowledge only presents more illustrations of the universal principle; he sees it all as another case of the same old ennui, or the same sublime mystery—for it does not matter what epithets you apply to the whole of things, they are merely judgments of yourself. At this stage the pleasure is no less, perhaps, but it is the pure pleasure of doing the work, irrespective of further aims, and when you reach that stage you reach, as it seems to me, the triune formula of the joy, the duty and the end of life.

It was of this that Malebranche was thinking when he said that, if God held in one hand truth and in the other the pursuit of truth, he would say: "Lord, the truth is for thee alone; give me the pursuit." The joy of life is to put out one's power in some natural and useful or harmless way. There is no other. And the real misery is not to do this. The hell of the old world's literature is to be taxed beyond powers. This country has expressed in story—I suppose because it has experienced it in life—a deeper abyss of intellectual asphyxia or vital ennui, when powers conscious of themselves are denied their chance.

The rule of joy and the law of duty seem to me all one. I confess that altruistic and cynically selfish talk seem to me about equally unreal. With all humility, I think "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," infinitely more important than the vain attempt to love one's neighbor as one's self. If you want to hit a bird on the wing, you must have all your will in a focus, you must not be thinking about yourself, and, equally, you must not be thinking about your neighbor; you must be living in your eye on that bird. Every achievement is a bird on the wing.

The joy, the duty, and, I venture to add, the end of life. I speak only of this world, of course, and of the teachings of this world. I do not seek to trench upon the province of spiritual guides. But from the point of view of the world the end of life is life. Life is action, the use of one's powers. As to use them to their height is our joy and duty, so it is the one end that justifies itself. Until lately the best thing that I was able to think of in favor of civilization, apart from

blind acceptance of the order of the universe, was that it made possible the artist, the poet, the philosopher, and the man of science. But I think that is not the greatest thing. Now I believe that the greatest thing is a matter that comes directly home to us all. When it is said that we are too much occupied with the means of living to live, I answer that the chief work of civilization is just that it makes the means of living more complex; that it calls for great and combined intellectual efforts, instead of simple, uncoördinated ones, in order that the crowd may be fed and clothed and housed and moved from place to place. Because more complex and intense intellectual efforts mean a fuller and richer life. They mean more life. Life is an end in itself, and the only question as to whether it is worth living is whether you have enough of it.

I will add but a word. We are all very near despair. The sheathing that floats us over its waves is compounded of hope, faith in the unexplainable worth and sure issue of effort, and the deep, subsconcious content which comes from the exercise of our powers. In the words of a touching negro song: "sometimes I 's up, sometimes I 's down, sometimes I 's almost to the groun'," but these thoughts have carried me, as I hope they will carry the young men who hear me, through long years of doubt, self-distrust and solitude. They do now, for, although it might seem that the day of trial was over, in fact it is renewed each day. The kindness which you have shown me makes me bold in happy moments to believe that the long and passionate struggle has not been quite in vain.

§ 69

THE PURITAN AND THE CAVALIER

By HENRY WATTERSON

(Speech by the distinguished editor of the Louisville *Courier Journal* at the eighty-ninth anniversary banquet of the New England Society in the City of New York, December 22, 1894.)

Mr. President and Gentlemen: Eight years ago, to-night, there stood where I am standing now a young Georgian, who, not without reason, recognized the "significance" of his presence here—"the first Southerner to speak at this board"—a circumstance, let me add, not very creditable to any of us—and in words whose eloquence I cannot hope to recall, appealed from the New South to New England for a united country.

He was my disciple, my portégé, my friend. He came to me from the Southern schools, where he had perused the arts of oratory and letters, to get a few hints in journalism, as he said; needing so few, indeed, that, but a little later, I sent him to one of the foremost journalists of this foremost city, bearing a letter of introduction, which described him as "the greatest boy ever born in Dixie, or anywhere else."

He is gone now. But, short as his life was, its heaven-born mission was fulfilled; the dream of his childhood was realized; for he had been appointed by God to carry a message of peace on earth, good-will to men, and, this done, he vanished from the sight of mortal eyes, even as the dove from the ark.

I mean to take up the word where Grady left it off, but I shall continue the sentence with a somewhat larger confidence, and, perhaps, with a somewhat fuller meaning; because, notwithstanding the Puritan trappings, traditions, and associations which surround me—visible illustrations of the self-denying fortitude of the Puritan character and the somber simplicity of the Puritan taste and habit—I never felt less out of place in all my life.

To tell you the truth, I am afraid that I have gained access

here on false pretenses; for I am no Cavalier at all; just plain Scotch-Irish; one of those Scotch-Irish Southerners who ate no fire in the green leaf and has eaten no dirt in the brown, and who, accepting, for the moment, the terms Puritan and Cavalier in the sense an effete sectionalism once sought to ascribe to them—descriptive labels at once classifying and separating North and South—verbal redoubts along that mythical line called Mason and Dixon, over which there were supposed by the extremists of other days to be no bridges—I am much disposed to say, "A plague o' both your houses!"

Each was good enough and bad enough in its way, whilst they lasted; each in its turn filled the English-speaking world with mourning; and each, if either could have resisted the infection of the soil and climate they found here, would be to-day striving at the sword's point to square life by the iron rule of Theocracy, or to round it by the dizzy whirl of a petticoat! It is very pretty to read about the Maypole in Virginia and very edifying and inspiring to celebrate the deeds of the Pilgrim Fathers. But there is not Cavalier blood enough left in the Old Dominion to produce a single crop of first families, whilst out in Nebraska and Iowa they claim that they have so stripped New England of her Puritan stock as to spare her hardly enough for farm hands. This I do know, from personal experience, that it is impossible for the stranger-guest, sitting beneath a bower of roses in the Palmetto Club at Charleston, or by a mimic log-heap in the Algonquin Club at Boston, to tell the assembled company apart, particularly after ten o'clock in the evening! Why, in that great, final struggle between the Puritans and the Cavaliers—which we still hear sometimes casually mentioned—although it ended nearly thirty years ago, there had been such a mixing up of Puritan babies and Cavalier babies during the two or three generations preceding it, that the surviving grandmothers of the combatants could not, except for their uniforms, have picked out their own on any field of battle! Turning to the "Cyclopedia of American Biography" I find that Webster had all the vices that are supposed to have signalized the Cavalier, and Calhoun all the virtues that are

claimed for the Puritan. During twenty years three statesmen of Puritan origin were the chosen party leaders of Cavalier Mississippi: Robert J. Walker, born and reared in Pennsylvania; John A. Quitman, born and reared in New York, and Sargent S. Prentiss, born and reared in the good old State of Maine. That sturdy Puritan, John Slidell, never saw Louisiana until he was old enough to vote and to fight; native here—an alumnus of Columbia College—but sprung from New England ancestors. Albert Sidney Johnston, the most resplendent of modern Cavaliers—from tip to toe a type of the species—the very rose and expectancy of the young Confederacy—did not have a drop of Southern blood in his veins; Yankee on both sides of the house, though born in Kentucky a little while after his father and mother arrived there from Connecticut. The Ambassador who serves our Government near the French Republic was a gallant Confederate soldier and is a representative Southern statesman; but he owns real estate in Massachusetts where his father was born, and where his father's fathers lived through many generations.

And the Cavaliers, who missed their stirrups, somehow, and got into Yankee saddles? The woods were full of them. If Custer was not a Cavalier, Rupert was a Puritan. And Sherwood and Wadsworth and Kearny, and McPherson and their dashing companions and followers! The one typical Puritan soldier of the war—mark you!—was a Southern, and not a Northern, soldier; Stonewall Jackson, of the Virginia line. And, if we should care to pursue the subject farther back, what about Ethan Allen and John Stark and Mad Anthony Wayne—Cavaliers each and every one? Indeed, from Israel Putnam to "Buffalo Bill," it seems to me the Puritans have had rather the best of it in turning out Cavaliers. So the least said about the Puritan and the Cavalier—except as the blessed memories or horrid examples—the better for historic accuracy.

If you wish to get at the bottom facts, I don't mind telling you—in confidence—that it was we Scotch-Irish who vanquished both of you—some of us in peace—others of us in war

—supplying the missing link of adaptability—the needed ingredient of common sense—the conservative principle of creed and action, to which this generation of Americans owes its intellectual and moral emancipation from frivolity and pharisaism—its rescue from the Scarlet Woman and the mailed hand—and its crystallization into a national character and polity, ruling by force of brains and not by force of arms.

Gentlemen—Sir—I, too, have been to Boston. Strange as the admission may seem, it is true; and I live to tell the tale. I have been to Boston; and when I declare that I found there many things that suggested the Cavalier and did not suggest the Puritan, I shall not say I was sorry. But among other things, I found there a civilization perfect in its union of the art of living with the grace of life; an Americanism ideal in its simple strength. Grady told us, and told us truly, of that typical American who, in Dr. Talmage's mind's eye, was coming, but who, in Abraham Lincoln's actuality, had already come. In some recent studies into the career of that great man, I have encountered many startling confirmations of this judgment; and from that rugged trunk, drawing its sustenance from gnarled roots, interlocked with Cavalier sprays and Puritan branches deep beneath the soil, shall spring, is springing, a shapely tree—symmetric in all its parts—under whose sheltering boughs this nation shall have the new birth of freedom Lincoln promised it, and mankind the refuge which was sought by the forefathers when they fled from oppression. Thank God, the ax, the gippet, and the stake have had their day. They have gone, let us hope, to keep company with the lost arts. It has been demonstrated that great wrongs may be redressed and great reforms be achieved without the shedding of one drop of human blood; that vengeance does not purify, but brutalizes; and that tolerance, which in private transactions is reckoned a virtue, becomes in public affairs a dogma of the most far-seeing statesmanship. Else how could this noble city have been redeemed from bondage? It was held like a castle of the Middle Ages by robber barons, who levied tribute right and left. Yet have the mounds and dykes of corruption been carried—from but-

tress to bell-tower the walls of crime have fallen—without a shot out of a gun, and still no fires of Smithfield to light the pathway of the victor, no bloody assizes to vindicate the justice of the cause; nor need of any.

So I appeal from the men in silken hose who danced to music made by slaves—and called it freedom—from the men in bell-crowned hats, who led Hester Prynne to her shame—and called it religion—to that Americanism which reaches forth its arms to smite wrong with reason and truth, secure in the power of both. I appeal from the patriarchs of New England to the poets of New England; from Endicott to Lowell; from Winthrop to Longfellow; from Norton to Holmes; and I appeal in the name and by the rights of that common citizenship—of that common origin—back both of the Puritan and the Cavalier—to which all of us owe our being. Let the dead past, consecrated by the blood of its martyrs, not by its savage hatreds—darkened alike by kingcraft and priestcraft—let the dead past bury its dead. Let the present and the future ring with the song of the singers. Blessed be the lessons they teach, the laws they make. Blessed be the eye to see, the light to reveal. Blessed be Tolerance, sitting ever on the right hand of God to guide the way with loving word, as blessed be all that brings us nearer the goal of true religion, true Republicanism and true patriotism, distrust of watchwords and labels, shams and heroes, belief in our country and ourselves. It was not Cotton Mather, but John Greenleaf Whittier, who cried:

"Dear God and Father of us all,
Forgive our faith in cruel lies,
Forgive the blindness that denies.

"Cast down our idols—overturn
Our bloody altars—make us see
Thyself in Thy humanity!"

§ 70

SMASHED CROCKERY

By ST. CLAIR McKELWAY

(Speech by the editor of the *Brooklyn Eagle* before the National Society of China Importers, New York City, February 6, 1896.)

Mr. Chairman and Friends: The china I buy abroad is marked "Fragile" in shipment. That which I buy at home is marked: "Glass—This Side Up With Care." The foreign word of caution is fact. The American note of warning is fiction—with a moral motive. The common purpose of both is protection from freight fractors and baggage smashers. The European appeals to knowledge. The American addresses the imagination. The one expresses the truth. The other extends it. Neither is entirely successful. The skill and care of shippers cannot always victoriously cope with the innate destructiveness of fallen human nature. There is a great deal of smashed crockery in the world.

You who are masters in the art of packing things and we whose vocation is the art of putting things, both have reason to know that no pains of placing or of preparation will guarantee freight or phrases, plates or propositions, china of any kind or principles of any sort, from the dangers of travel or from the tests of time. Your goods and our wares have to take their chances in their way across the seas, throughout the land and around the world. You lose some of yours merely in handling. The defects of firing cannot be always foreseen. The intrusion of inferior clay cannot be always prevented. The mere friction of contact may produce bad nicks. Nor is the fineness nor the excellence of the product an insurance against mishaps. From your factories or stores your output is at the mercy of carriers without compunction, and in our homes it is exposed to the heavy hands of servants without sentiment. The pleasure of many a dinner is impaired by the fear or the consciousness that

inapt peasants are playing havoc with the treasures of art on which the courses are served.

If, however, the ceramic kingdom is strewn with smashed crockery, how much more so are the worlds of theology, medicine, politics, society, law, and the like. No finer piece of plate was ever put forth than the one inscribed: "I will believe only what I know." It was for years agreeable to the pride and vanity of the race. It made many a fool feel as if his head was lifted as high as the heavens, and that at every step he knocked out a star. When, however, the discovery was made that this assumption to displace deity amounted to a failure to comprehend nature, some disappointment was admitted. He who affected by searching to find out and to equal God could not explain the power by which a tree pumps its sap from roots to leaves, or why a baby rabbit rejects the grasses that would harm it, or why a puling infant divines its mother among the motley and multitudinous mass of sibilant saints at a sewing society which is discussing the last wedding and the next divorce. He "who admits only what he understands" would have to look on himself as a conundrum and then give the conundrum up. He would have the longest doubts and the shortest creed on record. Agnosticism is part of the smashed crockery of the moral universe.

Nor is the smug and confident contention: "Medicine is a science, one and indivisible," so impressive and undented as it was. Sir Astley Cooper in his plain, blunt way is reported to have described his own idea of his own calling as "a science founded on conjecture and improved by murder." The State of New York has rudely stepped in and legally and irrevocably recognized three schools of medicine and will recognize a four or a fifth as soon as it establishes itself by a sufficient number of cures or in a sufficient number of cemeteries. Medical intolerance cannot be legislated out of existence, but it has no further recognition in legislation. A common and considerable degree of general learning is by the State required of all intending students of medicine. An equal and extended degree of professional study is required. An identi-

cal measure of final examination with state certification and state licensure is required. The claim that men and women must die *secundum artem* in order to have any permit to live here or to live hereafter, has gone to the limbo of smashed crockery in the realm of therapeutics. The arrogant pretension that men must die *secundum artem* has been adjourned —*sine die*. And the State which prescribes uniform qualifications among the schools will yet require uniform consultations between them in the interest of the people whom they impartially prod and concurrently purge with diversity of methods, but with parity of price.

Other long impressive and long pretty plaques have also been incontinently smashed. One was lovingly lettered: "Once a Democrat, always a Democrat." Another was inscribed: "Unconditional Republicanism." In the white light of to-day the truth that an invariable partizan is an occasional lunatic becomes impressively apparent. Party under increasing civilization is a factor, not a fetish. It is a means, not an end. It is an instrument, not a idol. Man is its master, not its slave. Not that men will cease to act on party lines. Party lines are the true divisional boundary between schools of thought. No commission is needed to discover or to establish those lines. They have made their own route or course in human nature. The bondage from which men will free themselves is bondage to party organizations. Those organizations are combinations for power and spoils. They are feudal in their form, predatory in their spirit, military in their methods, but they necessarily bear no more relation to political principles than Italian banditti do to Italian unity, or the men who hold up railway trains do to the laws of transportation. Party slavery is a bad and disappearing form of smashed crockery.

The smashed crockery of society and of law could also be remarked. Our father's dictum, that it is the only duty of women to be charming, deserves to be sent into retirement. It is no more their duty to be charming than it is the duty of the sun to light, or the rose to perfume, or the trees to cast a friendly shade. A function is not a duty. In the right

sense of the word it is a nature or a habit. It is the property of women and it is their prerogative to be charming, but if they made it a duty, the effort would fail, for the intention would be apparent and the end would impeach the means. Indeed, the whole theory of the eighteenth century about women has gone to the limbo of smashed crockery. It has been found that education does not hurt her. It has been discovered that learning strengthens her like a tonic and becomes her like a decoration. It has been discovered that she can compete with men in the domain of lighter labor, in several of the professions, and in not a few of the useful arts. The impression of her as a pawn, a property or a plaything, came down from paganism to Christianity and was too long retained by the Christian world. There is even danger of excess in the liberality now extended to her. The toast, "Woman, Once Our Superior and Now Our Equal," is not without satire as well as significance. There must be a measurable reaction against the ultra tendency in progress which has evolved the New Woman, as the phrase is. I never met one and I hope I never shall. The women of the present, the girls of the period, the sex up-to-date, will more than suffice to double our joys and treble our expenses. The new fads, as well as the old fallacies, can be thrown among the smashed crockery of demolished and discarded misconceptions.

I intended to say much about the smashed crockery of the lawyers. I intended to touch upon the exploded claim that clients are their slaves, witnesses theirs for vivisection, courts their playthings, and juries their dupes. More mummery has thrived in law than in even medicine or theology. The disenchanting and discriminating tendency of a realistic age has, however, somewhat reformed the bar. Fluency, without force, is discounted in our courts. The merely smart practitioner finds his measure quickly taken and that the conscientious members of his calling hold him at arm's length. Judges are learning that they are not rated wise when they are obscure, or profound when they are stupid, or mysterious when they are reserved. Publicity is abating many of the

abuses both of the bench and the bar. It will before long, even in this judicial department, require both rich and poor to stand equal before the bar of justice. The conjugal complications of plutocrats will not be sealed up from general view by sycophantic magistrates, while the matrimonial infelicities of the less well-to-do are spread abroad on the records. The still continuing scandals of partitioning refereeships among the family relatives of judges will soon be stopped and the shame and scandal of damage suits or of libel suits, without cause, maintained by procured and false testimony and conducted on sheer speculation, will be brought to an end. The law is full of rare crockery, but it is also replete with crockery that ought to be smashed. Much bad crockery in it has been smashed and much more will be, if necessary, by the press, which is itself not without considerable ceramic material that could be pulverized with signal benefit to the public and to the fourth estate.

But why am I talking about smashed crockery when I am told that it is the very life of your trade? Were crockery imperishable this would be the last dinner of your association. Your members would be eating cold victuals at area doors, passed to you on the plates you have made, by the domestics whose free and easy carelessness is really the foundation of your fortunes. You want crockery to be smashed, because the more smash the more crockery and the more crockery the more output, and the more output the more revenue, and the more revenue the more Waldorf dinners, and the more Waldorf dinners the more opportunity for you to make the men of other callings stand and deliver those speeches, which I like to hear, and in the hope of hearing which I now give way.

§ 71

THE TYPICAL DUTCHMAN

By HENRY VAN DYKE

(Speech by the pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church of New York at the annual banquet of the Holland Society of New York January 10, 1890.)

Mr. President and Members of the Holland Society: Who is the typical Dutchman? Rembrandt, the splendid artist; Erasmus, the brilliant scholar; Coster, the inventor of printing; Leuwenhoek, the profound scientist; Grotius, the great lawyer; Barendz, the daring explorer; De Witt, the skilful statesman; Van Tromp, the trump of admirals; William the Silent, heroic defender of liberty against a world of tyranny; William III, the emancipator of England, whose firm, peaceful hand, just two centuries ago, set the Anglo-Saxon race free to fulfil its mighty destiny—what hero, artist, philosopher, discoverer, lawgiver, admiral, general or monarch shall we choose from the long list of Hollands' illustrious dead to stand as the typical Dutchman?

Nay, not one of these men, famous as they were, can fill the pedestal of honor to-night. For though their glorious achievements have lent an undying luster to the name of Holland, the qualities that really created her and made her great, lifted her in triumph from the sullen sea, massed her inhabitants like a living bulwark against oppression, filled her cities with the light of learning and her homes with the arts of peace, covered the ocean with her ships and the islands with her colonies—the qualities that made Holland great were the qualities of the common people. The ideal character of the Dutch race is not an exceptional genius, but a plain, brave, straightforward, kind-hearted, liberty-loving, law-abiding citizen—a man with a healthy conscience, a good digestion, and a cheerful determination to do his duty in the sphere of life to which God has called him. Let me try to etch the portrait of such a man in few and simple lines. Grant me but six strokes for the picture.

The typical Dutchman is an honest man, and that 's the noblest work of God. Physically he may be—and if he attends these dinners he probably will be—more or less round. But morally he must be square. And surely in this age of sham, when there is so much plated ware that passes itself off for solid silver, and so much work done at half measure and charged at full price—so many doctors who buy diplomas, and lawyers whose names should be "Necessity," because they know no law, and preachers who insist on keeping in their creeds doctrines which they do not profess to believe —surely in this age, in which skyrockets are so plentiful and well-seasoned firewood is so scarce, the man who is most needed is not the genius, the discoverer, the brilliant sayer of new things, but simply the honest man, who speaks the truth, pays his debts, does his work thoroughly, and is satisfied with what he has earned.

The typical Dutchman is a free man. Liberty is his passion; and has been since the days of Leyden and Alkmaar. It runs in the blood. A descendant of the old Batavian who fought against Rome is bound to be free at any cost: he hates tyranny in every form.

> "I honor the man who is ready to sink
> Half his present repute for the freedom to think;
> And when he has thought, be his cause strong or weak,
> Will sink t'other half of the freedom to speak,
> Caring naught for what vengeance the mob has in store,
> Let that mob be the upper ten thousand, or lower." [1]

That is the spirit of the typical Dutchman. Never has it been more needed than it is to-day; to guard our land against the oppression of the plutocrat on the one hand, and the demagogue on the other hand; to prevent a government of the parties by the bosses for the spoils, and to preserve a government of the people, by the people, for the people.

[1] James Russell Lowell.

The typical Dutchman is a prudent man. He will be free to chose for himself; but he generally chooses to do nothing rash. He does not admire those movements which are like the Chinaman's description of the toboggan-slide, "Whiz! Walk a mile!" He prefers a one-story ground-rent to a twelve-story mortgage with an elevator. He has a constitutional aversion to unnecessary risks. In society, in philosophy, in commerce, he sticks to the old way until he knows that the new one is better. On the train of progress he usually sits in the middle car, sometimes in the smoker, but never on the cow-catcher. And yet he arrives at his destination all the same.

The typical Dutchman is a devout man. He could not respect himself if he did not reverence God. Religion was at the center of Holland's most glorious life, and it is impossible to understand that sturdy heroism and cheerful industry of our Dutch forefathers without remembering that whether they ate or drank or labored or prayed or fought or sailed or farmed, they did all to the glory of God. The only difference between New Amsterdam and New England was this: The Puritans founded a religious community with commercial principles; the Dutchman founded a commercial community with religious principles. Which was the better I do not say; but everyone knows which was the happier to live in.

The typical Dutchman is a liberal man. He believes, but he does not persecute. He says, in the immortal words of William III, "Conscience is God's province." So it came to pass that New Amsterdam became the asylum for the oppressed in the New World, as Old Amsterdam had been in the Old World. No witches burned; no Quakers flogged; peace and fair chances for everybody; love God as much as you can, and don't forget to love your neighbor as yourself. How excellent the character in which piety and charity are joined! While I have been speaking you have been thinking of one who showed us the harmony of such a character in his living presence—Judge Hooper C. Van Vorst, the first Presi-

dent of the Holland Society—an honest lawyer, an upright judge, a prudent counselor, a sincere Christian, a genial companion. While such a man lives his fellowship is a blessing, and when he dies his memory is sacred.

But one more stroke remains to be added to the picture. The typical Dutchman is a man of few words. Perhaps I ought to say *he was:* for in this talkative age, even in The Holland Society, a degenerate speaker will forget himself so far as not to keep silence when he talks about the typical Dutchman. But those old companions who came to this country previous to the year 1675, as Dutch citizens, under the Dutch flag, and holding their tongues in the Dutch language,—ah, they understood their business. Their motto was *facto non verba.* They are the men we praise to-night in our:—

SONG OF THE TYPICAL DUTCHMAN

They sailed from the shores of the Zuider Zee
  Across the stormy ocean,
To build for the world a new country
  According to their notion;
A land where thought should be free as air,
  And speech be free as water;
Where man to man should be just and fair,
  And Law be Liberty's daughter.
    They were brave and kind,
    And of simple mind,
And the world has need of such men;
    So we say with pride,
    (On the father's side),
That they were typical Dutchmen.

They bought their land in an honest way,
  For the red man was their neighbor;
They farmed it well, and made it pay
  By the increment of labor.
They ate their bread in the sweat o' their brow,
  And smoked their pipes at leisure;
For they said then, as we say now,
  That the fruit of toil is pleasure.
    When their work was done,
    They had their fun,

And the world has need of such men;
So we say with pride,
(On the father's side),
That they were typical Dutchmen.

They held their faith without offense,
And said their prayers on Sunday;
But they never could see a bit of sense
In burning a witch on Monday.
They loved their God with a love so true,
And with a head so level,
That they could afford to love men too,
And not be afraid of the devil.
They kept their creed
In word and deed,
And the world has need of such men;
So we say with pride,
(On the father's side),
That they were typical Dutchmen.

When the English fleet sailed up the bay,
The small Dutch town was taken;
But the Dutchmen there had come to stay,
Their hold was never shaken.
They could keep right on, and work and wait
For the freedom of the nation;
And we claim to-day that New York State
Is built on a Dutch foundation.
They were solid and strong,
They have lasted long,
And the world has need of such men;
So we say with pride,
(On the father's side),
That they were typical Dutchmen.

§ 72

THE WAMPUM OF THE INDIANS

By JOSEPH C. HENDRIX

(Speech by a Congressman from New York at the fifteenth annual dinner of the New England Society in the City of Brooklyn, December 21, 1894.)

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY: While your poetic souls are attuned to the sweet music of the last speech, I must chide the Fates which compel me to so suddenly precipitate upon you a discussion of a practical nature, especially when at the very outset I must begin to talk about clams. For when we begin to consider wampum we have to begin to consider the familiar hard-shell clam of daily use, which was the basis of wampum. At this stage of the feast, after the confections contained in that eulogium passed upon you by the Governor of Massachusetts [Frederick T. Greenhalge], and after that private parlor-car, canvas-back-duck, cold-champagne view of consolidation taken by the great trunk-line president [Chauncey M. Depew], can you endure anything savoring of the clam? Would you not prefer to go home and sleep upon what you already have? Yet every loyal son of Long Island ought to be partial to clams. The Mayor [Charles A. Schieren], who typifies what a German head can do in a contest with an Irish appetite, should love them because they reside within the city limits, and have ceased to vote in Gravesend. You, Mr. Chairman, as a lawyer, ought to tolerate the clam, for there are two sides to the case, and there's meat inside. Our friend the preacher [Rev. Samuel A. Eliot] knows that they are as good every day in the week as they are on Sunday. Dr. Johnson [Dr. J. G. Johnson] there favors them as part of his internal revenue system. The Mugwumps cannot object to them, because they change from side to side so easily. The Democrats ought to like anything that is always digging a hole for itself, and the Republicans cannot but be patient with what comes on top at the change of the tide. So, gentlemen, I present to you the clam. Professor Hooper [Franklin W. Hooper] tells me to call it the *Venus Mercenaria,* but we shall have to wait for our free public library before venturing so far.

You remember, when you were children, looking over the old story-book handed down to you by the Puritan fathers, that one of the conundrums with which the gayety of their times was illustrated was, "Who was the shortest man in the

Bible?" The answer was, "Bildad, the Shuhite"; but now, in the revised text it is Peter, because Peter said: "Silver and gold have I none," and no one could be shorter than that. The North American Indian was no better off than Peter in his gold reserve or silver supply; but he managed to get along with the quahog clam. That was the money substance out of which he made the wampum, and the shell-heaps scattered over the island are mute monuments to an industry which was blasted by the demonetization of the hard-shell clam. Wampum was a good money in the Indian civilization. It was the product of human labor as difficult and tedious as the labor of the gold-miner of to-day. It had intrinsic value, for it was redeemable in anything the Indian had to give, from his skill in the chase to his squaw. It took time, patience, endurance and skill to make a thing af beauty out of a clam, even in the eyes of an Indian, but when the squaws and the old men had ground down the tough end of the shell to the size of a wheat straw, and had bored it with a silver flint, and strung it upon a thew of deerskin, and tested its smoothness on the noses, they had an article which had as much power over an Indian mind as a grain of gold to-day has over us. There were two kinds of wampum, the blue and the white. The Montauks to this day know that there is a difference between the two. The blue came from our clam. The white, which was the product of the periwinkle, did not need so much labor to fit it for use as wampum, and it was cheaper. The blue was the gold; the white was the silver. One blue bead was worth two white ones. The Indians did not try to keep up any parity of the beads. They let each kind go for just what it was worth. The Puritans used to restring the beads and keep the blue ones. Then the Indians strung their scalps.

Why was wampum good money in its time? The supply was limited. It took a day to make four or five beads. It was in itself a thing of value to the Indian for ornament. It was easily carried about from place to place. It was practically indestructible. It was always alike. It was divisible. The value attached to it did not vary. It was not easily

counterfeited. So it was that it became the money of the colonists; a legal tender in Massachusetts and the tool of the primitive commerce of this continent. The Puritan took it for the firewater and gave it back for furs. Long Island was the great mint for this pastoral coinage. It was called the "Mine of the New Netherlands." The Indian walked the beach at Rockaway, dug his toes in the sand, turned up a clam, and after swallowing the contents carried the shells to the mint. Gold and silver at the mouth of a mine obtain their chief value from the labor it takes to get the metals; wampum was the refinement by labor of a money substance free to all. The redemption of wampum was perfect. To the Indians it was a seal to treaties, an amulet in danger, an affidavit, small change, a savings' bank, a wedding ring and a dress suit. To this day the belt of wampum is the storehouse of Indian treasure. In the Six Nations, when a big chief made an assertion in council, he laid down a belt of wampum, as though to say, "Money talks." The Iroquois sent a belt of it to the King of England when they asked his protection. William Penn got a strip when he made his treaty. The Indians braided rude pictures into it, which recorded great events. They talked their ideas into it, as we do into a phonograph. They sent messages in it. White beads between rows of dark ones represented a path of peace, as though to say: "Big chief no longer got Congress on his hands." A string of dark beads was a message of war or the death of a chief, and a string of white beads rolled in mud was equivalent to saying that there was crape on the door of Tammany Hall. So you see that it was a combined post-office, telegraph, telephone, phonograph and newspaper.

The Iroquois had a keeper of wampum—a sort of secretary of the treasury without the task of keeping nine different kinds of money on a parity. This old Indian financier had simple and correct principles. No one could persuade him to issue birch-bark promises to pay and delude himself with the belief that he could thus create money. He certainly would have called them a debt, and would have paid them off as fast as he could. Nor can we imagine him trying to

sustain the value of the white wampum after the Puritans started in to make it out of oyster shells by machinery. Nor would he have bought it, not needing it, and have issued against it his promises to pay in good wampum as fast and as often as they were presented.

It was said that wampum was so cunningly made that neither Jew nor Devil could counterfeit it. Nevertheless a Connecticut Yankee rigged up a machine that so disturbed the market value of the beads that in a short time the Long Island mints were closed to the free coinage of clams. Wampum was demonetized through counterfeit, overproduction and imitation; but when this occurred the gentle Puritan didn't have enough of it left to supply the museums. The Indian had parted with his lands and his furs, had redeemed all the outstanding wampum with his labor, and when he went to market to get firewater, he was taught that he must have gold and silver to get it. Then he wanted to ride in blood up to his horse's bridles. Commerce had found a better tool than wampum had become. The buccaneers and the pirates had brought in silver and that defied the Connecticut man's machinery or the Dutchman's imitation. The years pass by and commerce finds that silver, because of overproduction, becomes uncertain and erratic in value, and with the same instinct it chooses gold as a standard of value. A coin of unsteady value is like a knife of uncertain sharpness. It is thrown aside for one that can do all that is expected of it. Gold is such a tool. It is the standard of all first-class nations. It is to-day, and it will remain, the standard of this Republic.

The value of the gold dollar is not in the pictures on it. It is in the grains of gold in it. Smash it and melt it, and it buys one hundred cents' worth the world over. Deface a silver dollar and fifty cents of its value goes off yonder among the silent stars. Free coinage means that the silver miner may make fifty cents' worth of silver cancel a dollars' worth of debts. This is a greenback doctrine in a silver capsule. Bimetallism is a diplomatic term for international

use. Monometallism with silver as the metal is the dream of the Populist and of the poor deluded Democratic grasshoppers who dance by the moonshine until they get frostbitten.

The free-silver heresy is about dead. It has cost this country, at to-day's price of silver, $170,000,000. The few saddened priests of this unhappy fetich who remain active find their disciples all rallying round the standard of currency reform. The report of the Secretary of the Treasury is a confession of national financial sins, and a profession of faith in sound money doctrines. Every business man will watch with keen interest the progress of a plan for the reform in our currency. You all know that the straight road is the retirement of the greenback and the Treasury note, and the withdrawal of the Government from the banking business, and you will naturally distrust any makeshift measures. The greenback is a war debt, and a debt that is now troublesome. We are funding and refunding it in gold daily, and are still paying it out as currency to come back after gold. Any scheme to sequestrate, to hide it under a bushel, or to put it under lock and key, is a shallow device. The way to retire it is to retire it. It has served its full purpose, and there never was a better time than now to call it in.

In twelve years all our Government debt matures. The national banking system based upon it must expire with it, unless existing laws are changed. This system has served the nation well. No one has ever lost a dollar by a national bank note. The system is worth preserving, and with a little more liberal treatment it can be made to serve until a currency based upon commercial credits and linked to a safety fund, a system which works so admirably in Canada, can be engrafted upon it. There is a great hurry to create such a system now on a basis of the partial sequestration of the greenback and the Treasury note, but the bottom principle is wrong. The Government should discourage a commercial credit currency based upon a public credit currency, which, in turn, rests upon a slender gold deposit, exposed to every

holder of a Government demand note. A credit currency is a double-edged tool, and needs to be handled with great care. We have had so much crazy-quilt finance that I am sure that we want no more of it. We have been sorely punished for our financial sins in the past, and now that we are repentant, we want to get everything right before we go ahead with our full native energy. We have suffered from the distrust of the world, and then from our own distrust. In retracing our steps let us be sure that we are on solid ground, and make our "wampum" as good as the best there is in the world.

§ 73

THE FIRST SETTLERS OF NEW NETHERLANDS

By TUNIS GARRETT BERGEN

(Speech at the tenth annual dinner of the Holland Society of New York, January 29, 1895.)

Mr. President and Fellow-Dutchmen of American Descent: After refusing about six or seven times, I found the Committee kept on printing my name as responding to some toast or other. I consider that the Committee are about the Dutchest of the Dutch, and hence I find myself here to-night on the programme. The toast, however, to which I have been called to respond, I would state, is not a milk toast, and since it is a hard toast for me, I will ask you to put the butter on and help me out.

It is not a hard task to introduce you to your sires, the first Americans; but the pencil of caricature and the pen of writers, more or less distinguished, have exhausted their wit and humor in so depicting the personal qualities of the first settlers, that it is high time that at a Dutch dinner the light of truth should be shown. The trouble about these humorists—

chiefly the New England historians who write our schoolbooks—who of course are careful not to omit New England in the history of the progress of America—has been when they considered the characters of the first settlers of New Netherlands, that they were confused by the costumes of the New Netherlands. Now, you know that Holland, in the seventeenth and latter part of the sixteenth century, was the country, the only country, of fine woolens and fine linens. The weavers of Holland were famous. You remember in the time of Queen Elizabeth that whenever they had a tablecloth (which I believe was only in the palace), or a napkin (and the Dutch called it a doylie— it is a fashionable word to-day) or anything in the way of fine linen, they always called it "Hollands," because Holland was the only country that had fine linens at that period. As a matter of fact, at that time Hollanders were the only people who wore good underclothing. In the seventeenth century, gentlemen, outside of Holland there was not a night-shirt. That is an historic fact. And outside of Holland there were no—what shall I say when I speak of women?—there were no *robes de nuit*. You will pardon the French at a Dutch dinner, but the Dutch is too accurate.

You remember the stately chronicler of England, when he speaks of the way that the virgin Queen Elizabeth of England retired with her maids of honor. Of course you do, and as descendants of your modest sires you cannot ask me to tell the story. There is a man from the Rondout who says "Go on." I am Dutch enough to go on. It is said in the stately language of the ancient chroniclers, that when the Queen of England—and in the presence of the representative of the St. George Society I shall allude to her as Her Majesty—retired, or, as we should say in Dutch, was put to bed, she was simply laid between the feather beds in a state of nature. There was not a linen toilet in the civilization of Europe, outside of the civilization of Holland.

Now, think of the sneers of the nations whom the Dutch had excelled (that includes all the nations except the Dutch)

in arms and in commerce, in industry and in art—when they spoke of little Holland. They alluded to her as a little country, simply scooped up out of the sand, in which men did not live, but went on board; and when the sea broke in on them, the country simply sprung a leak. It was the same jealous people who, looking upon the costumes, the rich costumes of the first settlers of New Netherlands (and you know what costumes the first settlers wore: those long and roomy waistcoats, made of the best Dutch material, and those capacious breeches, the envy of the outer world, and now called knickerbockers), said in their vulgar, sneering way, that the first settlers were built like their ships, broad in the bow and high in the stern. But you might as well, gentlemen, attempt to determine the character of the woman of fashion to-day by the size of her sleeves. The first settlers simply wore their big sleeves on their legs.

But if you wish to know what the first settlers looked like, enter the galleries of Holland, the land of portraits, and there you will see the figures and the portraits of the contemporaries of our first settlers and some of the portraits of themselves. From that group of the four brothers of William of Orange, men of noble heads, with eyes that seem to pierce the future, every one of whom filled a hero's grave, down to the civic guards, the students at the hospital, the soldiers in battle and the sailors on the decks, you will see the men of broad brows and fine features, handsome men, with minds of breadth and wills of iron and hearts of truth—the moral and intellectual athletes of the modern world!

There is another reason, however, why a distorted view has been taken of the first settler of New Netherlands, and that is because of his language. Although the first settlers came from a land where every man could read and write, and where public schools had been in existence for two generations before they landed, still it was the sneer of the Spaniard and the Englishman of those days that because the Dutch did not speak English or Spanish fluently they must be ignorant or illiterate. And that gave another dis-

torted view of the first settlers. Of course you all speak Dutch, at least, if you only speak French at the soup, you speak Dutch at the dessert, and the longer you stay the better is the Dutch. Besides, in moments of high inspiration, we descendants of the first settlers speak the ancient Dutch with great freedom. I remember a few years ago when I was on a trout-fishing excursion in that part of our State where Dutch names abound, where many of the mountains are bergs and where all the streams are kills, worn out and hungry and thirsty I reached a house, and before a blazing fireplace glowing with Dutch hospitality I found a group of men,—fishermen, tired, hungry, and thirsty like myself, whom by their handsome countenances I knew to be descendants of the first settlers of New Netherlands. It is a sure sign, some one says, and I may say, in looking upon you, that if you have not brought with you your certificates of membership I would know you were descendants of the early settlers. But on approaching these gentlemen at the fireplace, I naturally addressed them in the words of the ancient tongue and they responded and rose as one man and drank the health of the first settlers of New Netherland. My words were simply those seductive but eloquent words: "Mijne Heeren, schnaps!"

There is another subject to which, even in the presence of the President of the Colonial Wars Society—and there was no peace, I suppose, in Colonial times—I may venture to allude. I refer to the purchase of Manhattan Island. It has been said by the flippant historians of to-day that the price paid for Manhattan Island by the Dutch was very trifling, and that it showed that the Dutch were very shrewd and the poor Indian was deceived. The later historians have affected to say, in their petty way, that the articles which the Dutch gave for Manhattan Island, consisting of so many steel knives and steel needles and other metal articles, and beads, were an inadequate price for the Island. Now, the question is, What was Manhattan Island worth at that time? What was the Indian point of view?

What was Manhattan Island? The Indian had vast possessions, bounded by the ocean on the east and the setting sun on the west—hunting grounds galore! What was Manhattan Island? It was a mass of rocks. There was not a feeding ground for deer on it; the soil was too poor. There was not a spawning ground for fish on it; the tides were too swift. It abounded in swamps, and the few streams that meandered through the rocks were so shallow and sluggish that even the beavers thought they were not worth a dam. Of course, other damns came later, but not beaver dams. Now, the Indians were shrewd traders and no mean financiers. Think of the currency of the Indians of the North American Continent. Beaver skins and wampum! It was never inflated, and when anybody attempted to palm off an old moth-eaten beaver skin for a good beaver skin, the Indians simply said: Bad beaver skin; no good." And when bad wampum was offered him he simply said: "Heap bad shells; no good." You could not redeem their good wampum and their good beaver skins with bad wampum or bad beaver skins. They always maintained the value of their currency, and they never were obliged in times of peace to issue bonds in order to borrow wampum to carry on the government. They simply changed the governments; that is, changed the governments from one place to another, but always maintained the value of wampum. So that the candid historian of to-day who considers the transaction of the purchase of Manhattan Island will say that because of the shrewdness and financial ability of the Indians, and the generosity or indifference of the Dutch, the price paid for Mathattan Island was about five knives too much. Of course, since then, land has become dearer and knives have become cheaper and more abundant. But still there have been times when knives were not so abundant; for example, at the last election, when there were not enough knives to go round.

Think of the country, my brothers, which the first settlers founded! The richest domain in the temperate zone! Beginning at the ocean, where a mighty river empties with

two magnificent bays, it extends and covers an area of hundreds of square miles, over the timbered mountains, the fertile valleys, the well-watered plains, including that necklace of lakes where the five nations of the Indians lived, to the shores of the monster fresh-water seas on the north and the plains of the unknown on the west. It was the land where nature built the throne of Western civilization! To-day the bones of those first settlers have long ago mingled with the dust. All honor to their graves! They adorn the land of New Netherlands from the shores of Long Island, the hills of New Jersey, the valley of the Hudson, the banks of the Rondout, the slopes of Fort Orange, to the sources of the Mohawk. Emblems are they of courage and endurance, of enterprise and industry, of immortal faith and freedom.

When the piratical capture of New Netherlands in a time of peace by the English fleet took place (and there were more cannon on the English vessels than there were soldiers on the shore), and the flag of the Netherlands was reluctantly hauled down, it was the flag of a Republic that trailed in the dust. Then began the long narrow Colonial sway of the English kings, which lasted for a hundred years. But the indomitable spirit of the Dutch was not dead. The lessons of freedom—in Church and State—which the Netherlanders gave were being learned by the peoples of the world. For behold, when the hundred years were over and the new American Republic appeared upon the stage, its declaration of independence contained the same sentiments and many of the same phrases, translated from the good old Dutch of that older declaration of independence of the Union of Utrecht two hundred years before, and the Federal Constitution of the New Republic took as its guide and model the Constitution of that older Republic across the sea. And lo and behold! when the standard of the new Republic was raised to the flagstaff, the red, white and blue of the flag of the United States of the Netherlands were the only colors in the flag of the United States of America.

§ 74

THE YOUNG LAWYER

By F. CHARLES HUME

(Delivered by a prominent lawyer of Houston, Texas, at the dinner of the American Bar Association in Minneapolis, August 31, 1906.)

MR. TOASTMASTER, LADIES, FELLOW PRACTITIONERS, AND YOUNG LAWYERS: I feel that I need no introduction to the lawyers of America. In this distinguished company I feel assured that I do not speak in a stranger's voice—but in my own. For many years my name has been a household word—among the members of my own family. Whether the premonitory rumbles of coming greatness have prevented me here, I know not. In my own state I am not known solely as a lawyer. My fame is also titular: I am called "judge" by the obsequious office boy, and by the janitor—"where thrift may follow fawning." But my preëminence rests on no firmer foundation than authorship of a work upon an important legal subject. And in justice to myself and my state I must say that I owe my juristic rank, and such name and fame as I bear, to my "domestic relations."

It would be superfluous for me to say that this is the happiest moment of my life, because it is—not. After-dinner speaking is an effort to appear at ease and happy, though fearful and tumultuous. It is, indeed, an unusual accomplishment. It is the *patti-de-foi-gras* of oratory,—a conditional rather than a normal mode of expression. The archetype of the art is the impromptu speech. It is often an unplumed squab for flight, and heavy with "the stuff that dreams are made of"—the art that 's long when time in fleeing. It attains its perfection *ex post facto,* or retroactively; that is, after the banquet hall 's deserted, and the speaker is homeward bound alone. How pregnant then and cheerful are the words of philosophy: Sweet are the uses of—retrospection.

Upon this occasion I urge no claim to offhand powers of eloquence. I cannot say, and it would be vain for me to assert, that this is an extemporaneous effort. The weight of internal evidence would crush the contention; and the faithful years of laborious preparation would shrink aghast at such wild asseveration, and put to shame my base ingratitude. On the contrary, behold in me the sophomoric apostle of the midnight oil—a sedentary sacrifice to a young life's masterpiece!

From the lawyers of Texas I come—unarmed—bringing to you the message of civilization. Without hope of reward, and without fear of recognition, I have come to lend the charm of high professional character, and impart tone to this meeting. It is not to me, however, that your thanks are due for my presence here. It was my brethren of the bar that sent me on this mission, conscious of its perils. I will not shield them. It was they that did command and hasten my departure hither, with the classic Spartan adjuration, Go; come back with your nerve, or on it!

Gentlemen, I am a modest man, as all men are that say they are. And my chief characteristic, aside from physical pulchritude, is candor; that is, I am a blunt man even to the point of dullness. Yet I clearly see that there is a duty devolving upon those of us who have attained the heights, to cast benign glances upon the young lawyers struggling in the valley below. For at last the young lawyer is the hope of the profession, as he is the despair of the trial judge.

This evening I shall not shirk my grave responsibility. I shall "a round unvarnished tale deliver," concretely presenting the subject in static and dynamic aspects, and undertaking to impress upon the young lawyers the lessons to be drawn from the careers of the eminent men who adorn our profession. And this notwithstanding the fact that I must speak for myself,—a part of my practice which I have always had the tenacity and good fortune to hold.

From childhood my favorite form of composition has been autobiography. I despise shams and pretenses. A man should be what he is, and say what he is. I do not pretend

to be a great lawyer—I am! Is it come to pass, forsooth, that greatness is a mockery? In these untoward days must we needs forswear our fundamental convictions? Not I, gentlemen. My position is sustained by the highest authority in the land. Without specific citation I refer you to my own edition of "Parents' Reports" for the leading case upon which I rely, styled "Our boy against the world," announcing the doctrine so dear to the young lawyer as the bulwark of his premature renown,—the elemental principle, so tenderly expressed by the fireside poet, Whatever mother says is right.

And yet I was once a young lawyer. And to-day I love the young lawyer even as I do myself; and all I shall say will proceed from an impulse to do him good. I am neither "case" hardened nor embittered by multiplicity of suits. I shall be cruel only to be bright. My sympathies are broad and deep; yet I can look upon him in the "dry light" of science—dispassionately and without asperity. So to-night I shall lay aside all distinctions and treat them as if equals.

The young lawyer exults in logic and analysis—he defies them both. Let us contemplate him. He may be described as the *genus homo importans*—"deep on whose front engraven deliberation sits and public care." He is *res tota*,—in the modern tongue, "the whole works." He is great in *persona* rather than in *rem* or in *rebus*. According to experienced trial judges the young lawyer is a contradiction in terms, yet a necessary evil, whose chief function is to grow older. Like the law he is a process, not a complete product,—university diplomas notwithstanding. In judicial opinion he is *obiter dictum*. Among lawyers he is *sui generis*—a sort of difference without—a distinction. The jurists appear to concede that he exists by presumption of law, and the weight of authority seems to be that he thrives by presumption in fact. He can scarcely be said to come within the purview of the laity; his name loometh large on him own sign to the public. It shineth from afar—and very faintly. He is not expressly classified among the public utilities, but he no doubt has his place; the difficulty is to find it. His sphere

is coextensive with that ascribed by Lord Brougham to the law of England,—"to get twelve men in a box"—and jam down the lid!

He is a peripatetic institution of learning, dedicated to his own glorification, endowed with majestic powers of his own imagining, and founded upon the three cardinal virtues, faith, hope, and charity,—faith in his own infinite knowledge, hope for the obtuseness of judges and juries, and charity for the older lawyers who have all the business; and the greatest of these is faith.

He disdains to shine by reflected effulgence. He is a legal light in, and unto, himself, only waiting to be extinguished. To him law and abstract justice are the same. He is long on theory and short on practice. With him "knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers." And until he realizes that men and all human institutions are mere approximations to perfection, and that good and evil alike are persistent forces, with juridical "eye in the fine frenzy rolling" he crouches in his lair, like a fierce giraffe, ready to leap, upon quixotic provocation, to right the wrongs of an erring world. And be it said to his honor that he stands peerless and transcendent in the domain of "Buffalo Jurisprudence" and "Kangaroo Procedure."

I have never talked to a young lawyer that did not "out-Herod Herod" for prosperity. It is not with him an occasional or acute attack, but a chronic condition. As a young lawyer I had more business than I could have attended to in sixty years, and the magnitude of my income was incredible. But as I grew older, the law somewhat fell in disrepute with clients, and my coffers contained naught but "intangible assets."

The lawyer should know everything—the young lawyer does. If the old lawyer knows most, the young lawyer knows best. It is no trouble for him to tell what the law is—it is rather a surprise. But the evil day cometh apace when, "with assurance doubly sure" and stride triumphant, he marches into court with his first case; and, enveloped in the darkness of his own pleadings, he falls into the clutches of

the grisly old gorilla, General Demurrer. Let us not paint the pathetic picture, nor voice the lamentation.

The young lawyer is gregarious,—he cometh in flocks. But tremble not, friends, at the annual increase of competitors, for many young lawyers are called, few deliver the "merchandise." To the established practitioner the situation is not hopeless, but has its compensations. Let us be just, for we know that the young lawyer is a valuable litigious asset. And, furthermore, whether we agree that the law is an exact science or not, we know that it has a sort of certainty that often amounts to fatality; and that, while its policy is to put an end to litigation, its practice puts an end to young lawyers, thus establishing in the profession a subtle relation of equilibrium between genesis and exodus. Also let us be generous. And when the young lawyer feels that his place is precarious, and that his talents are not appreciated, and that everything is against him, let us exhort him to brace up, have courage, and be firm; for conditions will change and probably get—worse. And, my dear young friend, let me admonish you, in the melancholy hour and whatever may betide, to think always of the nobility and dignity of your profession. Keep well in your own mind that you are a lawyer; and some day perhaps the community will discover your secret. Make yourself agreeable to the old practitioners. Keep in touch with them. Impress them with your significance, and with the fact that you have a college education. Let them know that you are a "coming" as well as a "going" concern. Tell them how well you are doing; that you fight cases to a finish and never let up. Blow—even as the four winds; they admire enthusiasm. Do equity by them; withhold not the worst; when you have lost a suit, go to them—*pari passu*. Regale them with the law of extenuating circumstances; cover the subject—to the point of exhaustion. Try the case all over again for their refreshment. You may get another trial—if their opinion theretofore has been good they will probably set aside the judgment.

Shun, as you would the pestilence, the evil spirit of commercialism in your professional conduct. Be not money-

driven hirelings of a trade. I have heard that, in some sections of our country, lawyers have yielded to this sinister influence and have trailed the priceless standard of our calling in the golden dust, and have sacrificed our lofty traditions upon the altar of Mammon. Reluctantly though I confess it, I am reliably informed that lawyers in the large cities of the North and the East have reduced the profession to a business; that they boldly receive money for legal services, and actually earn from this source a comfortable livelihood. And some, more daring than the rest, are said in this doubtful manner to have acquired a fortune. Coming as I do from a distant state, whose professional atmosphere is chaste and undefiled, I hesitate to believe the accusation. And I may add, with pardonable pride, that never in my personal experience at the Texas bar has such an ominous condition of affairs been known to exist. My own observation has been that in Texas the rich lawyer is a paradox; and my conjecture has been that in other states he was a "legal fiction." Yes, my friends, in good conscience I may aver that in the imperial state from which I come the law, like virtue, is its own reward—at least I have found it so.

Esteem the law, thy mistress, the guardian angel of blind justice, and, by men's unthought appointment through the ages, her majestic voice and dread interpreter. She sits aloft on the rock-ribbed Mount of Right,—a peaceful virgin, frowning chaos and disorder down throughout the world. To stay the hand of reckless might and turbulence she reacheth forth; and higher yet to lift the blood-won standard of long-wakening man's humanity to man. From us she's hid betimes in mist, and from her dim retreat 'tis sport to watch us climb and stumble, fall and then again essay the height. There leads no path of dalliance to her bower; to her favor winds the stubborn royal road of honor, courage, and devotion. With the largess of content that on the faithful she bestows, nor gold, nor regal purple, nor the "wealth of Ind," nor argosy with precious stones deep laden, e'en can vie; all these are but the greedy gew-gaws of a life misused, against the tranquil balm which waits the seal of her approval. My

friends, she is a stern mistress, "correctly cold," and never to be completely subdued. To the blandishments of the young man of wealth she usually giveth the "marble heart." For a soft income turneth away resolution, and dulleth the edge of endeavor. My comrades, let me warn you: do not fall under the ban—don't be a rich man's son. To a young lawyer there is no predicament more baleful and tragic—except to be a poor man's son.

Develop generous impulses. It is to my keen sense of gratitude that I chiefly owe my present business relations. When the world was apprised, through the Associated Press, that I had procured license to practise law, the clamorous demands usually made for the services of the young lawyer by interests in large cities were directed toward me. But my father, who had sent me to school, I felt had some claims upon me. So I took no account of any of the inducements offered me. I went to my father and said: "You have educated me,—at least you think you have. I am grateful. You have an established practice; you need me." And I proved it by taking him into partnership. And I advise every young lawyer similarly situated to follow my example, especially if he has any reverence for the three graces,—food, shelter, and raiment. Censure me not for paternalism; each to his own. But verily, to depend on our fathers is silver; to depend on ourselves is "brass." And, lest you have cause to lament with your client, I charge you fling away self-reliance, for by that sin fell the angels.

May you always know the flush, but never the blush, of victory. And to this end remember that in our time under the statute *de bonis asportatis* you must not be "caught with the goods."

You will no doubt make mistakes. The man that never makes mistakes never makes anything. And to the man of indomitable will nothing succeeds like failure. "Upon our dead selves as stepping stones we rise to higher things." I have traveled the road myself. I want to see you successful. You have my best wishes ever. In your adversity my heart goes out to you; in your prosperity—my hand.

In conclusion—be your success, as men call it, what it may, bear in mind that change is the law of life. The watchword of progress is "move one"; and fixation is retrogression. And in this regard, doth justice ever grant fair and ample dispensation to her servitors of the law. Mindful of your solace, she hath wisely provided. And when the city's "thick-coming" complications, and garish flare and turmoil, shall have palled upon you, and you have overtaxed your "credulity in listening to the whispers of fancy"; and have pursued with vain "eagerness the phantoms of hope," you may still answer the plaintive call of the bucolic siren for her own—and take to the tall timber. And, my dear young friends, as a prophet without honor in his own, or any other country, let me predict that I shall precede you there; and be the first to bid you welcome, in copious draughts of obscurity, back to nature and the simple life.

CHAPTER XIII

LECTURES

§ 75

USES OF EDUCATION FOR BUSINESS

By CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT

(Address delivered by the President of Harvard University at the annual meeting of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, November 18, 1890.)

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE: Before we can talk together to advantage about the value of education in business, we ought to come to a common understanding about the sort of education we mean and the sort of business. Nobody doubts that primary and grammar-school training are useful to everybody; or that high-school training is advantageous for a clerk, salesman, commercial traveler, or skilled workman; or that technical or scientific school training is useful to an engineer, chemist, electrician, mechanician, or miner. Our question is, of what use is the education called "liberal" to a man of business? The education called liberal has undergone a great expansion during our generation, and is now, in the best institutions, thoroughly conformed to modern uses. All universities worthy of the name—even the oldest and most conservative—now supply a broad and free range of studies, which includes the ancient subjects, but establishes on a perfect equality with them the new and vaster subjects of modern languages and literature, history, political science, and natural science.

We must not think of the liberal education of to-day as

dealing with a dead past—with dead languages, buried peoples, and exploded philosophies; on the contrary, everything which universities now teach is quick with life and capable of application to modern uses. They teach indeed the languages and literature of Judea, Greece, and Rome; but it is because those literatures are instinct with eternal life. They teach mathematics, but it is mathematics mostly created within the lifetime of the older men here present. In teaching English, French, and German, they are teaching the modern vehicles of all learning—just what Latin was in mediæval times. As to history, political science, and natural science, the subjects themselves, and all the methods by which they are taught, may properly be said to be new within a century. Liberal education is not to be justly regarded as something dry, withered, and effete; it is as full of sap as the cedars of Lebanon.

And what sort of business do we mean? Surely the larger sorts of legitimate and honorable business; that business which is of advantage both to buyer and seller, and to producer, distributor, and consumer alike, whether individuals or nations, which makes common some useful thing which has been rare, or makes accessible to the masses good things which have been within reach only of the few—I wish I could say simply, which make dear things cheap; but recent political connotations of the word cheap forbid. We mean that great art of production and exchange which through the centuries has increased human comfort, cherished peace, fostered the fine arts, developed the pregnant principle of associated action, and promoted both public security and public liberty.

With this understanding of what we mean by education on the one hand and business on the other, let us see if there can be any doubt as to the nature of the relations between them. The business man in large affairs requires keen observation, a quick mental grasp of new subjects, and a wide range of knowledge. Whence come these powers and attainments—either to the educated or to the uneducated—save through practice and study? But education is only early systematic practice and study under guidance. The object

of all good education is to develop just these powers—accuracy in observation, quickness and certainty in seizing upon the main points of a new subject, and discrimination in separating the trivial from the important in great masses of facts. This is what liberal education does for the physician, the lawyer, the minister, and the scientist. This is what it can do also for the man of business; to give a mental power is one of the main ends of higher education. Is not active business a field in which mental power finds full play? Again, education imparts knowledge, and who has greater need to know economics, history, and natural science than the man of large business?

Further, liberal education develops a sense of right, duty, and honor; and more and more, in the modern world, large business rests on rectitude and honor, as well as on good judgment. Education does this through the contemplation and study of the moral ideals of our race; not in drowsiness or dreaminess or in mere vague enjoyment of poetic and religious abstractions, but in the resolute purpose to apply spiritual ideals to actual life. The true university fosters ideals, but always to urge that they be put in practice in the real world. When the universities hold up before their youth the great Semitic ideals which were embodied in the Decalogue, they mean that those ideals should be applied in politics. When they teach their young men the Asiatic ideal of unknown antiquity, the Golden Rule, they mean that their disciples shall apply it to business; when they inculcate that comprehensive maxim of Christian ethics, "Ye are all members of one another," they mean that this moral principle is applicable to all human relations, whether between individuals, families, states, or nations.

Now, there is no field of human activity in which ideals applied are of more value than in business. Again, higher education has always made great account of the power of expression in speech and writing, whence has risen an opinion that liberal education must be less useful to the man of business than to the lawyer, or minister, because the business man has less need than they of this power. It seems to me

that this view is no longer true. Have we not all seen, in recent years, that leading men of business, particularly those who act for corporations, have great need of a highly trained power of clear and convincing expression? Business men seem to me to need, in speech and writing, all the Roman terseness and the French clearness; the graces and elegancies of literary style they may indeed dispense with, but not with the greater qualities of compactness, accuracy, and vigor. It is a liberal education indeed which teaches a youth of fair parts and reasonable industry to speak and write his native language strongly, accurately, and persuasively. That one attainment is sufficient reward for the whole long course of twelve years spent in liberal study.

But you may say: This is all theory; what are the facts with regard to the connection between higher education and successful business life? To investigate the results actually obtained in this respect by the American colleges during the past forty or fifty years would require the co-operation of a very large number of persons; for no satisfactory result could be reached which was not based on an intimate knowledge of the careers and personal fortunes of thousands of men who are in no sense public men. Business life does not necessarily bring a man before the public as the life of a lawyer, minister, or politician does; each individual can only report the facts which have fallen under his personal observation. My own class in Harvard College numbered eighty-nine at graduation. Eleven of that number, or one-eighth of the whole, have attained remarkable success in business—a larger proportion than have distinguished themselves to a corresponding degree in any other walk of life.

Among the young men who have graduated from Harvard University within forty years, I have seen many cases of rapid advancement from the bottom to the top of business corporations in great variety. A young man leaves college at twenty-three and goes into a cotton mill at the bottom; and in four years he is superintendent. Another lands in a Western city, three days after his graduation, without a dollar, and without a friend in the city, and ten years after-

wards he is the owner of the best establishment for printing books in that city. A young man six years out of college is superintendent of one of the largest woolen mills in the United States. Another, but a little older, is the manager of one of the most important steel works in the country.

These are but striking examples of a large class of facts. In eastern Massachusetts graduates of Harvard get greatly more than their due numerical proportion of the best places in banking, insurance, transportation, and manufacturing. This is the case not only in the old, well-established occupations, but in the new as well. For example, the president of the corporation which controls one of the newest industries in the world is a Harvard first scholar. I speak from no little personal observation when I say that there is no more striking general fact about the graduates of Harvard during the past fifty years than their eminent success in business. From one-fifth to one-third of the members of the successive graduating classes ultimately go into business. The same is probably true of many another American college.

Finally, successful business men themselves give no doubtful answer to the question we are considering. I observe that successful business men, with the rarest exceptions, wish their sons to be educated to the highest point the sons can reach. No matter whether the father be himself an educated man or not; when his success in business has given him the means of educating his children he is sure to desire that they receive a liberal education whether they are going into business or not.

I should not worthily represent here the profession to which I belong if I did not say in closing that liberal education is an end in itself, apart from all its utilities and applications. When we teach a child to read, our primary aim is not to enable it to decipher a way-bill or a receipt, but to kindle its imagination, enlarge its vision, and open for it the avenues of knowledge. The same is true of liberal education in its utmost reach. Its chief objects for the individual are development, inspiration, and exaltation; the practical advantages which flow from it are incidental, not paramount.

For the community the institutions of higher education do a like service. They bring each successive generation of youth up to levels of knowledge and righteousness which the preceding generation reached in their maturity. Public comfort, ease and wealth are doubtless promoted by them; but their true and sufficient ends are knowledge and righteousness.

§ 76

THE TRAINING OF THE INTELLECT

By WOODROW WILSON

(An address by the President of Princeton University before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Yale University in 1908.)

Mr. Toastmaster, Mr. President, and Gentlemen: I must confess to you that I came here with very serious thoughts this evening because I have been laboring under the conviction for a long time that the object of a university is to educate, and I have not seen the universities of this country achieving any remarkable or disturbing success in that direction. I have found everywhere the note which I must say I have heard sounded once or twice to-night—that apology for the intellectual side of the university. You hear it at all universities. Learning is on the defensive, is actually on the defensive, among college men, and they are being asked by way of indulgence to bring that also into the circle of their interests. Is it not time we stopped asking indulgence for learning and proclaimed its sovereignty? Is it not time we reminded the college men of this country that they have no right to any distinctive place in any community, unless they can show it by intellectual achievement? That if a university is a place for distinction at all it must be distinguished by the conquests of the mind? I for my part tell you plainly that that is my motto, that I have entered the field to fight for that thesis, and that for that thesis only do I care to fight.

The toastmaster of the evening said, and said truly, that this is the season when, for me, it was most difficult to break away from regular engagements in which I am involved at this time of the year. But when I was invited to the Phi Beta Kappa banquet it had an unusual sound, and I felt that that was the particular kind of invitation which it was my duty and privilege to accept. One of the problems of the American university now is, how, among a great many other competing interests, to give places of distinction to men who want places of distinction in the classroom. Why don't we give you men the Y here and the P at Princeton, because, after all, you have done the particular thing which distinguishes Yale? Not that these other things are not worth doing, but they may be done anywhere. They may be done in athletic clubs where there is no study, but this thing can be done only here. This is the distinctive mark of the place.

A good many years ago, just two weeks before the mid-year examinations, the faculty of Princeton was foolish enough to permit a very unwise evangelist to come to the place and to upset the town. And while an assisting undergraduate was going from room to room one undergraduate secured his door and put this notice out: "I am a Christian and am studying for examinations." Now I want to say that that is exactly what a Christian undergraduate would be doing at that time of the year. He would not be attending religious meetings no matter how beneficial it would be to him. He would be studying for examinations not merely for the purpose of passing them, but from his sense of duty.

We get a good many men at Princeton from certain secondary schools who say a great deal about their earnest desire to cultivate character among our students, and I hear a great deal about character being the object of education. I take leave to believe that a man who cultivates his character consciously will cultivate nothing except what will make him intolerable to his fellow men. If your object in life is to make a fine fellow of yourself, you will not succeed, and you will not be acceptable to really fine fellows. Character, gentlemen, is a by-product. It comes, whether you will or not, as a

consequence of a life devoted to the nearest duty, and the place in which character would be cultivated, if it be a place of study, is a place where study is the object and character the result.

Not long ago a gentleman approached me in great excitement just after the entrance examinations. He said we had made a great mistake in not taking so and so from a certain school which he named. "But," I said, "he did not pass the entrance examinations." And he went over the boy's moral excellencies again. "Pardon me," I said, "you do not understand. He did not pass the entrance examinations. Now," I said, "I want you to understand that if the angel Gabriel applied for admission to Princeton University and could not pass the entrance examinations, he would not be admitted. He would be wasting his time." It seemed a new idea to him. This boy had come from a school which cultivated character, and he was a nice, lovable fellow with a presentable character. Therefore, he ought to be admitted to any university. I fail to see it from this point of view, for a university is an institution of purpose. We have in some previous years had pity for young gentlemen who were not sufficiently acquainted with the elements of a preparatory course. They have been dropped at the examinations, and I always felt that we have been guilty of an offense, and have made their parents spend money to no avail and the youngsters spend their time to no avail. And so I think that all university men ought to rouse themselves now and understand what is the object of a university. The object of a university is intellect; as a university its only object is intellect. As a body of young men there ought to be other things, there ought to be diversions to release them from the constant strain of effort, there ought to be things that gladden the heart and moments of leisure, but as a university the object is intellect.

The reason why I chose the subject that I am permitted to speak upon to-night—the functions of scholarship—was that I wanted to point out the function of scholarship not merely in the university, but in the nation. In a country constituted as ours is, the relation in which education stands

is a very important one. Our whole theory has been based upon an enlightened citizenship and therefore the function of scholarship must be for the nation as well as for the university itself. I mean the function of such scholarship as undergraduates get. That is not a violent amount in any case. You cannot make a scholar of a man except by some largeness of Providence in his makeup, by the time he is twenty-one or twenty-two years of age. There have been gentlemen who have made a reputation by twenty-one or twenty-two, but it is generally in some little province of knowledge, so small that a small effort can conquer it. You do not make scholars by that time; you do not often make scholars by seventy that are worth boasting of. The process of scholarship, so far as the real scholar is concerned, is an unending process, and knowledge is pushed forward only a very little by his best efforts. And it is evident, of course, that the most you can contribute to a man in his undergraduate years is not equipment in the exact knowledge which is characteristic of the scholar, but an inspiration of the spirit of scholarship. The most that you can give a youngster is the spirit of the scholar.

Now, the spirit of the scholar in a country like ours must be a spirit related to the national life. It cannot, therefore, be a spirit of pedantry. I suppose that this is a sufficient working conception of pedantry to say that it is knowledge divorced from life. It is knowledge so closeted, so desecrated, so stripped of the significances of life itself, that it is a thing apart and not connected with the vital processes in the world about us.

There is a great place in every nation for the spirit of scholarship, and it seems to me that there never was a time when the spirit of scholarship was more needed in affairs than it is in this country at this time.

We are thinking just now with our emotions and not with our minds; we are moved by impulse and not by judgment. We are drawing away from things with blind antipathy. The spirit of knowledge is that you must base your conclusions on adequate grounds. Make sure that you are going to the

real sources of knowledge, discovering what the real facts are, before you move forward to the next process, which is the process of clear thinking. By clear thinking I do not mean logical thinking. I do not mean that life is based upon any logical system whatever. Life is essentially illogical. The world is governed now by a tumultuous sea of commonalities made up of passions, and we should pray God that the good passions should outvote the bad passions. But the movement of impulse, of motive, is the stuff of passion, and therefore clear thinking about life is not logical, symmetrical thinking, but it is interpretative thinking, thinking that sees the secret motive of things, thinking that penetrates deepest places where are the pulses of life.

Now scholarship ought to lay these impulses bare just as the physician can lay bare the seat of life in our bodies. That is not scholarship which goes to work upon the mere formal pedantry of logical reasoning, but that *is* scholarship which searches for the heart of a man. The spirit of scholarship gives us catholicity of thinking, the readiness to understand that there will constantly swing into our ken new items not dreamed of in our systems of philosophy, not simply to draw our conclusions from the data that we have had, but that all this is under constant mutation, and that therefore new phases of life will come upon us and a new adjustment of our conclusions will be necessary. Our thinking must be detached and disinterested thinking.

The particular objection that I have to the undergraduate forming his course of study on his future profession is this: that from start to finish, from the time he enters the university until he finishes his career, his thought will be centered upon particular interests. He will be immersed in the things that touch his profit and loss, and a man is not free to think inside that territory. If his bread and butter is going to be affected, if he is always thinking in the terms of his own profession, he is not thinking for the nation. He is thinking for himself, and whether he be conscious of it or not, he can never throw these trammels off. He will only think as a doctor, or a lawyer, or a banker. He will not be free in the

world of knowledge and in the circle of interests which make up the great citizenship of the country. It is necessary that the spirit of scholarship should be a detached, disinterested spirit, not immersed in a particular interest. That is the function of scholarship in a country like ours, to supply not heat, but light, to suffuse things with the calm radiance of reason, to see to it that men do not act hastily, but that they act considerately, that they obey the truth whether they know it or not. The fault of our age is the fault of hasty action, of premature judgments, of a preference for ill-considered action over no action at all. Men who insist upon standing still and doing a little thinking before they do any acting are called reactionaries. They want actually to react to a state in which they can be allowed to think. They want for a little while to withdraw from the turmoil of party controversy and see where they stand before they commit themselves and their country to action from which it may not be possible to withdraw.

The whole fault of the modern age is that it applies to everything a false standard of efficiency. Efficiency with us is accomplishment, whether the accomplishment be by just and well-considered means or not; and this standard of achievement it is that is debasing the morals of our age, the intellectual morals of our age. We do not stop to do things thoroughly; we do not stop to know why we do things. We see an error and we hastily correct it by a greater error; and then go on to cry that the age is corrupt.

And so it is, gentlemen, that I try to join the function of the university with the great function of the national life. The life of this country is going to be revolutionized and purified only when the universities of this country wake up to the fact that their only reason for existing is intellect, that the objects that I have set forth, so far as undergraduate life is concerned, are the only legitimate objects. And every man should crave for his university primacy in these things, primacy in other things also if they may be brought in without enmity to it, but the sacrifice of everything that stands in the way of that.

For my part, I do not believe that it is athleticism which stands in the way. Athletics have been associated with the achievements of the mind in many a successful civilization. There is no difficulty in uniting vigor of body with achievement of mind, but there is a good deal of difficulty in uniting the achievement of the mind with a thousand distracting social influences, which take up all our ambitions, which absorb all our thoughts, which lead to all our arrangements of life, and then leave the university authorities the residuum of our attention, after we are through with the things that we are interested in. We absolutely changed the whole course of study at Princeton and revolutionized the methods of instruction without rousing a ripple on the surface of the alumni. They said those things are intellectual, they were our business. But just as soon as we thought to touch the social part of the university, there was not only a ripple, but the whole body was torn to its depths. We had touched the real things. These lay in triumphal competition with the province of the mind, and men's attention was so absolutely absorbed in these things that it was impossible for us to get their interest enlisted on the real undertakings of the university itself.

Now that is true of every university that I know anything about in this country, and if the faculties in this country want to recapture the ground that they have lost, they must begin pretty soon, and they must go into the battle with their bridges burned behind them so that it will be of no avail to retreat. If I had a voice to which the university men of this country might listen, that is the endeavor to which my ambition would lead me to call.

§ 77

SOUTH CAROLINA'S RURAL SCHOOL PROBLEM

By W. K. TATE

(Delivered at the Sixteenth Conference for Education in the South at Richmond, Virginia, April 18, 1913, by the State Supervisor of Rural Schools in South Carolina.)

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: South Carolina is the smallest, most modest, and most unobtrusive State in the Southern sisterhood. In spite of her small size, she has some very complicated economic and educational problems. Forty-five per cent of our white farmers are tenants. South Carolina is the leading Southern State in the manufacture of cotton, and the rapid development of the mill industry has concentrated in the factory village great masses of neglected men from the rural districts of our own State and from the mountain sections of neighboring states. We are endeavoring to meet our responsibilities with bravery and optimism and feel that we are making some progress toward a better day.

I. During the past five years the total expenditure for schools in South Carolina has increased from $1,416,000 to $2,381,000. This increase has resulted largely from the levy of special district taxes. The number of districts levying special taxes during the five-year period has increased from 501 to 1075 for the 1900 school districts of the State. Every year about 200 new school districts are added to this list, and many other districts increase a levy already in force. This increase in special taxation has been encouraged by several laws:

1. The limit of the special tax which may be levied by any school district has been raised from 4 mills to 8 mills.

2. Under the Term Extension Act the State makes annually an appropriation of $60,000 and provides that any school district in which the regular county funds will not run the

school for 100 days may, upon levying a special tax of at least 2 mills, receive from the State appropriation a sum equal to that raised by the special tax not to exceed $100.

3. The Rural Graded School Act provides that a district levying a 4-mill special tax and complying with certain conditions as to teaching force, enrollment, average daily attendance, length of term, and equipment may receive $200 or $300 per year from the State Appropriation.

4. The State High School Law is providing for State aid to approved high schools makes the levy of a special tax one of the conditions of recognition.

II. Five years ago the State appropriation for common schools was $55,000.00; in 1912 it was $145,000.00. This State appropriation is directed towards the establishment of high schools, rural graded schools, the lengthening of the school term, the provision for adequate buildings, and the purchase of school libraries. In every instance it is conditioned on local self-help. The last Legislature provided for the levy of a 1-mill State tax to be used in this way.

III. During the past five years a million and a quarter dollars have been invested in modern school buildings in South Carolina. Most of these buildings have been erected in rural communities. They have been brought about through the following means:

1. A special building bulletin containing plans and specifications for hygienic schoolhouses was prepared for the State Department of Education by the Engineering Department at Clemson College. This bulletin was distributed widely among the school officials of the State.

2. The State made an annual building appropriation providing for State aid not to exceed $350 to communities which would build houses approved by the State Board of Education. The State aid was not to exceed one-fourth of the cost of the building.

3. A law was passed authorizing the county board of education to set aside from the county funds one-forth of the cost of the building, the sum given not to exceed $350.

These laws have made it possible for country communities

to build good schoolhouses by providing locally one-half of the necessary cost. These laws are steadily revolutionizing the country school architecture.

IV. The appointment of a State Inspector of High Schools and the passage of the High School Act has caused a remarkable development in this direction. Within five years the number of high schools has increased from 95 to 178. The number of teachers in these high schools has increased from 235 to 501, the number of pupils enrolled in the high school from 4812 to 8902, and the salaries of high school teachers from $146,000 to $298,000. The development of a better system of high schools is gradually lifting the standard of the teaching force employed in the elementary rural schools.

V. There is a steady increase in teachers' salaries, the average salary for whites having risen from $269 to $334 during the 5-year period. The colleges of the State are beginning to give some attention to the preparation of teachers for rural schools. An Experimental country school has been established on the campus of Winthrop College, and the University of South Carolina is considering the establishment of a model school based on the rural graded school characteristic of the State. The Summer Schools are offering special courses designed to meet the needs of country teachers. The State Department of Education has issued an Elementary Teachers' Manual designed especially for the country teacher. The teachers of the State are gradually perfecting their county and State organizations and are making these effective instruments for professional advancement.

VI. During the five years there has been a steady increase in the importance of the county superintendents' office. Five years ago only three county superintendents in the State received as much as $1,000 per year. Now twelve have passed that figure. The average salary for the county superintendents in 1907 was $684 per year; it is now $881 per year. Nearly all of the county superintendents now give their whole time to the duties of their offices. They hold each year the following conferences:

1. A conference at Clemson College devoted especially to agricultural phases of their work.

2. An annual conference at Winthrop College devoted to problems of school organization and class-room supervision.

3. A conference at the annual meeting of the State Teachers' Association devoted to general educational topics.

4. A conference during the session of the State Legislature devoted to the consideration of educational legislation.

These conferences are awakening in the county superintendents an esprit de corps and the body is becoming thoroughly permeated with progressive educational ideals.

Until last year the term of the county superintendents, along with other county officers, began January 1st. This made it necessary for a teacher to lose a year from the class-room in order to accept the position. The term has now been changed to begin July 1st. The best result of this change will be to bring practical school men into the county superintendency.

VII. Sixteen counties for next year have provided for a special rural school supervisor as an assistant to the county superintendent. Three years ago Miss Lelia Russell was appointed as the first of these supervisors in South Carolina. The wisdom of this movement has been thoroughly established. In several instances the rural school supervisor also has charge of the Girls' Agricultural Club Work.

In order to assist in establishing a standard for a country school, the State Department of Education has issued a score card and the country schools of the State are being rated in accordance with this standard.

The School Improvement Association has materially stimulated rural school improvement by distributing prizes for improvement in schoolhouses, grounds, and equipment. These prizes have been awarded on the basis of the county improvement score card, which has still further operated to set a much needed standard. With the coming of the country rural school supervisor the improvement work increases in efficiency.

VIII. There has been during the five years a distinct ad-

vance in the adaptation of the school to the agricultural needs of the community.

1. The Corn Club, under the joint direction of the county superintendent and the demonstration agent, maintains an undiminished vigor. During the coming year the demonstration agent in each county will maintain an experimental plot at five schools.

2. The Canning Club work shows unusual vitality. It has even made its way into counties for which no special provision has been made by the Legislature or by the authorities having charge of the work.

3. Many schools in the State have organized sewing clubs, cooking clubs, axe handle clubs, etc., and through these organizations much industrial work has been done.

4. A farm arithmetic has been issued as a special supplement to the textbook adopted by the State Board of Education. Large editions of this supplement have been distributed among the schools.

5. Many thousand bulletins from the United States Bureau of Agriculture have also been distributed among the teachers.

IX. Physical education and the social side of educational work have been immensely stimulated through the County Field Day. Four years ago the first of these Field Days was held in South Carolina. This year 25 out of the 44 counties have held successful Field Days. These have in most cases included athletic events, literary contests, contests in declamation and oratory, and exhibits of industrial and agricultural work. The attendance on these occasions has sometimes reached 5000. This movement has served to unify the educational interests of the county as nothing else has ever done.

§ 78

THE FUNCTIONS OF THE GOVERNING BOARD IN THE ADMINISTRATION OF A UNIVERSITY

By WILLIAM L. ABBOTT

(Delivered by a Trustee of the University of Illinois, at the inauguration of President Burton of the University of Michigan, October 14, 1920.)

College professors have written much concerning the functions of trustees in university administration; the more they have written the more those functions have shrunk, the trustee having been ignored in the discussion until now, as his duties approach the vanishing point, I am asked to embalm myself into the record, presumably as a museum specimen of a species that is fast becoming atrophied, and, although I may miss the point of discussion, I shall at least speak my mind.

The constructive potentiality of a people is indicated by its enterprise and by its ability to organize so as to function as a unit for the accomplishment of any desired purpose. Long human experience in such matters has shown that certain forms of organization tend to efficiency and other forms to inefficiency, one of the lessons taught being that when a large number of people desire to establish and carry on an enterprise it can best be done by creating a body or corporation for that purpose and placing its management in the hands of a selected few, giving this smaller body general instructions as to the object to be accomplished, full authority to represent the larger, and charging it with complete responsibility for the organization and conduct of the undertaking. Not that the members of this smaller number, whom we will call the governing board, are the most experienced in the particular undertaking to which they are assigned, but that they have the interest of the venture at heart and have the good sense to select experts to administer the enter-

prise and, in general, to keep it functioning along the lines which its founders intended it should go.

The scheme of organization and method of operation which in business organizations has been found to be best adapted to the human temperament for that purpose has also been found to be the best scheme of organization and method of operation for universities, in which the temperamental feature is greatly accentuated and the danger from amateur meddling is correspondingly increased.

The members of such university boards are seldom experienced educators or experienced managers of educators or of students, and from the way they are selected it is unlikely that as a body they are specialists in any line related to university administration or that they will become such during their term of office; but with the wisdom which they are supposed to have and generally do have, they recognize their limitations and act cautiously through experienced agents and upon advice.

Over-candid friends from the university will freely point out the shortcomings of trustees, not only in matters of financing but in matters of every-day operation and of educational policy. The campus development plan is visionary or shortsighted, perhaps both; the educational aims are too narrow or scattered too much, do not give the student a broad foundation, do not equip him to take a good paying job upon graduation; the university should have a course in law or medicine, because it would bring students or bring money, or should cut out such courses because they will never amount to anything here. In the selection of a faculty why don't they drop Prof. So and So? No one likes him. Or why don't they get Prof. So and So from Michigan? He is just the man to make this or that department go.

I always suspected that university management was not perfect, but it was not until I had the free will offering of the criticism of five sons and daughters, students in the university during my term as trustee, that I realized how singularly incompetent its administration could be.

In recommending a candidate for the office of university

trustee, it is often urged that he is an educator. This is one job where, to my mind, a little learning is a dangerous thing and more learning would be worse. The trustees, by the nature of their positions, are no more competent to formulate the teaching policy of a university than they are to do the teaching; no more than the board of directors of a manufacturing company is competent to plan the tooling and methods of machining for the work that goes through their shop. Individually, they may have ideas of greater or less merit, but as a board they are incompetent if they devote their own time and ideas to a task that can be better and more cheaply done by hired experts. Nevertheless, a board that would abdicate its authority to any shop committee, expert, superintendent or president would be inviting disaster.

The board has certain fundamental duties, among which are:

Raising of funds;
Educational aims;
Plan for developing of plant;
Selection of president and teaching faculty;
Operation.

In the above tabulation I have placed financing first, on the theory that any one can run a university, if somebody will furnish the necessary money, and I have no doubt that everybody will concede that function to the trustees.

In some families there may be a difference in opinion as to the extent of the father's authority and in what capacities he could best serve the household, but however much he must exert himself to maintain his prestige in other respects, he is never asked to abdicate as purveyor to the domestic exchequer.

Trustees having business affairs of their own, which occupy their attention to such an extent that they have little time to become acquainted with the university's requirements, have need for expert advice on all of the board's major functions. They need more than that; they need a trusted agent to advise them where they can get this advice and to coordinate and condense the information obtained, so that it can be presented

in form to be readily comprehended and its various features shown in their relative importance and significance. This agent is the board's "man Friday," the man on the job—the president. The board will consult with architects, engineers, accountants, financiers, superintendents and faculty, but most of all it will depend upon the president who should be sufficiently in touch with every feature of university requirement and university life to anticipate the university's needs and bring them to the board for its consideration and his own guidance.

The president may or may not make a success of the enterprise. If he does, well and good; the trustees in such cases would rarely disturb him. If he does not make a success, he will soon be required to make way for some other prospect. But whether he be successful or not, the trustees, if they are wise, will not, except in the greatest emergency, disturb the authority of their president by short-circuiting him and dealing directly with the members of his organization.

It has been said that an executive is a man who makes decisions quickly—sometimes rightly. A university president must make so many decisions in a day that it would be a wonder if all were right, but when it develops that a wrong decision has been made there are usually people unkind enough to represent that the president should have been one hundred per cent perfect.

Take the case of the best league batter in the country; his average is around 300 per cent as it is reckoned, but see what a princely salary he draws. If our university presidents were paid according to their batting averages, we would need materially to reduce some other expenses.

There is an inclination from without to ridicule boards for deferring so much to their agents and nearly always accepting their advice, as though the board were belittling itself by acknowledging that it hired a man for a special purpose, who knows more about his job than the board does. There is also an inclination from within to meddle with the president's job when it does not seem to be going smoothly, and some-

times when it is, to mix into any quarrel or operation that appears interesting.

Suppose a company interested in the transportation of freight should buy for the purpose a freighter's wagon and a team of high-strung horses to pull it—a "20-mule team" of horses, I was going to say. We will grant that the individuals of the team have horse sense, but even with that, they need horse sense in management. Suppose that to drive this team they should hire a freighter of experience, determination and proved skill. When all is ready the directors, to make sure that the transporting is properly done, would climb on to the load, the driver would mount to his seat, crack his whip, and they would be off.

For a few hours the directors would admire the driver's skill, and by that time, seeing how simple a thing driving is, they would be able to offer occasional suggestions to the driver, and when the outfit struck a piece of rough road on an up grade or a down grade, where the driver's strength, skill and attention are taxed in the management of his team, what a blessing it would be to have some members of the party appoint themselves critics and advisers extraordinary to him, and in addition to their valuable suggestions endeavor to take from his hands during the emergency the control of the lines, whip or brake. The driver's thanks in such a contingency would doubtless be expressed in language characteristic of a sentimental freighter. And suppose that at the end of the day's pull, some should go among the horses expressing sympathy at the way the whip was cracked and the rein drawn over their backs in special cases, or say to Bill or Jack that he deserves to be a leader or a wheel horse instead of occupying an inconspicuous place in the middle of the string; would see what could be done to get him better recognition or at least an increased allowance of oats. A freighting company so managed would travel rough roads, even though Bill and Jack do have good sense.

With the freighting company there are many features of the general conduct of the business which the board alone

can decide, and the selection of a competent driver is one of them. If it finds that the one first selected is not reasonably satisfactory, it should try another; but the company will find it far safer to let the driver, whoever he may be, do the driving for the time being than have the members of the board, collectively or upon individual impulse, disturb him in his work. Likewise, a university board of trustees should select a competent man for president, and if it should develop that he is not competent, select some one else for the position; but if he is competent, so tell the world, faculty included.

Having selected for its president a person preferably with broad shoulders and a back strong enough to carry a great load, the board will do well to rely upon him for the double office of adviser and operating superintendent, who will assume the initiative in bringing up matters that need attention, presenting therewith essential facts in proper weight. The board often receives information and advice from other sources, faculty included, but to conserve its own time and to impel respect for the president's office, arrangements for such outside assistance should generally be requested of the president.

Industries are coming to recognize that participation by the lower members of their organizations in conferences where operating methods and policies are discussed tends to create a wholesome and loyal interest in the affairs of the industry on the part of the employe, and at the same time discloses a wealth of wisdom concerning operating problems whose existence until recently was generally unsuspected or ignored. When arrangement is made to give standing and recognition to this element, not only do the employes become more contented and efficient, but the administration is aided by friendly counsel from those who are in most intimate contact with its affairs. So long as this participation by employes in the company's councils is in an advisory capacity only, the results have been mutually beneficial, but it is yet to be shown that placing final authority in the hands of those upon whom the burden of responsibility does not rest is for the ultimate benefit of the enterprise.

As the board must depend upon its president for the general management of the university, and upon him places certain responsibilities, so the president must depend upon his faculty for advice and guidance, and in the ability of the president so to enthuse and lead his faculty that they will heartily coöperate and put forth their best efforts to plan and advise, lies his hope for best advising and influencing his board. The board that is not guided largely by its president and the president who is not guided largely by his faculty shows little confidence in their ability to select advisers.

The test of an executive is his ability to get agents to do his work. The board, realizing its limitations as to time and special qualification, will delegate to others nearly all except its legislative duties; but however competent such agencies may be and however much they desire to retain such authority and exercise it in their own right, it is impractical to award to such agencies as president or faculty, who the board employs and dismisses at will, concurrent authority with the board, which by organic law alone bears the responsibility.

I am a believer in the wisdom of distributing the privilege of counsel and the burden of administration down from the board to the lowest member of the organization, but in all this the responsibility and likewise the authority of the board should remain absolute, both as to initiative and as to veto.

Some, in their enthusiasm for an extension of administrative authority and prerogative to the faculty, may favor going so far as to place final authority in the hands of subordinates who have not final responsibility, and while this policy might work well in some instances, it is fundamentally as faulty as would be the policy of allowing a locomotive fireman to share with his engineer concurrent authority in piloting an express train.

§ 79

THE NEW EDUCATION

By W. G. COVE

(Delivered by the President of the National Union of Teachers of England and Wales, at the annual convention of the National Education Association, Boston, Massachusetts, July 2, 1922.)

In spite of grave difficulties immediately confronting the teaching profession in Britain, the kind invitation extended to me by your President to be present at this conference was readily accepted by me, and enthusiastically agreed to by the Executive of the National Union of Teachers. It was felt, and I believe rightly felt, that the organized bodies of teachers in the various lands have too long been strangers, and that nothing but good would accrue to the profession, education, and international understanding, from a coming together of those who are engaged in the work of education throughout the civilized world. It is my belief, extravagant though it may seem in the present state of national suspicions and antagonisms, that the educators of childhood and youth can, if they have the vision and the desire, be the strongest force for peace and goodwill amongst the democracies. If in our collective and individual capacities we rise to a concept of our world-wide humanist mission, we cannot but be a force greater than any that kings or statesmen can mobilize.

There can be no doubt that the school is an international factor of potent force, and it is within the power of its teachers to use it for the destruction or the healing of the nations. It is a sacred trust, a dynamic concept, and if we are to be faithful to it, we must realize ourselves as world citizens whose task it is to integrate its moral and spiritual forces. We must banish from the schools a nationalism that does not find its highest expression in service to humanity. We must eradicate national jealousies, prejudices, and hatred and let the spirit of common childhood, common parenthood permeate and brood over the schools.

To us is given the privilege of seeing a common humanity sanctified and made pure in the child we educate. To us is given the honour of placing at the disposal of growing life the best of the inheritance of the past and the duty of nurturing the promise of things that are to be. The teachers of Britain welcome, therefore, in the spirit of common purpose and high endeavor, your kindly invitation to their President.

I would, Madam President, that I could bring with me a message of hope and recorded progress from my native land. I would, too, that I could confidently state that the war had changed the heart of musty and cynical old Europe. But truth to observation and conviction compels me to state that Europe is still riven with economic antagonisms and national suspicions. The war has not cleared the path to a realization of a brotherhood of the nations. Our Prime Minister stated that an old man greeted him on his return from Genoa calling it Gehenna. "And," said Mr. Lloyd George, "it was not far from it after all, for I felt there was but a slight partition intervening between us and that evil place. At times I could smell the very fumes arising therefrom." And I want to say that I do not believe lasting peace will come to us on the plane of material concessions, political adjustments, and economic hegemony. Many of the chancellories of Europe are still drunk with materialism, and the democracies crushed by pessimism. The integration that is sought is material and economic, and therefore unstable and transitory. The abiding integration must be sought on a higher plane; the plane of intellectual, moral, and spiritual well-being. It is here that the school can play its great part. It must transform the materialist habit of mind of statesmen and of peoples. It must preserve, in the cross currents of materialism the kingdom of the ideal. I know that European cynical old age will laugh and mock, but as educators we have faith in childhood and youth, and we draw our inspiration from the future. Through the emotional appeal of the child we must bring about the triumph of reason. As educators we know our dependence upon world culture, and we must let the

dominance of finance capital prevent the children entering into their rightful heritage.

As we look around at the effect of modern industrialism we note that one of its baleful effects has been the mechanising of life. "Mechanism dominates life and not life mechanism." We have seen human personality dwarfed, stunted, and twisted into ugly shapes by the dominance of a mechanised industry and a mechanised society. Life has become, for millions of men and women, purposeless, stale, and flat. We have thought in terms of material values and not in terms of human values. It is the purpose of the school to restore to us the correct content of value. It is our task to make society see the truest economy in happy childhood, growing life, and creative play and work. I do not bemoan the fact that modern civilization is based upon machine production. I have no regrets about the application of science to the provision of man's material needs. What I do object to is the mechanising human life and the material appraisement of human personality. And there is no inevitable need that this should be so, for the school, rightly conceived by society and given its proper place and function in society, is capable of performing the task of preserving and conserving the intellectual, moral, and spiritual legacies of the ages.

The school in modern society is the social unit for the exercise and development of that we term humanism. And there is abundant evidence that the schools of Europe and America are realising their high mission and calling in the preservation of the human in this machine age. No longer do we regard the children as passive recipients of facts. No longer do we emphasize mere knowledge. We recognize variant individualities and unfolding personalities. We treat with reverence and wonder unfolding life. The escape for the child from a mechanised society is found in the spontaneous activities of the school. Not only is this true of our infants and junior schools, but it is increasingly becoming true of our senior departments. Further, if we are to preserve our adolescents from the banal mechanising of a machine age, we shall have to provide them with creative and

recreative purpose in our schools. The logic of the machine is to negate skill for thousands of youths, and it is abundantly clear that the school must provide the educative purpose that industry can no longer provide. I would point out too that moral derelicts are made in the leisure time of youths, in the reaction from the monotony of machine-facture. It is here that the school can provide the stimulus to creative activities, and thus give meaning and purpose to youth.

There can be no doubt that the war ushered in a new era, and it did so by accelerating and intensifying the social tendencies that had already an incipient existence in industry and society since the industrial revolution. We have, the world over, industry integrated and organized upon a vaster scale than ever before; we have combinations of industrial and financial groups unprecedented in their industrial, financial, social, and political power. The world, as never before, is economically one. Yet in spite of the economic unity of the nations, there is no corresponding intellectual, moral, or spiritual appreciation of its implications for human conduct. Intellectually the vast mass of mankind, the democracies of the world, have not perceived the delicate and complex relationships of the modern society, much less have they any appreciation of its moral and spiritual significance. The vastness and complexity of modern society with its subtle economic reactions, have left them dumb and passive. The material progress of men seems to have outrun the intellectual, moral, and spiritual capacity of democracy. It is the school that must give democracy the power of adjustment to the new conditions. It is the school that must save personality from intellectual, moral, and spiritual passivity. There is nothing more tragic, nothing more dangerous to civilization than the mental stupor and moral inertness of masses of men. The passivity that gives its brains to the sensational press, the intoxication of gambling, and which allows its mental and moral fibre to be weakened by picture shows is a bar to all true progress. The school must save democracy and civilization for progress, by nurturing the constructive impulses of the common man. The greatest

safeguard against future wars will be found in the intellectual perception by democracy of the unity of civilization, and the active participation of the common man in the social and political questions of the day. The school must give the knowledge upon which sound citizenship is founded, and the moral fibre which active citizenship demands.

I know that we have in the West political systems which we are pleased to term democracies, whether monarchical or republican. But has the part played by the people in them been an active one? Have not decisions of life and death been taken without reference to them, yes, and even without reference being demanded by them? The dumbness of democracy has been tragic, and its passiveness will be fatal. If we are to have democracy in content as well as in form then this blind and ignorant passivity must give place to virile and enlightened activity. The economic transformation that has come through the forces of industrialism must be paralleled by a moral and intellectual transformation, and in this transformation the schools must play a major part. Industrial society gives no ennobling purpose to our tens of thousands of adolescents, and it cannot until it asks the schools to undertake the task.

And the schools, especially the infants' schools, have already perceived the dangers of urbanized industry with its division of labor and its sectionalization of life and human personality. Human personality has been out of focus, and it is the task of the school to bring the whole personality of the child within the focus of educational purpose. Our work we already perceive is not to pack the human mind but to develop personality. The passivity that makes of democracy an empty form will be banished in the self activities of the school. We put our faith no longer in receptivity but in purposeful activity. The world-wide over, we cry for the concrete realization of personality in active construction. And this later movement in our schools, this vision of the unity and activeness of individual life, is of fundamental importance to democracy and the new world movement. No autocracy can be imposed upon a race that has been trained

to work out its own salvation in its schools. Today men need not only the ability to understand the problems of industrial, social, and political life, they need the impulse to understand, the desire to know. The efficiency of democracy depends in the first place upon an enlightened interest in its problems. Its tendency has been to repose an ignorant trust in those whose interests are opposed to democracy and to delegate its powers to those who are unworthy of its trust. No true democracy can persist by inertia. It is the work of the schools, by the quickening variety of their curricula and the stimulating methods of their instruction, to give to the masses the activity that is a basis of democratic government. And the significance to the new world which we have envisaged is that the new activities of the school are being purposely related to the vital and common occupations of men. The degradation of the workman has produced the nondescript citizen. The elimination of pride in craftsmanship has its complement in the absence of civic dignity. Your mechanised worker is your amorphous citizen. The common man must shake off his lethargy, must become proud of his workmanship, active in his citizenship, before we can have government of the people, by the people, and for the people. The activities of the school are of vital import in the creation of this activity, pride, and dignity, that are necessary for real democracy.

The Great War revealed also the weakness of precepts in the clash of economic interests, and national and racial prejudices. Men cannot be redeemed merely by maxims, neither can universal goodwill be achieved by preaching. Your moral edifice must be slowly and patiently built in the concrete. Your social consciousness must perpetually find its awareness in the actualities of social service. The school provides the social organization for the exercise of a concrete morality and the realization of vitalizing social service. One of the distinctive marks of modern society is the cleavage between private and public morality. The ethics of private conduct are not the ethics of our business and social relationships or of our foreign diplomacies. This dualism, this

cynicism of a commercialized morality, has been fraught, as the revelations of pre-war diplomacy revealed with nothing but evil consequence to men. Even now, there are cynical statesmen in Europe whose blighting ethic is that "might is right." The school in and through its social relationships actively practiced in the concrete, by the reaction of theory upon practice and practice upon theory, by the unified development of human personality, will be the strongest force for ridding the world of this pestilential ethic The perception of unity of the human personality is the first condition for the achievement of the unity of the human race. The modern school has a vision of that unity. It sees in human personality, in the sum of its potentialities and achievements something more than a piece of mechanism, something more than a mere "hand." It sees a living personality, in which body and soul are one, in which there is no divorcement of the inward convictions and outward actions, and in which full growth depends upon the balanced development of all its elements. In the relationships of the school, private and public morality are one. "The school," as one has said, "is the idealized model of the world and the world must become the realized model of the school." This may seem visionary, but I am convinced that neither leagues nor conferences of nations can secure a permanent orientation of world policy towards peace until we have ceased to sectionalize human personality into man physical and man spiritual, into man private and man public. In the constructive occupations of the schools, in their individual contributions to social tasks within and without the social unit of the schools, we have the training ground for social purpose in the spheres of industry, citizenship, and politics. The school is the microcosm that must realize itself in the macrocosm of the world. In the unification of physical and mental, in the unity of example and precept, in the supreme conception of man as the creature and creator of his environment we shall provide the world with the practical working faith that will give the world what it so badly needs, the dynamic concept of unity.

There can be no doubt that the War has left the schools and

universities of the world with a great choice. They have to decide whether or not they will be the instruments of a narrow nationalism, a ruthless and material imperialism, and a cynical chauvinism. The war has not rid the world of its damning philosophies and its vaulting ambitions. We will have statesmen who dominate the politics of Europe saying that "We can only get what we can force," and who are applying in enlarged armies the cynical aphorism that the best preparation for peace is to prepare for war. We have to decide as educators whether we are prepared to teach this philosophy in our schools. There can be no doubt that the schools of the world have been effective organs for the cultivation of national consciousness. They must now become organs of international consciousness, if the efforts towards peace are to be successful. We have to weave in our schools and universities the garment of common humanity. In spite of the acknowledged international indebtedness in science and humanities; in spite of recognized commercial and economic dependence, we have not yet evolved a world consciousness of this essential dependence and unity. One of the noble tasks of our educational institutions will be to evolve this world consciousness. We cannot do it by teaching an exclusive patriotism in our schools and colleges. We can, and must, aid the forces of peace and goodwill by evolving a world history and a universal geography. Acquaintanceship begets understanding and understanding appreciation, and the generous mind of youth will respond to our appeal to a common humanity. We must girdle the world with the imagination of generous youth. We must not only scrap our armaments but also our historical textbooks. May I suggest in this respect that as teachers we can render much aid to the new world movement for solidarity by ourselves working for the unification of our national systems of education from the infants' school to the university, by the solidarity and unification of our profession, nationally and internationally. We have our national councils and executives, why not an international council? Such a council by its efforts to garner and distribute the world

fruits of educational endeavor would be a more powerful factor than any "Supreme Council" of statesmen in the cause of world humanism. Democracy needs to see the world in perspective. It is now the willing subject of unbalanced prejudices and sectional interests. The schools and universities of the nations must take upon themselves the task of giving to democracy this sense of world perspective. They must "evolve an objective standard" for the aspirations and the testing of national conduct, and side by side with this as complementary and essential, the schools and universities must become the cultural means for its attainment in the conduct of the nations. The reaction of the war has left democracy listless and without clear objectives. The passions of the past have left men dry; it is clear that in Europe, at least, men are merely creatures of blind economic forces. There is an absence of urge—a lack of direction. It is our task in the schools to restore vitality and give direction to the democracies of the world.

Thus our task as educators in the new world of democracy is a supreme and sacred one. In an age that has become mechanically complex, that is dominated by a material conception of what is economic, we have to reassert the vital and the unity and dominance of personality. We must convince a cynical world that the laughter of childhood is truly economic and the free play of the constructive impulse of youth and man is an exercise in the truest form of economy. We must make the world ring with the laughter of childhood and the joy of youth.

§ 80

THE EMPLOYES' MUTUAL BENEFIT ASSOCIATION

By JOHN M. GANZ

(Delivered by the attorney for the association discussed at the eighteenth annual meeting of the Savings Bank Section of the American Bankers Association at St. Louis, Mo., September 30, 1919.)

It was somewhat of a surprise to me to be requested to come up here to speak on this subject, especially to a group of bankers but we are more or less in touch with the same people. We employ labor, and they take their earnings and they intrust them to you. You are their fiduciary in a way; we are their partners; and I think that in that word "partner" lies more or less the solution of labor questions today.

The Union Electric Light and Power Company of St. Louis has arrived at a practical form of partnership with their employes, not suddenly but gradually. The solution of these questions does not flash out openly and suddenly upon the managers of a business enterprise. They have to agree to it. Now I can readily appreciate that from the arguments I have just heard, others appear from time to time, and you gradually adjust yourselves to these problems and you study over them until finally you see the solution. It has been that way with us in our relationship with our workers.

We have taken our workers into a practical form of partnership, and we grew into it. We did not plan this thing in its entirety like an architect draws the specifications of a house. We were all in a business, and as things came along we gradually strove to meet the problems of ourselves and of our employes, and out of that has grown the situation which we feel is in the very form of the plans in effect in this country today.

Our relationship with our employes started in 1912. We organized then the Employes' Mutual Benefit Association. It was chiefly a welfare proposition. It was not a labor proposition. It was not a profit sharing proposition. It was merely to give the employes a collective idea of their family responsibilities and their personal responsibilities, and their property responsibilities.

We elected a board of directors; they elected officers. We took the employes in as members; they paid monthly dues; the company contributed an equal amount to what the employes contributed. That sounds simple. You have heard of that all over the country—employes loan and aid associations—but this is different.

After we had gone along that way for a while the employes began to realize the benefits they received out of this. When an employe died they saw his widow receive $300 in cold cash in twenty-four hours. If one were sick, he drew his dollar a day right straight along during the time of his sickness. If one were sick and did n't have a physician of his own, he could have the association physician. We now have a staff of five physicians and we furnish operations to the employes at a reduced cost. These physicians are scattered in different districts. When the employe applies to the physician of his district, he gets free medical attention for himself and his dependents under eighteen years of age. He also draws a dollar a day and if he dies his dependents get $300. That 's all for fifty cents a month.

That interested the employes. They finally became very loyal to their Mutual Aid Association, because it secured practical results to them at a time when they most needed it.

Along with that was organized the Savings and Loan Association. Our employes had no loan or savings institution, but they were not interested until we started one among the employes—the Employes' Savings and Loan Association, which after four years has about 1400 members. Out of that number 1071 have made loans to buy homes.

We believe that we have the highest class of industrial workers in this town of any other town—but that is one of the reasons why we believe it. When a man has a home, when he is interested in building a home, he becomes a property owner, and he immediately begins to rise up and feel like a unit in the community, as a man should feel; he begins to appreciate property rights because he has property; he begins to get interested in questions of taxation and property protection, what the Police Court is for, and all those things that he is paying for, and he gets because he has property. I have been told by men who were there that all the troubles of Mexico are due to the fact that people down there have no property, and therefore they cannot respect property; that a man that knows nothing does n't care about anything except the next meal, and he is going to get it

anyway he can. So our men, 1061 out of 1400, have taken part in this Savings and Loan Association.

Then the Savings and Loan Association began to get interested in the higher welfare of their membership, not merely to have a doctor when they are sick, or a dollar a day, or $300 death benefit, but of the items of labor and employment and they asked among themselves, "Why can't we act as a union in the matter of making contracts for our employers; we all belong to this thing: why can't we all act together!" And that is what they did. They proposed a labor contract with the company. The company was not averse to that idea because it was an opportunity to give these men an insight into the problems of management. It was a first step, so the company entered into a contract with the employes through the association whereby the employes agreed to furnish all the labor, all the help required for the running of this big organization. The company agreed to an eight hour day, to employ none but those furnished by the association, to adjust wages every six months on the basis of the Annalist's index number of the cost of living.

Those men know now more about how wages should be scientifically calculated than they would have known in fifty years under the old plan, because they get together, analyze these things, ask a million questions. These men know what the Annalist's index number is, and what it indicates—the fluctuation in the cost of living.

Immediately thereafter, when they had agreed to furnish the labor and had agreed to this plan of contract the men said, "Well, now, we want representatives to approach our department heads and our management to cure any grievances or complaints which we have," so they incorporated into their labor contracts, that every group of fifty men, whether it is a craft of whether it is a consolidation of groups, shall have the right to elect representatives to approach the department heads to make the semi-annual wage agreement solid, to make agreements relative to sanitary conditions and working conditions and safety conditions. They took over the safety work and conducted the appointments of the cen-

tral safety committee, the safety sub-committees, in group or department of the company.

So the men now are looking out for their own safety, because having been led to think about property rights, and life, and physical conditions, and family loss and suffering, they are beginning to look out for themselves in a reasonable and logical and scientific way. And we are proud of those workmen, and for that reason that they have shown us that they are able to handle problems of management—and they don't stop there.

The next point was, Why should n't they have a man on the board of directors of the company through these labor adjustment committee men. So when a man has a grievance that is material he takes it to the labor adjustment committee, his labor adjustment committeeman takes it to his employe-member of the board of directors. Last spring the company, realizing that it was inevitably coming, that it was the proper way to teach the men the problems of management and to bring them in so that they could understand what the traffic work is, so that they would know whether or not they were reasonable or unreasonable, put an employe upon the board of directors of the company so he would know what was going on.

These men by ballot went all over the works, they campaigned like a political campaign for this man or that man or the other man; there were six or eight or ten candidates, and an engineer running an engine in the power station was elected a member of the board of directors of the Union Electric Light and Power Company. He has been sitting there regularly in the meetings ever since. He is an intelligent and capable man, and he knows what is going on, and he knows the problems the management is up against. He goes out among the labor adjustment committeemen and those other committeemen and he tells them what is going on, and they know since they have come in contact with the labor adjustment committee, since they have a member elected to the board of directors, they don't speak of it as "the" company, they speak of it as "our" company.

The next step after these adjustment committees were organized and started to making these semi-annual agreements with respect to wages, was to take them still further into the management of the company. I am really talking on co-operative management, because that is the solution of these difficulties. The men must know the problem that you have in order to be reasonable with you and to co-operate with you. So, the next step was to institute a profit sharing plan through these labor adjustment committees. The group committees—twenty-four of them—met in one big meeting, and they began to compare notes on the different contracts that the different groups had made with their department heads—they saw disparity, they saw some illogical differences, and they began to smooth those things over.

The result was that those men, of their own initiative, appointed a qualification and classification committee—something that I have never heard of before in America—to classify and rationalize the wages of the different groups, and they invited the company to appoint representatives on that committee for advisory purposes, which was done. That committee had been working six months and has n't yet written a report, but it will come. It was something new, and it was a lot of work. But that report will come and it will help to smooth out any jealousies or any feeling of interference that may exist among the different groups of employes.

Then became evident the need for a reasonable and logical profit sharing plan. The ordinary profit sharing plan is to make a lot of money during the year, then when Christmas time comes and you see you have made a lot of money you get big-hearted and you dish out $25 or $50 in gold to your employes. I understand that is the system in lots of banks, but there is where—pardon me for saying so, I don't know whether you are guilty or not, or so generous or not—but there is no logic in that plan because it does n't recognize the individual men. It is simply a case of having had a big, prosperous year and we are going to give everybody a Christmas present—and it is done.

Some industrial organizations do that, but that plan is faulty for two reasons; in the first place the man doesn't appreciate it so much; he feels that, well they have made an awful lot of money or they wouldn't give any away. He looks on it as a gift; and it prejudices the public because they think that if you can give these Christmas bonuses you are making too much money or else you are not paying your help enough to begin with. They think a bonus or profit sharing plan to be logical must be based upon merit and that is what the management of these companies, the Union Electric Light and Power Company and its consolidated companies, have been trying to do—to work out the logical plan that we want here.

To stimulate individual effort, we have taken groups of employes, for example the group of some thirty-five or forty boys who read the meters and deliver the bills to the homes. There is a certain standard of work, a certain level of production that that department has worked along for years. You set that standard as your base line and then after you got a profit sharing reward for results achieved about that line you stimulate endeavor in that group, in that department, and that is what has happened.

It has not happened that it stimulated a group as a whole, but it stimulated the group as an individual, because if there is an inefficient man in that department, some man who does not know where to cut the corners across the block when he is delivering the bills, some other man in that department is going to tell him about it and tell him that he is injuring the profit sharing of that group by not taking advantage of those efficient short cuts.

So those profit sharing plans are being put into effect, and they have been shown to do this: When your management has reached the highest point of efficiency, and you can't obtain anything more by efficient management, because you can only get so far in your details of the business, the rest of it from there must be left to the man who is doing the work down below; then when you have reached your limit, by efficient management, you can only get further not by just

simply making the man work, at the work that you say ought to be done, but to make the man want to do that which he sees ought to be done. And that is exactly what these plans do.

The man wants to do the work that he sees ought to be done because he knows that when he does that, he will share in the excess profits over that old level standard which was taken as the base unit.

We have n't tried to do so much more for them as we have tried to do with them, to lead them to work with us, and that is what they have done. We have led them first to avoid personal and individual loss through sickness, and as much as possible through death. We have led them to personal advancement, through property holding and a realization of property values and of the meeting of municipal government, which comes from being a property holder, and from meeting the municipal government.

They have come to the realization of the meaning of corporate activities, and from that weld their selfish interest with their intellect. We have led them through as near a perfect co-operation of the management of this company as you will find anywhere through these labor adjustment committees, this collective bargaining, through this representation upon the board of directors and through the profit sharing plans.

§ 81

THE FOUR-MINUTE MAN

By FRED A. WIRTH

("Last fall the chairman of the Illinois state Four-Minute men's organization instituted a state-wide contest for the best four-minute speech on the subject, "The Part of the Four-Minute Men in the War." Speeches were limited to five hundred words. One hundred twenty-eight speeches were submitted; a committee of three was appointed; and, by what seemed almost a miracle, they agreed to a man on the same speech without consultation or the slightest suggestion as to preference. The committee, however, came to the conclusion that the

marvel lay not so much in the agreement as in the speech itself. It is presented in the "Quarterly Journal" because it is after all a masterly exposition of the power of the spoken word of any and all kinds, not of four-minute speaking solely.

At the beginning and at the end change the words "I am a Four-Minute Man" to "I am a *Public Speaker,*" and you have as powerful a presentation of the mission of the public speaker as can be found in all literature.

This little classic is the work of Fred A. Wirth, of 4448 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

C. H. W.")

From *The Quarterly Journal of Speech Education,* January 1919.)

I am a Four-Minute Man.

I am the Mouthpiece of Democracy.

I make men THINK.

I wield the most potent power of Human Endeavor—THE SPOKEN WORD.

The Blind do not read—the Ignorant cannot read—the Dullard will not read—but ALL MEN must harken to my message.

My appeal is universal—elemental—primitive.

I was a Roving Shepherd. I came back to my tribe and told of a Far County, green with pastures. My message reached Abraham. He led his tribe forth and founded a great people—Israel.

Again, I was a Nomad Slave. I returned to my people, groaning under the fetters of Pharaoh, and told of a beautiful land beyond the desert. My tidings came to the ears of Moses and he led his Chosen People to the Promised Land.

Again, I was a Wandering Monk. To the High and Low, I brought the tale of the Holy Land, suffering under Moslem oppression. My appeal inspired the Great Crusade.

Again, I was a Wayfaring Mariner, spreading strange rumors of unknown lands, beyond the seas. Columbus heard my message—set sail and discovered a New World. Thus it is, that the destines of Humanity have been swayed and directed by the SPOKEN WORD. Today, my appeal is more compelling—more potent—more universal than ever.

I am a Stoker for the Great Melting Pot. In four minutes, I breathe the flame of true American Patriotism to people of all kinds and creeds.

I am a Soldier. I fight German propaganda, intrigue, falsehoods, treachery.

I am a Teacher. I set forth in 240 seconds, lessons in loyalty, duty, thrift, conversation, co-operation.

I am a Herald. I sound the clarion call for men to serve their country. I summon help for the Y. M. C. A. and the Red Cross.

I am a Salesman. I sell Liberty Bonds and Thrift Stamps.

I am a Preacher. Using the text that all men are equal, I invoke Loyalty, Patriotism, Devotion.

I am a Doctor. I give four-minute treatments for disloyalty, un-Americanism, selfishness, laziness. I eradicate apathy and listlessness and instill "pep" and enthusiasm.

I am a Lawyer. Before a jury of all races and creeds, I indict old world standards of caste, class distinction, privileges, and false pride.

I am an Efficiency Engineer. I plead for the elimination of waste and carelessness and the practice of economy and conservation.

I am an Optimist. I have faith in the triumph of Truth and Right over Might and Brute Force.

I am a Prophet. I predict the doom of Despotism and Autocracy and the triumph of Liberty and Democracy.

I am a Lover. I love the Stars and Stripes. I love to think that this nation under God is having a new Birth of Freedom and that Government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth.

I am the Mouthpiece of Democracy. I make men THINK. I am a Four-minute Man.

CHAPTER XIV

SPEECHES OF ADVOCACY AND JUSTIFICATION

§ 82

THE DUTIES OF AMERICANS IN THE PRESENT WAR

By JOSIAH ROYCE

(Address delivered by a Professor of Philosophy in Harvard University, Sunday, January 30, 1916.)

I fully agree with those who believe that men can reasonably define their rights only in terms of their duties. I have moral rights only in so far as I also have duties. I have a right to my life because it gives me my sole opportunity to do my duty. I have a right to happiness solely because a certain measure of happiness is needed to adapt me to do the work of a man. I have a right to possess some opportunity to fulfil the office of a man; that is, I have a right to get some chance to do my duty. This is, in fact, my sole inalienable right.

This doctrine that rights and duties are correlative is an old teaching. It is also a dry and somewhat abstractly worded bit of wisdom, unwelcome to our more flippant as well as to our more vehement moods, and of late unpopular. I am not here to expound it. I mention it only because I rejoice that we are here to-day to consider what we have deliberately chosen to name *the duties of Americans in the present war*. I doubt not that we Americans have also our *rights* in the world crisis through which we are passing. I was glad and

eager to sign the recent memorial, addressed to the President of the United States, and issued by the "Committee on American Rights." But I signed that memorial with enthusiasm just because I believe not only that the American rights in question are genuine, but that they correspond with our duties as Americans, and with the duty which our country now owes to mankind. It is of our duties that I now rejoice to speak to you.

Two things have made clear to many of us Americans since the outset of the present war—and to some of us with a constantly increasing definiteness of vision—what our duty is. First the fact that, in this war, there is constantly before our eyes the painfully tragic and sublime vision of one nation that, through all its undeserved and seemingly overwhelming agonies, has remained unmistakably true to its duty—that is, to its international duty, to its honor, to its treaties, to the cause, to the freedom, and to the future union of mankind. That nation is Belgium.

In the heart of every true American this consciousness ought therefore to be kept awake (and, in many of our minds this consciousness is glowingly and radiantly active and wakeful),—the desire, the longing, the resolution: "Let us, let our dear republic, do our duty as Belgium and the Belgian people have done theirs. Let us, with all our might, with whatever moral influence we possess, with our own honor, with our lives if necessary, be ready, if ever and whenever the call comes to our people, to sacrifice for mankind as Belgium has sacrificed, to hazard all as Belgium has hazarded all, for the truer union of mankind and for the future of human brotherhood." That vision of Belgium's noble and unsparing self-sacrifice for international honor is one of the two things that to-day constantly remind us of what international duty is, and so what our own American duty is.

The second thing which constantly keeps wide awake, in the minds of many of us here in America, the knowledge of what our duty is, is the moral attitude which has been deliberately and openly assumed by Germany since the outset of the war. This attitude gives us what will remain until the end of hu-

man history, one great classic example of the rejection, by a great and highly intelligent nation, of the first principles of international morality,—the rejection of international duty, the assertion that for its own subjects, the State is the supreme moral authority, and that there is no moral authority on earth which ranks superior to the will of the State.

The assertion has often been made that we Americans have believed the lies of Germany's enemies, and have thus been ignorantly and woefully deceived. Countless German attempts have been made to tell us through books, pictures, newspapers,—sometimes through other documents,—what Germany's real motives are. I am sure that I speak the minds of many of you, my countrymen and fellow citizens, when I say that, next to the vision of bleeding and devoted Belgium,—that suffering servant of the great community of mankind,—no picture more convincingly instructs us regarding our duty, than the picture that comes before our minds whenever we remember Germany's summons at the gates of Liège, or recall von Jagow's answer to one of President Wilson's early *Lusitania* notes, or when, more recently, we read the first Austrian note in answer to President Wilson's peremptory demand about the case of the *Ancona*.

No, not Germany's enemies, but Germany herself, her prince, her ministers, her submarine commanders, have given us our principle picture of what the militant Germany of the moment is, and of what Germany means for the future of international morality. This picture constitutes the second of the two great sources of our instruction about what our American duty in this war is.

We are all accustomed to "look on this picture, and then on this." The first of the two pictures is now familiar,—inexpressibly sad and dear to us. Belgians are amongst us as friends or as colleagues; Belgian relief is one of the principle good causes of American charity. Belgian wrongs,—but also Belgian heroism and Belgian unswerving dutifulness,—are before our eyes as inspiring admonitions of what is the duty of Americans in the present war. That constitutes the one picture. The other,—well, Germany has chosen to set be-

fore us this second picture. That, in its turn, has now become too familiar. But since our memory for diplomatic notes easily and early begins to fail, that second picture often tends to fade out amongst us. And since we all long for peace to come, and since some faint hearts forget that it is as immoral to make light of grave wrongs, and merely to condone them, as it is irrationally to cry out with lust of vengeance,—since these things are so, there are Americans who forget the second picture, and forget that Germany has done as much as Belgium to set before us what our international duty, as individuals and as a nation, really is.

What that second picture means, what spirit it expresses, what view of the nature of each nation's obligations to mankind it sets before us, we have not been left to learn from the enemies of Germany. The chief ally of Germany, whose submarine policy was "*made in Germany*," and whose will in this matter is the will of Germany, lately explained the matter to us in unmistakable terms. I refer to the *Ancona* case. President Wilson accepting, not any so-called "lies" of the enemies of Germany, but the official statement of the submarine commander who sank the *Ancona* after that vessel had ceased to make her effort to escape, and while her passengers were still in danger of drowning in case their vessel was sunk,—President Wilson addressed to Austria a note in which he plainly and accurately said that the officially reported act of the submarine commander was in principle barbarous and abhorrent to all civilized nations. Austria in its reply very courteously, ironically, and cynically thanked our Government for the "esteemed favor" of its communication, and expressed its entire ignorance of what law, of what principle of international morality, there might be which the submarine commander was supposed, by the American Government, to have violated.

Now this Austrian reply,—widely praised by the inspired German press as a masterpiece of diplomatic skill, and received with "quiet joy" by the official lovers and defenders of the German submarine policy,—was precisely in the spirit of Cain's reply when he was challenged from overhead re-

garding the results of his late unpleasantness with his brother Abel. For Cain, while his brother's blood was crying from the ground, received a somewhat stern diplomatic communication from a moral power, demanding: "Where is thy brother?" And Cain in substance begged to acknowledge the esteemed favor of this communication from on high, and seems at first to have taken a certain *stilles Vergnügen* in begging to represent first that, so far as he knew, he was not his brother's keeper, while, for the rest, he desired most respectfully, and in the friendliest spirit, to inquire what law of God or man he was supposed to have broken.

Now this is the spirit of international immorality,—this is the sort of enmity to mankind,—which the German submarine policy, its official allies and defenders, have expressed and justified. Upon this second picture then, with its lurid contrast to the picture of Belgium, we have to look when we think of our duty as Americans. For deliberate national deeds cannot be undone, nor can their official justifications be lightly condoned by reason of later diplomatic trifling and by reason of speciously well-written notes of apology and withdrawal. The deed stays. Its official justification reveals motives, and confesses a national spirit, whose moral meaning is as irrevocable as death. We Americans know what the *Lusitania* outrage meant, and to what spirit it gave expression. That spirit has the "primal eldest curse upon it,—a brother's murder." For the young men, the women, the babies, who went down with the *Lusitania* were our dead. At least I know—some of those pupils were amongst the victims of the *Lusitania*—that they were my dead. And the mark of Cain lasts while Cain lives.

Such facts determine the duty of Americans in this war. Our duty is to be and to remain the outspoken moral opponents of the present German policy, and of the German state, so long as it holds this present policy, and carries on its present war. In the service of mankind, we owe an unswerving sympathy not to one or another, but to all of the present allied enemies of Germany. We owe to those allies whatever

moral support and whatever financial assistance it is in the power of this nation to give. As to munitions of war: it is not merely a so-called American right that our munition-makers should be free to sell their wares to the enemies of Germany. It is our duty to encourage them to do so, since we are not at the moment in a position to serve mankind by more direct and effective means. For the violation of Belgium, and the submarine policy of Germany and of her ally —a policy deliberately and boastfully avowed as long as the central powers deemed such avowal advantageous—this violation and this policy together suffice to keep clearly before our eyes the fact that Germany, as at present disposed, is the wilful and deliberate enemy of the human race. It is open to any man to be a pro-German who shares this enmity. But with these two pictures before our eyes, it is as impossible for any reasonable man to be in his heart and mind neutral, as it was for the good cherubs in heaven to remain neutral when they first looked out from their rosy glowing clouds, and saw the angels fall. Neutral, in heart or in mind, the dutiful American, when once he has carefully looked upon this picture and then on this, will not and cannot be. He must take sides. And if he takes sides as I do, he will say: "Let us do all that we as Americans can do, to express our hearty, and, so far as we can, our effective sympathy with the united friends of Belgium, who are the foes of those German enemies of mankind. Whenever the war is over, if it ends in the defeat and consequent moral reform of Germany, then in due time let Charity have its perfect work. For we in America have long loved and studied German civilization, and would be loving it still but for its recent crimes. .But now, while the war lasts, and Belgium bleeds, and mankind mourns, let us aid the allied enemies of Germany with sympathy, since the cause of the allied enemies of Germany is the cause of mankind; let us enthusiastically approve of supplying the enemies of Germany with financial aid and with munitions of war, let us resist with all our moral strength and influence those who would place an embargo upon munitions, let us bear

patiently and uncomplainingly the transient restrictions of our commerce which the war entails, let us be ashamed of ourselves that we cannot even now stand beside Belgium, and suffer with her for our duty and for mankind, and while we wait for peace let us do what we can to lift up the hearts that the Germany of to-day has wantonly chosen to wound, to betray, and to make desolate. Let us do what we can to bring about at least a rupture of all diplomatic relations between our own republic and those foes of mankind, and let us fearlessly await whatever dangers this our duty as Americans may entail upon us, upon our land and upon our posterity. We shall not thus escape suffering. But we shall begin to endure as Belgium to-day endures, for honor, for duty, for mankind."

§ 83

THE SUPER-NATIONAL MIND

By N. EARL PINNEY

(Delivered in the annual contest of the Northern Oratorical League, at the University of Illinois, May 5, 1916, by the representative of the University of Michigan.)

It is well occasionally to take account of the signs of the times, to see in what direction we are headed; to try to discover the imperative need of the hour, and then to fit our lives into that need. There is no time more fitting than the present for such a task. But though in view of the chaotic state of the world, it may be immensely difficult to find an adequate starting point, and accurately to determine our duty; yet if our attempt be a serious one we must be benefited by it.

During the 19th century, America was occupied with the tremendous problem of political unification and with unparalleled activities in national expansion. But when the

nation was finally unified, and our expansion had been stopped by the broad waters of the Pacific, America began to cast about for new fields of endeavor and conquest.

On one side, she saw that Japan was industriously building up an army and a navy. Across the Atlantic the nations of Europe were carefully balancing their power one against the other. Each one seemed afraid that something was going to happen. The world was growing uneasy. Everywhere there was a race for power. America began to grow restless. We, too, wanted power. We struck at Spain and drove her from the western hemisphere. We grew bolder in our diplomatic relationships. We built battleships. We paraded before the world in fine conceit. But throughout the whole land there was lacking a unified allegience to a great cause. The concerted energy of eighty millions of people was going to waste.

Over in Europe the energy of the nations was being spent upon a definite and determined program of preparation against war. But that program was selfishly national, and Europe was uneasy. She knew that her race for armaments and her fine balance of power must end some day in the very thing she prepared to avert. She trembled, but went steadily on polishing her cannon. And America, young, restless, dreaming of empire, longed to build up her strength so that some day she might match the power of the war-lords of Europe. But she could not commit herself to a policy of armaments, for up to the outbreak of the European war, the great body of the American people stoutly adhered to their historic prejudice against militarism. Thus for over two decades the spirit of America has been a strange medley of restlessness and confidence, pride and conceit, hope and fear, weakness and strength.

When the war was first precipitated a year and a half ago, America was thrown into hopeless confusion. Our commerce was paralyzed. Our cherished ideal of a world of co-operating nations lay slain upon Europe's battlefields. We rushed hither and thither like sheep before a storm. Then came the President's first message to the American people, well-meant

no doubt, but containing within it a hidden danger. The people of America were called upon to remain neutral in feeling. This great cosmopolitan nation, connected as it is so intimately with all the belligerent powers, stirred as never before in its history, was deprived of the leadership of a dominant ideal. The Englishman, who once gave his allegiance to "Brittania, the Mistress of the Seven Seas!"; the German, in whose soul ever lurks the passion for "Deutschland über alles!"; the Frenchman, hearing within him the strains of the Marseillaise; the restive American, with spiritual dissatisfaction tugging at his soul:—all these were to wander a prey to their own misguided emotions,—restless, uneasy, and destined to breed a greater uneasiness as the weeks passed by.

The President asked the American people to do an impossible thing. Instead of erecting a positive ideal, or announcing a national policy to which they could give their whole-hearted allegiance, he admitted by his message that we had no ideal, and that there was no policy. The result has been that our feelings have run riot as we have witnessed the clash of the nations in battle. Public opinion in America has wavered and shifted, and our national policies have vacillated with every change of circumstance. We cried out at the invasion of Belgium, and then forgot about it. We were roused by the *Lusitania* incident, rattled the sword awhile, and forgot about that. The British Orders in Council have angered us, and we shall soon forget about them. The situation is not one that we can be proud of. But there is yet a worse condition. This uneasy American public, surcharged as it is with intense emotions, has made easy prey for the propagandist. On one side stand the pacifists with their cry of "Peace at any price!" On the other stand the militarists, concealing their movements behind the program of preparedness for national defense. And it is hard to say which are the greatest sinners.

The pacifists preach the doctrine of inaction. They take no thought of the present state of world politics; they oppose any sort of increase in the army and navy; they even advocate national disarmament; they charge the preparedness

party with selfish insincerity; and salving their appeal with silly sentiment, they risk the loss of American nationality for the sake of American ideals.

But the pacifists are not alone in their use of sentimental appeals. The whole preparedness program as it is organized to-day is based on sentiment. Into the American mind, credulous in its restive condition, the advocates of preparedness have poured stirring accounts of our military achievements; they have branded all pacifists as traitors; they have created the fear of an immediate foreign invasion; they have overemphasized the appeal to the instinct of protection and preservation of loved ones; they have stirred up passion and prejudice; they have preached racial antagonism and national hatred; and in the name of patriotism, they have waved the flag and sounded the trumpet, and have beckoned the American people onward to preparation against war. And what are we doing? We are blindly following the leadership of these sensational militarists, while the pacifists stand helplessly by, lifting feeble voices in protest against the nation's delirium.

Such is the situation which confronts America to-day. Our history during the past eighteen months is not such as should stir us with pride. And the future bids fair to bring greater humiliation. For the preparation upon which we are embarking is selfishly national, as was the preparation of Europe 20 years ago. It is the spirit of militarism fastening its grip upon the nation. And if in our preparation we sow the seeds of militarism as Europe sowed them, we shall reap the harvest that Europe reaps to-day.

What, then, is the imperative need in America? First, we must have leaders with a new type of mind,—great, towering beacon-lights in a darkened, restless world. We must have men who dare to think of foreign nations, not as objects of fear and hatred, but as friendly co-operating units working together for the common good. We must have men who dare to think of America, not as a military power bristling with antagonism, but as a nation fitted to make a great contribution to the world's future. We must have men who dare to ap-

proach every national policy in the light of its effect upon humanity at large. This is the super-national mind at work among men,—the mind which we must develop if the nation is to pass unscathed through this time of crisis, and is to be of influence in the future.

But the super-national mind must be cultivated by the masses as well as by the leaders, for in America the achievements of leadership rest upon the consent and co-operation of every citizen. No matter how exalted the leadership, it owes its life to the friendliness of the people. Think what this means. It means that, if the greatest need in America to-day is the leadership of super-national minds, you and I must have super-national minds to support them; that we must bring to bear upon our political and national problems, the same careful thinking and insight and imagination that the leaders exercise; that we need to formulate sane national policies; and that we must give our allegiance in concerted action to a great and unselfish cause.

The super-national mind is not a new thing in our history, for it has been at work during the entire development of America. It directed the struggle for human rights in '76, both through the judgment and counsel of the leaders, and through the sacrifice of the men behind the breast-works. It spoke again through that leader of leaders in '61, but unity would never have been brought to this divided land, had not Lincoln been supported by the bulwark of the nation's people. It prompted the nation to the protection of Cuba and the Philippines. But there is another side to the story. The super-national mind has been obscured from time to time by the selfish ideals and sordid practices. It was obscured by the fitful, braggart attitude of the nation in 1812. Not only were the leaders guilty, but every man was guilty who forgot that war can be an unholy sacrifice. It was obscured by our disgraceful relations with Mexico in 1848. Not only were the leaders at fault, but every man who consented to the policy was at fault. The super-national mind is being obscured to-day, both by the insipid preaching of the pacifist and by the false patriotism of the militarist. And

if in following either faction we bring disaster upon the nation, future generations will say that not only were the leaders to blame, but all who raised their voices in the cause, or stood idly by, disinterested spectators.

What are you and I, then, to do? First, let us turn a deaf ear to all unwarranted appeals to sentiment, whether they come from the pacifist or from the militarist. We dare not becloud our minds nor obscure the great question before us by empty mouthings, or by sensational appeals to cheap patriotism. Then we must demand more than mere preparedness, for that doctrine is negative. Instead of mere national defense, we must demand national safety, which means neither militarism nor pacifism, but the union of national prestige with the super-national mind. Let us call for a larger navy, not to let it moulder and rust in disuse, but to send it forth upon the seas to join with other nations in promoting the safety of these highways of the world. Let us demand a larger army, but we must insist that it be placed at the call of super-national need.

One thing more. We must propagate this new ideal. A struggle awaits us, infinitely more difficult than any we have faced before, for it is world-wide in its scope. Let us learn a lesson from the early pioneers of America, as they hewed and hacked their way into a stubborn continent. Hunger and thirst and exhaustion pressed upon them; savages and wild beasts drove them back; death claimed them; but their hearts beat light and a song was upon their lips, for with their mind's eye they saw a mighty land whose watch-word was "The exaltation of the common man." With that same indomitable courage and hopefulness of spirit, we must spread this doctrine of super-nationalism throughout the length and breadth of America; we must shout it from the housetops; and make this land ring with the earnestness of our plea. Then we shall not need to fear for the nation's future. Our ideals will not be sacrificed; our nationality will be preserved; and the unrest so prevalent to-day, will be lost in a great, concerted, unselfish movement looking toward the ultimate unity of the world.

§ 84

THE MEANING OF AMERICA'S ENTRANCE INTO THE WAR

By DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

(Address delivered by the British Prime Minister at the American Club in London, April 12, 1917.)

I am in the happy position of being, I think, the first British Minister of the Crown who, speaking on behalf of the people of this country, can salute the American Nation as comrades in arms. I am glad; I am proud. I am glad not merely because of the stupendous resources which this great nation will bring to the succor of the alliance, but I rejoice as a democrat that the advent of the United States into this war gives the final stamp and seal to the character of the conflict as a struggle against military autocracy throughout the world.

That was the note that ran through the great deliverance of President Wilson. It was echoed, Sir, in your resounding words to-day. The United States of America have the noble tradition, never broken, of having never engaged in war except for liberty. And this is the greatest struggle for liberty that they have ever embarked upon. I am not at all surprised, when one recalls the wars of the past, that America took its time to make up its mind about the character of this struggle. In Europe most of the great wars of the past were waged for dynastic aggrandizement and conquest. No wonder when this Great War started that there were some elements of suspicion still lurking in the minds of the people of the United States of America. There were those who thought perhaps that Kings were at their old tricks—and although they saw the gallant Republic of France fighting, they some of them perhaps regarded it as the poor victim of a conspiracy of monarchial swashbucklers. The fact that the United States of America has made up its mind finally makes it abundantly

clear to the world that this is no struggle of that character, but a great fight for human liberty.

They naturally did not know at first what we had endured in Europe for years from this military caste in Prussia. It never has reached the United States of America. Prussia was not a democracy. The Kaiser promises that it will be a democracy after the war. I think he is right. But Prussia not merely was not a democracy. Prussia was not a State; Prussia was an army. It had great industries that had been highly developed; a great educational system; it had its universities, it had developed its science.

All these were subordinate to the one great predominant purpose, the purpose of all—a conquering army which was to intimidate the world. The army was the spear-point of Prussia; the rest was merely the haft. That was what we had to deal with in these old countries. It got on the nerves of Europe. They knew what it all meant. It was an army that in recent times had waged three wars, all of conquest, and the unceasing tramp of its legions through the streets of Prussia, on the parade grounds of Prussia, had got into the Prussian head. The Kaiser, when he witnessed on a grand scale his reviews, got drunk with the sound of it. He delivered the law to the world as if Potsdam was another Sinai, and he was uttering the law from the thunder clouds.

But make no mistake. Europe was uneasy. Europe was half intimidated. Europe was anxious. Europe was apprehensive. We knew the whole time what it meant. What we did not know was the moment it would come.

This is the menace, this is the apprehension from which Europe has suffered for over fifty years. It paralyzed the beneficent activity of all States, which ought to be devoted to concentrating on the well-being of their peoples. They had to think about this menace, which was there constantly as a cloud ready to burst over the land. No one can tell except Frenchmen what they endured from this tyranny, patiently, gallantly, with dignity, till the hour of deliverance came. The best energies of domestic science had been devoted to defending itself against the impending blow. France was like

a nation which put up its right arm to ward off a blow, and could not give the whole of her strength to the great things which she was capable of. That great, bold, imaginative, fertile mind, which would otherwise have been clearing new paths for progress, was paralyzed.

That is the state of things we had to encounter. The most characteristic of Prussian institutions is the Hindenburg line. What is the Hindenburg line? The Hindenburg line is a line drawn in the territories of other people, with a warning that the inhabitants of those territories shall not cross it at the peril of their lives. That line has been drawn in Europe for fifty years.

You recollect what happened some years ago in France, when the French Foreign Minister was practically driven out of office by Prussian interference. Why? What had he done? He had done nothing which a Minister of an independent State had not the most absolute right to do. He had crossed the imaginary line drawn in French territory by Prussian despotism, and he had to leave. Europe, after enduring this for generations, made up its mind at last that the Hindenburg line must be drawn along the legitimate frontiers of Germany herself. There could be no other attitude than that for the emancipation of Europe and the world.

It was hard at first for the people of America quite to appreciate that Germany had not interfered to the same extent with their freedom, if at all. But at last they endured the same experience as Europe had been subjected to. Americans were told that they were not to be allowed to cross and recross the Atlantic except at their peril. American ships were sunk without warning. American citizens were drowned, hardly with an apology—in fact, as a matter of German right. At first America could hardly believe it. They could not think it possible that any sane people should behave in that manner. And they tolerated it once, and they tolerated it twice, until it became clear that the Germans really meant it. Then America acted, and acted promptly.

The Hindenburg line was drawn along the shores of America, and the Americans were told they must not cross

it. America said, "What is this?" Germany said, "This is our line, beyond which you must not go," and America said, "The place for that line is not the Atlantic, but on the Rhine—and we mean to help you roll it up."

There are two great facts which clinch the argument that this is a great struggle for freedom. The first is the fact that America has come in. She would not have come in otherwise. The second is the Russian revolution. When France in the eighteenth century sent her soldiers to America to fight for the freedom and independence of that land, France also was an autocracy in those days. But Frenchmen in America, once they were there—their aim was freedom, their atmosphere was freedom, their inspiration was freedom. They acquired a taste for freedom, and they took it home, and France became free. That is the story of Russia. Russia engaged in this great war for the freedom of Serbia, of Montenegro, of Bulgaria, and has fought for the freedom of Europe. They wanted to make their own country free, and they have done it. The Russian revolution is not merely the outcome of the struggle for freedom. It is a proof of the character of the struggle for liberty, and if the Russian people realize, as there is every evidence they are doing, that national discipline is not incompatible with national freedom—nay, that national discipline is essential to the security of national freedom—they will, indeed become a free people.

I have been asking myself the question, Why did Germany, deliberately, in the third year of the war, provoke America to this declaration and to this action—deliberately, resolutely? It has been suggested that the reason was that there were certain elements in American life, and they were under the impression that they would make it impossible for the United States to declare war. That I can hardly believe. But the answer has been afforded by Marshal von Hindenburg himself, in the very remarkable interview which appeared in the press, I think, only this morning.

He depended clearly on one of two things. First, that the submarine campaign would have destroyed international shipping to such an extent that England would have been put out

of business before America was ready. According to his computation, America cannot be ready for twelve months. He does not know America. In the alternative, that when America is ready, at the end of twelve months, with her army, she will have no ships to transport that army to the field of battle. In von Hindenburg's words, "America carries no weight," I suppose he means she has no ships to carry weight. On that, undoubtedly, they are reckoning.

Well, it is not wise always to assume that even when the German General Staff, which has miscalculated so often, makes a calculation it has no ground for it. It therefore behooves the whole of the Allies, Great Britain and America in particular, to see that that reckoning of von Hindenburg is as false as the one he made about his famous line, which we have broken already.

The road to victory, the guarantee of victory, the absolute assurance of victory is to be found in one word—ships; and a second word—ships; and a third word—ships. And with that quickness of apprehension which characterizes your nation, Mr. Chairman, I see that they fully realize that, and to-day I observe that they have already made arrangements to build one thousand 3000-tonners for the Atlantic. I think that the German military advisers must already begin to realize that this is another of the tragic miscalculations which are going to lead them to disaster and to ruin. But you will pardon me for emphasizing that. We are a slow people in these islands—slow and blundering—but we get there. You get there sooner, and that is why I am glad to see you in.

But may I say that we have been in this business for three years? We have, as we generally do, tried every blunder. In golfing phraseology, we have got into every bunker. But we have got a good niblick. We are right out on the course. But may I respectfully suggest that it is worth America's while to study our blunders, so as to begin just where we are now and not where we were three years ago? That is an advantage. In war, time has as tragic a significance as it has in sickness. A step which, taken to-day, may lead to assured victory, taken to-morrow may barely avert disaster.

All the Allies have discovered that. It was a new country for us all. It was trackless, mapless. We had to go by instinct. But we found the way, and I am so glad that you are sending your great naval and military experts here, just to exchange experiences with men who have been through all the dreary, anxious crises of the last three years.

America has helped us even to win the battle of Arras. Do you know that these guns which destroyed the German trenches, shattered the barbed wire—I remember, with some friends of mine whom I see here, arranging to order the machines to make those guns from America. Not all of them —you got your share, but only a share, a glorious share. So that America has also had her training. She has been making guns, making ammunition, giving us machinery to prepare both; she has supplied us with steel, and she has got all that organization and she has got that wonderful facility, adaptability, and resourcefulness of the great people which inhabits that great continent. Ah! It was a bad day for military autocracy in Prussia when it challenged the great Republic of the West. We know what America can do, and we also know that now she is in it she will do it. She will wage an effective and successful war.

There is something more important. She will insure a beneficent peace. I attach great importance—and I am the last man in the world, knowing for three years what our difficulties have been, what our anxieties have been, and what our fears have been—I am the last man to say that the succor which is given to us from America is not something in itself to rejoice in, and to rejoice in greatly. But I don't mind saying that I rejoice even more in the knowledge that America is going to win the right to be at the conference table when the terms of peace are being discussed. That conference will settle the destiny of nations—the course of human life—for God knows how many ages. It would have been tragic for mankind if America had not been there, and there with all the influence, all the power, and the right which she has now won by flinging herself into this great struggle.

I can see peace coming now—not a peace which will be the

beginning of war; not a peace which will be an endless preparation for strife and bloodshed; but a real peace. The world is an old world. It has never had peace. It has been rocking and swaying like an ocean, and Europe—poor Europe!—has always lived under the menace of the sword. When this war began two-thirds of Europe were under autocratic rule. It is the other way about now, and democracy means peace. The democracy of France did not want war; the democracy of Italy hesitated long before they entered the war; the democracy of this country shrank from it—shrank and shuddered—and never would have entered the caldron had it not been for the invasion of Belgium. The democracies sought peace; strove for peace. If Prussia had been a democracy there would have been no war. Strange things have happened in this war. There are stranger things to come, and they are coming rapidly.

There are times in history when this world spins so leisurely along its destined course that it seems for centuries to be at a standstill; but there are also times when it rushes along at a giddy pace, covering the track of centuries in a year. Those are the times we are living in now. Six weeks ago Russia was an autocracy; she now is one of the most advanced democracies in the world. To-day we are waging the most devastating war that the world has ever seen; to-morrow—perhaps not a distant to-morrow—war may be abolished forever from the category of human crimes. This may be something like the fierce outburst of Winter which we are now witnessing before the complete triumph of the sun. It is written of those gallant men who won that victory on Monday—men from Canada, from Australia, and from this old country, which has proved that in spite of its age it is not decrepit—it is written of those gallant men that they attacked with the dawn—fit work for the dawn!—to drive out of forty miles of French soil those miscreants who had defiled it for three years. "They attacked with the dawn." Significant phrase!

The breaking up of the dark rule of the Turk, which for centuries has clouded the sunniest land in the world, the freeing of Russia from an oppression which has covered it like a

shroud for so long, the great declaration of President Wilson coming with the might of the great nation which he represents into the struggle for liberty are heralds of the dawn. "They attacked with the dawn," and these men are marching forward in the full radiance of that dawn, and soon Frenchmen and Americans, British, Italians, Russians, yea, and Serbians, Belgians, Montenegrins, will march into the full light of a perfect day.

§ 85

THE COÖPERATION OF ENGLISH-SPEAKING PEOPLES

By ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR

(Speech made before the New York Chamber of Commerce, May 12, 1917, by the head of the British Mission to the United States.)

MR. PRESIDENT, GENTLEMEN OF THE CHAMBER: The noble words to which we have just listened struck, I am well convinced, a sympathetic chord in the heart of every one in your audience, but I don't think that in all the multitude gathered here to-day there was one to whom they went more home than to myself. Mr. President, I have had as the dream of my life a hope that before I died the union between the English-speaking, freedom-loving branches of the human race should be drawn far closer than in the past, and that all temporary causes of difference which may ever have separated two great peoples would be seen in its true and just proportion, and that we should realize, on whatever side of the Atlantic fortune had placed us, that the things wherein we have differed in the past sink into absolute insignificance compared with those vital agreements which at all times, but never at such a time as the present, unite us in one great spiritual whole.

My friend Mr. Choate, in a speech that he delivered yesterday at the City Hall, told his audienee that as Ambassador

to Great Britain he had been in close official relations with me through many years, and that during all of these years I had stood solid—I think that was his phrase—for American friendship. That is strictly and absolutely true, and the feelings that I have this great opportunity of expressing are not born, believe me, of the necessities of the Great War; they are not the offspring of recent events; they are based upon my most enduring convictions, convictions of which I cannot remember the beginning, which I have held with unalterable fidelity through the political life which is now a long life, and which, I am quite sure, I shall cherish to the end.

You, Mr. President, have referred to the preparations that were made only, I suppose, a little more than two years and a half ago—though how long those two and a half years seem to all of us!—preparations that were made two and a half years ago to celebrate the one hundred years of peace between our two countries. I ardently supported that movement, and yet the very phrases in which its objects were expressed show how inadequate it was to reach the real truth and heart of the matter. It is true that one hundred years have passed, and many hundreds of years, I hope, were to pass, before any overt act of war should divide those whom, as you said in your final words, should never be asunder. But, after all, normal and official peace is but a small thing compared with that intimate mutual comprehension which ought always to bind the branches of the English-speaking peoples together. You have absorbed in your midst many admirable citizens drawn from all parts of Europe, whom American institutions and American ways of thought have moulded and are moulding into one great people. I rejoice to think it should be so. A similar process on a smaller scale in going on in the self-governing dominions of the British Empire. It is a good process; it is a noble process. Let us never forget that wherever be the place in which that great and beneficent process is going on, whether it be in Canada, whether it be in Australia, or whether on the largest scale of

all it be in the United States of America, the spirit which the immigrant absorbs is a spirit in all these places largely due to a historic past in which your forefathers and my forefathers, gentlemen, all had their share.

You incidentally mentioned, Mr. President, that this very body I am addressing dates the origin of its society to a charter, I think you said of 1758. Is not that characteristic and symbolic of what happens on both sides of the Atlantic? We strike our roots into a distant past. We have known how through revolutions, in spite of revolutions, sometimes because of revolutions, and through revolutions, we have known how to weld the past and the present into one organic whole, and I see around me in a country which calls itself and is, in one sense, a new country—I everywhere see signs of these roots which draw their nourishment and their strength from epochs far removed from us, and I feel when I talk to those who are born and bred under the American flag, who have absorbed all their political ideas from American institutions —I feel, and I think I speak for my friends here that they also feel—I feel that I am speaking to those brought up, as it were, under one influence, in one house, under one set of educational conditions. I require no explanations of what they think, and I am required to give no explanations of what I think, because our views of great questions seem to be shared; born, as it were, of common knowledge which we know instinctively, and which we do not require explicitly to expound or to define.

This is a great heritage to have in common, and I think, nay, I am sure, that you, Mr. President, struck a true note when you told us that all the sentiments which I have imperfectly tried to express this afternoon will receive a double significance, and infinitely increased significance from the fact that we are now not merely sharing a common political ideal in some speculative fashion, but that all of us are committed to sacrificing everything that we hold most dear to carry these ideals into practical execution.

There will be a bond of union between our peoples which

nothing will ever be able to shake, and which I believe to be the securest guarantee for the future of the world, for the future peace and freedom of the world.

Mr. President, I have already detained you too long, but there was one word which fell from you toward the end of your speech upon post-war problems and you indicated your view—a view which I personally entirely share—that when this tremendous conflict has drawn to its appointed close, and when, as I believe, victory shall have crowned our joint efforts, there will arise not merely between nations, but within nations, a series of problems which will tax all our statesmanship to deal with. I look forward to that time, not, indeed, wholly without anxiety, but in the main with hope and with confidence; and one of the reasons for that hope and one of the foundations of that confidence is to be found in the fact that your nation and my nation will have so much to do with the settlement of the questions. I do not think anybody will accuse me of being insensible to the genius and to the accomplishments of other nations. I am one of those who believe that only in the multitude of different forms of culture can the completed movement of progress have all the variety in unity of which it is capable; and, while I admire other cultures, and while I recognize how absolutely all-important they are to the future of mankind, I do think that among the English-speaking peoples is especially and peculiarly to be found a certain political moderation in all classes, which gives one the surest hope of dealing in a reasonable progressive spirit with social and political difficulties. And without that reasonable moderation interchanges are violent also, and the smooth advance of humanity is seriously interfered with. I believe that on this side of the Atlantic, and I hope on the other side of the Atlantic, if and when these great problems have actively to be dealt with, it will not be beyond the reach of your statesmanship or of our own, to deal with them in such a manner that we cannot merely look back upon this great war as the beginning of a time of improved international relations, of settled peace, of deliberate refusal to pour out oceans of

blood to satisfy some notion of domination; but that in addition to those blessings the war may prove to be the beginning of a revivified civilization, which will be felt in all departments of human activity, which will not merely touch the material but also the spiritual side of mankind, and which will make the second decade of the twentieth century memorable in the history of mankind.

§ 86

"THE BEST IS YET TO BE"

By WALTER B. HEYLER

(Delivered at the annual contest of the Northern Oratorical League, at the University of Michigan, May 3, 1918, by the representative of the University of Minnesota.)

A few Sundays ago I went to the Minneapolis Auditorium to hear an address by a noted clergyman. The message to this great assembly was: The human race is steadily degenerating. Historians will term this epoch the Dark Age of the world's history. Dissession, violence, destruction and chaos are the fruits of any civilization founded upon more than a hundred petty nationalities. Our boasted Twentieth Century Civilization is decaying.

This address sounded very much like current conversation. Every day we hear someone picture the decay of social institutions. The home, men say, is threatened with destruction. Is there any hope when in one year more than seventy thousand divorces are granted? By 1950, should the present rate of increase continue, one-fourth of all marriages contracted will be terminated by divorce. Fifteen per cent of the population of the United States are living in primary poverty. More than that, during the past thirty years our population has only doubled, while the number of convicts in the prisons has quadrupled. How can we an-

swer the charge that it costs more to care for criminals than it does to maintain our educational system? We are told of the uselessness of the church. Thousands of people are forsaking the faith of their fathers to wander in a far country. Three hundred distinct religious creeds, each claiming to be founded upon the only fundamentals, are seeking everywhere for new adherents. The final evidence presented of world decay is the great war. Critics can only see that nations are opening their coffers and pouring forth their very all. Generations of Britains will be enslaved to pay the national debt of approximately six hundred dollars for every man, woman and child. The loss of sacred treasure is appalling. A few puffs of smoke, a crash, and the great cathedrals of Rheims and Louvain are in ruins. A few days' grapple of gigantic armies, a few hours of Prussian fury, and a country of civilization is demolished. Perhaps men are right in their questioning. As Egypt, Persia, Greece and imperial Rome perished, perhaps our civilization of this century is receiving its death blow. What answer shall we make to this arraignment of world conditions?

Now, in a twenty minute speech I cannot consider all the evidences of decay which are brought forward; but, since to the minds of most people the war is the most vivid proof of the destruction of our civilization, I shall attempt to deal with this one fallacy.

I have a profound conviction that this conflict, rather than portending the downfall of all that we hold dear, marks a distinct advance in human affairs. Why do I believe this? My reason is very plain. It has hastened by centuries our realization of the importance of effective organization. War is the conflict of organized forces. How has Germany stayed in this war so long? Because of her remarkable organization. How will the Allies ultimately defeat Germany? By building a more remarkable organization. The great lesson of this war, then, is the value of organization. Let me speak specifically of two kinds of organization that will result.

First, the war has taught the world the value of effective economic organization. What evidence do we have that this

is true? The most important statement in this connection comes from England. The British Labor Party is becoming more conscious of the unlimited power of an organized people. Why should we return to the days of exhaustive conflict between the interests of capital and labor which have hampered the efficiency of the country? says the Labor Party. Instead of expressing a pious hope that a new social order should come in the days after the war, the executive committee of the party has wrought from the workingman's centuries of struggle, failures, and aspirations, a comprehensive social and labor program. The Party proposes the universal enforcement of the minimum wage. The adoption of such a measure would insure to every person at least a living wage, to every soldier returning from the trenches immediate employment. An even more distinctive feature of the program is the proposal for a full and complete application of the principle of democracy. Every individual participating in industry, whatever the capacity, would have a share in the profits and a voice in the policy of that industry. For profiteering programs there would be substituted the common ownership of lands and the nationalization of railways, mines, telegraph systems, ship lines, and means of production of electric power. Again, this party unhesitatingly declares a revolution in national finance. Its ideal is that the one-tenth of the population that holds in its hands nine-tenths of the wealth should bear the burden of taxation. An unnecessary tax in the form of a tariff placed on the essentials of life should not be imposed upon the people, but the income, the excess profits, and the inheritance taxes ought to supply the major portion of the revenue of the state. Lastly, labor has declared in this platform that the surplus wealth should be used for the common good. Too long has the wealth of our mines, our waterfalls, and the increase in the value of lands been expended in the erection of million dollar mansions and providing French poodles with private nurses. Such wealth should provide for assistance to the sick, disabled and aged, for the education of the youth, for the recreation of the toilers, for the advance

of science and literature and art. No one can fail to note the significant fact that this is the first definite, scientific platform proposed by a powerful political party for the betterment of the masses of the people.

Shall America learn anything from this program? Shall the American boys who fall in France for world democracy die likewise for a higher type of national democracy? It might be well for us to ask if we have not had certain forms of autocracy in America? What can we say when we see our national wealth concentrated in the hands of the few and see a million workers starve? In Lawrence, Massachusetts, thousands of mill girls, over twenty years of age, were compelled to devote all their time and strength to avoid crime and shame. A clique of produce dealers permitted so many thousand bushels of their potatoes to rot in the fields that a scrub woman in Minneapolis had to pay for them one dollar a peck. Here and there, objections were offered, a union or two was formed, but no definite, scientific program was outlined. Then came the war requiring for its successful prosecution the co-operation of every individual and especially the active support of the entire labor body. In response to the appeal of the government, the labor forces have stood firm. But after the war American labor, too, will demand changes. They will demand that the autocrat of America, the feudal baron of the twentieth century, be forced to release his hold. In this country, then, we will have a better organization of economic forces which will mean national health, happiness and efficiency. Such is one benefit that the war has hastened by a century.

There is another lesson of organization we shall learn from this war. We are to approach more nearly an ideal political organization of the world. For three years and more the world has been drenched in blood. It is a struggle between the political creeds of democracy and autocracy. The issues are clear. There can be no mistake. After these years of insidious propaganda, treachery and insult there can be but one attitude. Autocracy has said that this war is beautiful, that it is the noblest and holiest expression of

human activity, that it is the heaven of young Germany. Democracy has replied: Man is a social animal; co-operation and not war is the natural state of human society. Man desires and must have a lasting peace. Militarism has written in letters of blood: The word of a state is naught. Necessity knows no law. "When a state recognizes that existing treaties no longer express actual political conditions, the moment has come when the nations proceed to the ordeal by battle. Any one who still retains belief in treaties is past all argument. Our forceful policy gets what it wants." The court of the world has made answer: The word of a nation is sacred. A contract between governments is just as binding as that signed by individuals. Treaties must be held inviolable. Prussia today is saying, "The essence of the state is power. The individual exists only that the state may become more powerful. One single man has the authority to compel the whole of mankind. He is the master armed with compulsion and authorized by God." France and England and the United States are replying: The people are the sole source of power. The state exists that every man may pursue life, liberty and happiness. No one man is absolute; no man can set himself up as the partner of God. These issues and many more have been forced upon us by the war. By their very clash the ideals of men are becoming crystallized. Look into your own mind and see how much more this term, democracy, means to you today than ever before.

The issue may be stated in other words: Is man to live as a social animal or as the jungle beast? On the one hand you have the Prussian and the other the champion of democracy. The Prussian says that conflict is the natural state of human society, that the survival of the fittest is inevitable, that armed strife is a blessing in disguise because it awakens moral vigor and the religious spirit of the people. But democracy says: Not so. The natural desire of men is peace. England, France, Italy and the United States, all the world except Germany and the bloody Moslem with whom she has clasped hands, is organized upon the principles

of democracy. Whether this war ends tomorrow, fifty years or a thousand years hence, ultimately this diabolical philosophy that might is the sole right, that war is the function of the state, that the weak are the legitimate plunder of the strong will be wiped out of existence. Then shall this war's great lesson of organization be realized for all nations will have accepted a single political philosophy. It took four years of Civil War to prove to our satisfaction that we were one nation, and it has taken this conflict to make clear that we are one world, with common interests and with a necessity for common ideals.

As we muse over the declarations of men that civilization is degenerating, decaying, dying; as we contemplate this long struggle between the forces of evil and righteousness, we tremble for the future of humanity. But when we rouse ourselves from these melancholy thoughts, we see that all is not wrong. Organization rises out of seeming chaos. Labor and capital are forgetting their age old struggle in the realization that their interests are one. The political creeds of England, Germany, Turkey, the United States have been cast into the fury of the war's fiery furnace and wrought into one dominant philosophy. Hope surges within our breasts as we think of the possibilities of this coming world order where economic strife and struggle will be forgotten, where national pride and national greed and national philosophy will not hamper men's progress. This war is not the death wound to our civilization, but its rebirth.

§ 87

THE MESSAGE OF FLANDERS FIELDS

By ROBERT R. AURNER

(Delivered in the annual contest of the Northern Oratorical League at Northwestern University, May 2, 1919, by the Representative of the State University of Iowa.)

The farewell words of our first President sounded a solemn warning to the people of the United States. It would be fatal, he said, to yield to the insidious wiles of foreign influence. Time after time this warning of George Washington has been held before the Nation by our statesmen. A century and a quarter after Washington delivered his Farewell Address, Woodrow Wilson, on a ship named, strangely enough, after the very President who gave us his immortal spirit and warning, has sailed into the very heart of European affairs—into the land, where for four endless years the eyes of the world have been riveted upon a terrible circle of fire. Has the American Nation, led by its present Executive, disregarded this solemn warning? Have we not, in truth, pursued a policy directly opposed to the spirited warning of our first great President? Have we not *violated all* of those policies which he, in his far-sighted wisdom, left to us?

We do not believe so. Our entrance into European affairs is not a departure from American traditions, but a natural development. Not only is it natural but inevitable that we as a Nation should be drawn into World Relationships in spite of the forces tending to keep us isolated. Washington, when he pronounced his famous warning long ago, would not have deprecated our present movement; on the contrary, he only desired that we be on our guard against becoming entangled among the old systems of diplomacy. Today our President has become the leader, the mouthpiece, the representative of intelligent mankind, not because he is *our* President, but because there can be no one else, for all the great Statesmen of Europe are *entangled.* Their hands are tied with diplomatic traditions which make it impossible for them to do the right things. Now that the World War has broken down the old system—that system which Washington feared and which made its fight of Armageddon under German leadership, we should be false to the spirit of our fathers if we did not unite with the Allies to safeguard the fruits of their victory for future generations. Were Washington our leader today he would, as readily as our modern President, have seen the call of the century. He, too, would have agreed

with Arthur Balfour that President Wilson's visit was not only a spectacular success, but that it will bring international results more far-reaching than any that have gone before. Woodrow Wilson, declaring that we would insist upon open covenants of peace, openly arrived at, with no private international understandings of any kind, was the spirit of Washington speaking as clearly as Washington ever spoke, and to exactly the same effect.

But why has world leadership in this crisis fallen to America? The answer lies deep in our history: engrafted in the Constitution of the United States is the basic rule that all our diplomatic relations with other countries shall be open to the scrutiny of the Nation—that *no secret agreements* shall ever be made between this country and a foreign nation. But European and Far Eastern countries have from time imemorial set up Foreign Offices, the infamous Foreign Offices which make secret treaties "as rats gnaw the wainscot or mosquitoes spread malaria." And this multitude of Embassies, Foreign Offices, and Diplomats have been pooled and set aside in favor of America, as the representative of the will of mankind.

The principles that have given us world leadership were a heritage refused by the English, and caught up by the framers of our own Constitution. Edmund Burke, standing before the House of Commons, pleaded that these principles of plain good intention guide the English relations to the American Colonies. But Burke's audience little knew that they were listening to a great world doctrine two hundred years ahead of its time, for they rose unceremoniously and stalked out of the House. And yet it is because we of America have based our principles of diplomatic relationship *upon the policies of Edmund Burke,* that we are today looked to as the most trustworthy nation of the world, and as the one nation worthy to hold the position of Premier at the Peace Conference.

Why did the statesmen of Burke's time refuse to accept ideals which would have made them leaders of the world's destiny? Because they were trained in the *Machiavellian school* of international relations,—that school teaching arti-

fices to advance arbitrary power, producing statesmen like Mazarin and Richelieu, Talleyrand and Metternich. In this European school diplomacy became an occult science as difficult to master as alchemy, a science of intrigue, of traps, of mines, and of countermines. The Congress of Vienna, supposedly open and fair in all respects, was infected with the virus of distrust and suspicion at its very inception through the acts of men like Metternich. He it was who played a double rôle. He was nominally an Austrian diplomat but actually a professional lobbyist, arriving a month beforehand to "fix" the delegates and to adjust his machine so that it would obey his will. Prince Metternich, polished man of the world, was indeed the very flower of the old diplomacy, trained in its most secret arts, and using them to clinch his triumphs over his bribed opponents. Prince Talleyrand, an Old Fox second only to Metternich, used all the cunning that he had gained in the service of the Bourbons and of Napoleon to throttle the hopes of future democracy. By secret and false diplomacy, distrust and dissatisfaction were created at the Congress of Vienna; by intrigue, seeds of suspicion were sown which later ripened into the Great Wars of the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries.

With the England of Burke's time, permeated with this atmosphere, and in the hands of a narrow-minded and privileged class, his principles found little favor, and the Foreign Office went on spinning webs of diplomacy in secret. But the evil which prevented England from inaugurating a new policy became in *Germany* a century later an active force, an aggressive menace to the world. Bernhardi preached that the state could be bound by no moral principles. Anything was right, if it built up the state: it was wrong to lie for yourself, but it was *noble* to lie or steal for your country. Even to-day at the Peace Conference there are clever diplomats who cheat, hoodwink, disregard morals, and gain by intrigue what they can not gain by force. This very program was the infamous and barbaric doctrine of Prussianized Germany, to destroy which millions of men have offered up their lives. And unless this doctrine is stamped out now treaties again

will become scraps of paper, pledges puffs of air, and every barrier which civilization has put up against savagery will again be swept away. Poison gas, liquid fire, screens of living bodies, slinking U-boats, and Zeppelin vultures will all once more come to serve the diplomatic purpose of spreading terror. No means will be too base or too cruel to use in the service of Secret Diplomacy.

Now, Europe, awakened to her error, has tried in vain to throw off this system of diplomacy. Burke, two hundred years in advance of his time, voiced the revolutionary doctrine of outspoken, straightforward diplomacy upon which the American Nation from the first has taken its stand. Great Americans, far-seeing statesmen like Franklin, Adams, and John Hay, have carried on and developed this doctrine into a system opposed in every respect to Old World Intrigue. We are in a new epoch; we are uprooting a seed that has been the most prolific instigator of War in history. America has consistently stood for justice and freedom in international relations, freedom of the seas, freedom of choosing one's country, freedom of determining one's form of government, freedom in commercial relations, with justice in the matter of indemnities.

The huge war budgets, the eighteen-inch howitzers, and the great air-plane programs of the past year have given the American Nation *not a fraction* of the influence that our diplomatic policies have established. Not for centuries will the Chinese Nation lose its gratitude to America won by the Open Door Policy and the generous return of the Boxer Indemnity. A young Chinese student, just before the war, was watching a great international military and naval review in Shanghai. There passed before him and his comrades the British Grand fleet, magnificent, splendid, appalling. Then came the German squadron, efficient, dark, sinister. America was there, though much less impressively represented. Turning to his companion, he said, "Yes, it 's England for the big Navy, and it 's Germany for the big Army, but I 'll tell you *it 's the United States for the square deal!*" What better expression could we ask for that unsuspecting confidence

which Burke emphasized as the basic principle of true diplomacy than this *spontaneous* tribute to American statesmanship? And what can better preserve this spirit of good will than the famous Fourteen Points of President Wilson, the first of which is the basis of our plea? Shall we disregard the lessons of the Congress of Vienna and of the Holy Alliance, which were dominated by force and by intrigue? No! We must not! All the craft, all the log-rolling, and all the backstairs whisperings of the old statesmanship are attempting to undermine the new exponents of open covenants and even-handed justice. It is the duty of America to see that this greatest of all Congresses shall be ruled—not by force, not by intrigue—but by open confidence and good faith, that no nation may suffer injustice in the future from the double and secret dealings of modern Talleyrands and Metternichs.

Let us not imagine, however, that our leadership can be maintained without a struggle. It never has been so maintained. In every crisis of our history the great man of the time, advocating principles of broad-minded statesmanship, has been opposed by powerful reactionary forces. Lincoln, maintaining that the Nation could not exist half slave and half free, was bitterly opposed by powerful special interests. Webster, fighting for the interests of the Union, was opposed by the sectionalism of Hayne and his followers, who feared to surrender the petty rights of the state to the greater, common good of a Nation. Let us beware the terrorist who strives to arouse national jealousy and fear, lest he rob us of our wonderful heritage by insisting upon the huge army and navy and an intensified Nationalism. Many weak-kneed doubters, who believe with Burke that individual and national morality should be the same, still dread to take the fearsome step that will unite the Nations in common bond. Whether they realize it or not, they are lining up on the side of Machiavelli, perpetuating the barbaric doctrines preached by Treitschke and Bernhardi, which have deluged Europe in blood, and swept away the flower of the youth in this generation. If we allow these reactionaries to dictate our policy, *we shall be*

traitors to our trust, unworthy of the heritage for which our bravest and our best laid down their lives.

The justification of America's open and above-board diplomacy is at hand. No living man can deny that we have taken a momentous step in the direction of universal peace, and that, too, in the face of the most terrible, the most barbaric, and the most cunning opposition that German arms and propaganda could set up. Even now the Nations of the Earth are disquieted, unsettled—disturbed by the creeping unrest which has so recently reared its head in China, in Egypt, in India—which, unless counteracted by powerful force, is bound to result in War. If America should fail to put through the program outlined by our leader, we shall take an alarming step backward toward Vandalism, for none but the Vandal Power can now have use for intrigue and falsehood. Shall our civilization give way before Bolshevism, that Octopus-like organization that is winding its tentacles with true German stealth and cunning about the great labor factions of the World, paving the way for the international tension of the secret treaty? Can we forget the great influence which the civilized world brought to bear on the publishing of the secret treaty between Japan and China? Can we forget the surprise at the injustice worked upon China, disclosed at its publication? Can we forget the dark, Italian cloud which for days hung over Europe, threatening the disruption of the greatest Peace Conference the world has ever seen, all because Italy demanded the fulfillment of the invalidated Secret Pact of London? Can we forget the surprise and shock which encircled the world, when it learned of the terrible tangle in Europe in August, 1914, and realized the bloodshed that it must mean?

Must we not face these facts? Is it conceivable that we shall break faith with those who died for us on Flanders Fields? Shall we so soon forget the stirring message:

> "We are the dead. Short days ago
> We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
> Loved and were loved, and now we lie
> In Flanders Fields.

"Take up our quarrel with the foe.
To you from falling hands we throw
The torch—be yours to hold it high;
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders Fields."

We have caught up the torch, and we here "highly resolve that these dead shall *not* have died in vain."

§ 88

THE HOPE OF PEACE

By RUSSELL KIRKPATRICK

(Delivered in the annual contest of the Northern Oratorical League at the State University of Iowa, May 5, 1921, by the representative of Northwestern University.)

The domestic peace of this state is maintained by the enforcement of domestic law. If a citizen of the State of Iowa quarrels with a neighbor, then shoots him down and sets fire to his house, he is obviously a dangerous member of society. The state takes him into custody, names his penalty, and inflicts the punishment. Thus the relations between individuals within the nations are regulated by the law of organized society.

But what of the relations between the nations themselves? The army of a great cultured nation crosses the borders of her neighbor states to avenge the murder of an Archduke. This army, with no interference from its government, burns hospitals and schools, shoots down aged men and women, and nails little children to the doors of their own homes. But there is no organized authority to take this arch-criminal in hand and prevent the repetition of the crime. The greatest need of mankind to-day is the creation of a co-operative

association of nations that will bring peace by law to a war-mad world.

The document embodying the provisions of such an organization is the Covenant of the League of Nations. That document is not perfect. But I dare stand here and urge its acceptance, because in its four main provisions rests the hope of the future peace of the world. These four provisions must be preserved in any document that seeks to establish world peace.

The first is that the members of the League shall submit their disputes to arbitration or inquiry. The award of the arbiters or the report of the inquiry must be made within six months after the dispute has been submitted. In no case are the disputing members to resort to war until three months after the award or the report has been made. Here are nine months for the investigation and discussion of any dispute. This provision strikes at the roots of one of the fundamental causes of war. If nations would take time to discuss their disputes, war would be unnecessary.

Suppose that in 1914 the dispute between Austria-Hungary and Serbia had been submitted to arbitration, not for nine months, but for three months. If it had, do you think that the six years of tragedy and grief through which the world has now passed would have been brought on? Germany was urged and begged to delay for one month, for one week, in order that the case might be presented for arbitration to the Hague Tribunal, or to any other tribunal in the world. But for fifty years she had prepared for that very opportunity, and she struck with all her might, and there was nothing to prevent it.

A second provision is that the Council of the League shall formulate plans for the general disarmament of all the members to the lowest point consistent with national safety. This provision strikes at another fundamental cause of war—the great temptation of military nations to demonstrate the strength of their powerful war machines. The question of disarmament has been discussed for centuries, but actual disarmament has never been possible, because nations have been too busily engaged building up their armies and navies to

discuss plans for reducing them. By 1914 the huge war machines of Europe had reached such proportions that, once in action, there was no possible hope of controlling them until they had exhausted the strength of their nations. To-day for the first time in the history of the world a starting point in the movement toward the disarmament of the nations is actually in view. The members of the League—forty-eight nations in all—are agreed that civilization itself is imperilled by the armaments of the world.

A third provision in the Covenant makes secret treaties a crime against the world. Under this provision no treaty shall be binding until it is registered with the League—until it has become the common knowledge of the entire world.

Throughout history secret treaties have been one of the chief causes of war, and one of the great obstacles to lasting peace. It was the treacherous coalition against Prussia fomented by Austria with secret treaties, that caused Frederick the Great to make the attack in 1756 that resulted in the Seven Years' War. It was by secret treaty in 1670 that Charles II of England and Louis XIV of France planned the attack on the Netherlands. Indeed, one of the indirect causes of the late European war can be traced to the suspicions and fears which resulted from the secret formation of the Triple Entente and which led to the similar formation of the Triple Alliance. So long as these secret intrigues, and the suspicions and apprehensions which surround them continue to exist, just so long will the peace of the world be in danger.

A fourth provision is that the members of the League shall offer protection to the young new nations of the world until they are economically and politically able to care for themselves. More and more it is becoming clear that one of the underlying causes of all recent wars is the jealousy and hatred developed in the competition for economic expansion. In almost every case it has been the competition for the control of some small nation rich in natural resources, but too weak to stand alone and resist the external aggressor. Why do the Japanese spread their influence to every part of the Pacific, if it is not for economic gain? Why are the British in Meso-

potamia? Why was the competition between the French, the Germans and the British in South Africa, if it were not for the resources there? Under the League the well-being and development of these new nations is considered a sacred trust of civilization, in order that they may not be preyed upon and exploited for selfish territorial and economic gain. Let this provision of the Covenant once be made effective and one of the greatest causes of war would be removed.

These are the four principal provisions of the Covenant of the League of Nations—all with a single purpose, the prevention of the recurrance of the great tragedy of 1914. These principles are American principles. America has always advocated the arbitration of international disputes. Within the past eight years we have negotiated arbitration treaties with no less than thirty nations. America has never believed in a large military establishment. Consequently, our standing army has never exceeded 300,000 men. America has always advocated the principle of open diplomacy. Throughout a century and a half of history we have not been guilty of the stain of a single secret treaty. America has always believed in the protection of small nations. What nation has done more toward carrying out this policy than the United States in her protection of the new South American republics? No nation in the world ought to be more eager than the United States to see the completion of this great unfinished task of the League of Nations. But when the test came, we made a political issue of it and turned away from the greatest opportunity ever presented to a nation.

Have we learned no lesson from four years of unparalleled human slaughter? Shall we do nothing to preserve that which was bought with the lives of 7,000,000 men? Are we yet unmindful of the tremendous cost of the war? The actual cost of the materials used was $194,000,000,000—$8,000,000,000 more than the total estimated wealth of the United States. And still we are not convinced of the utter absurdity of continuing modern warfare.

The question of the League of Nations is no longer a political issue. It is a moral issue. Here we stand in the

midst of a war-torn world. Civilization, achieved only by centuries of toil and sacrifice, is crumbling before our very eyes. Nations once great and powerful to-day are financially and morally bankrupt. Russia stumbles blindly on toward a goal she cannot name. Germany, broken and defeated, pleads with her conquerors for mercy. Austria and Polland are literally starving to death. France, bled white with war's hardships, still clamors for military alliances. Great Britain and Italy are submerged in war debts they can perhaps never pay. From all parts of the world millions of women and little children, left destitute and hungry by the ravages of war, cry out to America as their last hope of existence. America replies by turning her back on the only tangible plan for establishing permanent peace that has yet been proposed. Oh the shame of it!

Can civilized nations offer no remedy for this unthinkable tragedy except open preparation for more killing?

This is truly a day of dark shadows. It is a critical hour for the future of the world. America is confronted with the greatest decision of her history. The lives of millions depend upon this decision. We are advancing on the great highway of world history, and must now choose one of two courses. One is to assume and fulfill the moral obligation under the League of Nations, which we owe to the world as the result of entering the war with no other purpose except to champion the interests of peace and humanity. The other is to continue to desert our allies as we have done in the hour of their greatest need, and permit them to march straight forward on a path that leads directly to another war. The issue is clear. On the one hand we have a serious and well-conceived effort for peace, on the other, the inevitable continuation of war.

Which course shall we take? Shall we organize for peace, or shall we leave the world open to war? If we choose to let war have its way, then we must be prepared for the consequences. Are you ready to face the consequences of another war? Another war, and the man-power of the world will be exhausted. The toll of death in war is no longer

measured by the thousands. It is measured by the millions. From August 1, 1914, to November 11, 1918, the loss of life in battle was 1,450,000 more than the total battle loss of life in the wars of the world from 1703 to 1914. The destructive possibilities of war today are simply appalling. Explosives have now been invented, so powerful that when dropped from an aeroplane they will destroy whole city blocks at a time. The chemical warfare service of the United States has announced the discovery of a liquid so deadly poisonous that three drops on the skin will cost a human life. At this rate 400 German aeroplanes carrying the liquid used during the Argonne offensive could have completely destroyed the entire first American army of 1,250,000 men in twelve hours. The simple fact is that the human race has within its grasp in the institution of modern war the power to destroy itself. And America still hesitates to make an effort to prevent the exercise of that power.

If we fail humanity at this critical hour, what answer shall we give to future generations? What answer shall we give to the spirits of those millions who gave their lives that war might be brought to an end? What answer can we give? The only adequate answer we can possibly give is the complete fulfillment of our sacred pledge that this spectacle of death and destruction shall not be repeated, and that peace shall be maintained by the organized law of nations.

§ 89

AMERICA AND BRITAIN FOR CIVILIZATION

By STERLING H. TRACY

(Delivered in the annual contest of the Northern Oratorical League at the State University of Iowa, May 5, 1921, by the representative of the University of Wisconsin.)

In the midst of plans for celebrating the end of a century of unbroken peace between the American Republic and the British Commonwealth came the outbreak of the Great War. When the honor of our country and the security of civilization summoned us to action we answered the call and for the first time in one hundred years the crosses of St. Andrew, St. George, and St. Patrick met the Stars and Stripes on the battlefield. But they met as Sir Wilfrid Laurier had prophesied twenty years before that they would meet, "entwined together in the defence of the oppressed, for the enfranchisement of the down-trodden, and for the advancement of liberty, progress, and civilization."

For a little while it seemed that the friendship of these two nations, built up in five score years of peaceful intercourse, would be everlastingly sealed by the heroic blood shed in a common cause. However, the last echoes of the guns had scarcely died away on Armistice Day when certain groups in our midst undertook to wreck this friendship, to array one part of the English-speaking world against the other, and to undo all that had been done throughout the years to cement this friendship. The onslaught has increased until today it is assuming alarming proportions.

Foremost in the ranks of the campaigners looms the familiar figure of William Randolph Hearst with his chain of newspapers extending into every section of our land and reaching daily many millions of our people. It is the expressed and avowed purpose of these newspapers to embroil us in war with Great Britain. We have only to turn to the "Chicago Herald and Examiner" for December 22 last to find Mr. Hearst calling the roll of our nation's enemies. France is there; Japan is there; but lo! the name of England leads all the rest. After a solemn warning against the menacing designs of England the editor bursts forth into this Philippic:

"Be vigilant.

"Be ready. . . . Let them come if they will.

"Ready by sea and by land we can whip the whole lot

of them back to their own ports and make them learn what it is to make war upon America.

"God save the republic."

But Mr. Hearst is not alone in this crusade to "save the republic." In the recent "Horror of the Rhine" meeting in Madison Square Garden twenty thousand people arose and cheered Edmund von Mach to the echo when he summoned his followers to unite in banishing the "curse of Anglo-Saxonism" from our shores. Other ambitious saviors of the republic are to be found in the halls of the United States Senate where there is a small but articulate group that can always be depended upon to support any measure calculated to strain our relations with England. As we come from Washington to Chicago we find fifteen thousand people recently parading the streets and bearing aloft a banner calling for the summary execution of the British prime minister. No, this propaganda is not an idle phantom of the imagination. It is a fact.

However, there are Americans who are deaf to these hymns of hate. There are Americans who realize in their hearts that our safety at home, our influence abroad, the preservation of world peace, and the security of white civilization demand that the English-speaking world stand united.

How, then, are we to maintain this friendship? In the first place, we must meet every cause for misunderstanding squarely and in the spirit of concord. Then, we must awaken our people to a full realization of the common ties, the common interests, and the common responsibilities which bind these nations together.

No one can urge that we ignore any just ground for friction, and I propose to consider for a moment the real question today that threatens the good relations between these countries—the question of Ireland. So long as this question remains open the anti-British propagandist wields his most effective weapon. Something must be done. We cannot recognize the present Sinn Fein régime which stands before the world discredited for crime, cruelty, and stupidity;

nor can we sanction the policy of the present British government in Ireland which stands equally discredited for stupidity, crime, and cruelty. There is a third and a safer course for us to follow. The present situation in Ireland has arisen largely through the collapse of British liberalism. It is this liberalism—the liberalism of Gladstone, Morley, and Grey—that has always been the mainstay of Ireland's hope for a government of her own choice. The program of the great liberal leaders has always roused a sympathetic response in America, and this sympathy in turn has served to strengthen the arm of the liberals in England. It is here, if anywhere, that America can contribute to the equitable solution of the problem. We can marshal public opinion in support of the British liberal tradition. We can best work for lasting peace between England and America on this question by working against the policy of the present British government, and we can best work for freedom and peace in Ireland by working against the impossible demand for secession without due provision for English protection.

However much this question may engross our attention it is of comparatively little moment beside the question of maintaining the solidarity of the English-speaking world. Our duty is plain when we reflect upon the common ties, the common interests, and the common obligations which impel public opinion in support of the British liberal tradition which impel these nations to stand united.

We instinctively recall the ties of history. We remember that it was the sympathetic support of England that made the Monroe Doctrine a living reality. The success of this doctrine enabled us to divorce foreign affairs from our politics, to push our frontier to the Pacific, and to become not a nation dwelling always under the shadow of the sword, but rather the great, peaceful people that we are.

There are other ties that bind these nations together. We speak the same language; we are inspired by the same noble literature; we obey the same fundamental laws; we are common heirs to the Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights, and

the Petition of Rights. When the sacred guarantees of liberty contained in these immortal documents were denied the American colonies the colonies broke away and reasserted these principles in a loftier strain in our Declaration of Independence and our Constitution. Indeed, the first shot fired in that struggle was heard around the world, for today all peoples enjoy the blessings of constitutional liberty and in every instance these constitutions are rooted in the Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights, the Petition of Rights, the Declaration of Independence, and the American Constitution. Thus, the English-speaking nations have pointed mankind the way to political democracy.

This privilege carries with it a corresponding obligation —the obligation to defend the historic Anglo-Saxon conception of the essence of democracy at a time when the prophets of false democracy are preaching their doctrines broadcast. The Anglo-Saxon conception of the essence of democracy is the freedom of the individual—industrial, political, and spiritual freedom—guaranteed by a government exercising its authority by the will of the whole people and not by any one class of the people. The Anglo-Saxon conception upholds the right of private property, the right of the individual to reap the rewards of his own personal toil. These are the principles upon which our fathers founded this government and these are the principles we mean to defend. In defense of them what can be more effective than that the two nations which have done the most to evolve them now stand together to preserve them?

Not only have we the common obligation to defend the true ideals of democracy, but the fate of white civilization itself rests largely with America and Britain. We need no alarmist to warn us that the nations of the west cannot survive another catastrophe like the one through which they have just passed. Groping about amidst the ruins of their industries, staggering under the overwhelming load of taxation, and mourning the loss of the fairest flower of their manhood, the nations of the west face an uncertain future. At the same time, we behold the Orient, almost untouched

by the scourge of war which has wrought so disastrously for us. Shall we tempt fate with a house divided against itself?

We need not cement this friendship with fear alone; we also have high hopes to build upon. The world today is seeking the path to permanent peace. Men are sick of traveling the highway of war, strewn with the wreckage of centuries of carnage. In the agony of the recent struggle men resolved that nevermore would they tread this road of sorrow. Instead, they determined to set up a concert of all nations to banish the rule of force. It matters little here whether the concert already set up by forty nations endures in its present form. The fact remains that world peace can never be secure without some association of nations and that no association can hope for success without the whole-hearted support of Great Britain and America. These nations, more than all the others, are fitted by nature and by experience to take the leading part in this noble venture. Standing together in the light of their common experience in grappling with the problem of federation these nations can bring to the conference table that wisdom of counsel which comes only from vital contact with the basic problem.

No people can be truly great unless they have an abiding faith in their destiny. We reflect upon Rome, the lawgiver, the civilizer, the empire-builder. We marvel at her wonderful achievements and call them the works of genius. But did not this genius spring from the faith of the Roman that he was descended from the celestial line of a goddess who had decreed that her off-spring would encompass the earth with their power? We reflect upon Israel, the giver of divine law, the prophet-nation of righteousness, the builder of an empire of the spirit. We look upon her achievements with profound reverence and call them the works of genius. But did not this genius spring from the faith of the Hebrew that he was chosen from on high to make known God's ways to all men and to encompass the earth with righteousness?

We, too, who claim by inheritance or by adoption the

tradition of the Anglo-Saxon, we, too, have our destiny. We see it in the forests of northern Europe as our forefathers lay the first foundations of representative government. We see it at Runnymede as the barons withstand the claims of absolutism. We see it at Marston Moor with Cromwell as the battles against hateful tyranny. We see it at Bunker Hill and Valley Forge as freemen are inspired to die for their ancient liberties. We see it at Vimy Ridge and Chateau Thierry as the allied hosts of democracy drive on to victory.

Today this destiny summons us to keep the faith and keep the faith we will. It is written across the heavens that America and Britain, the defenders of democracy and the guardians of western civilization, united in the indissoluble bonds of friendship, will carry on until every vestige of tyranny shall have been swept from the earth, until Liberty under law shall be secure for all peoples, and until world peace and world brotherhood shall have left the clouds and taken their everlasting abode in the hearts of men.

§ 90

SOVIET RUSSIA

By SYDNEY BENSON

(Delivered in the annual contest of the Northern Oratorical League at the University of Illinois, May 5, 1922, by the representative of the University of Minnesota.)

As, in 1792, Frenchmen were thrilled by the great hymn of the Marseillais, so, in our time, the hordes of Russia were united in the singing of these words:

"Arise, ye prisoners of starvation,
Arise, ye wretched of the earth,
For justice thunders condemnation
A better world's in birth. . . ."

Picture a mass of peasants and workingmen, inspired by this promise, rising up against and overthrowning the Kerensky régime. Sweeping aside the ruins of the old order, their leaders, Lenin and Trotsky, undertook to build the first great communist state in history. Now, four years later, after fighting foes from within and from without, after hurling its creed into Italy, into Austria-Hungary, into Germany, into Asia, today this communist state sends forth the call for world recognition,—a call that causes profound deliberation. How shall this Soviet be dealt with? On Easter Sunday Germany recognized the new government. The Genoa Conference has heard Russia's request; and, although the reply of the conference as a whole is yet undecided, of this we are certain, that when Lloyd George left England he had the indorsement of the House of Commons behind his Genoa policy, including a plea for recognition of the Soviet. It is my opinion that the Soviet should be recognized by the United States. Before the tribunal of the American people, in accordance with the ethical laws of mankind, let the fate of Soviet Russia depend upon our answers to these questions: Is the Soviet serving its people? Are the people loyal to the Soviet? Would recognition of the Soviet be injurious to American democracy?

In answering these questions, most Americans regard Russia either with fervent approval, because they are moved by their own radical tendencies, or with repugnance, because they can see no farther than their own American environment. They do not understand the people of Russia. They forget that the Russians are as far removed from us Americans as are the peoples of antiquity. Let us bear in mind this evening that noble passage from Emerson: "The secret of understanding a people is to understand that, if we were placed as they were, in their environment and entertain their beliefs, we should have done as they did." Why, for example, did the Egyptians build the eternal pyramids? It would be impossible for us to understand the motives of that people without letting ourselves be absorbed in the pages of history and living in the Egyptian's fear of

death and his desire for secure sepulchre. Why do the Russians tolerate the Soviet, that seeming monstrosity of Government? Imagine America transformed into the Russia of 1917. Picture American dinner-pail men toiling for forty cents a day. Their working day is set by law at eleven and a half hours. The land is owned one-third by a state church, one-third by a few nobles, and one-third by the great bulk of the nation. Picture America without her stabilizing middle class, a mass of peasant farmers and workingmen on the bottom and a corrupt aristocracy on top,—nothing to stop the natural swing of the pendulum from the extreme right of Czarism to the extreme left of Bolshevism. Picture, if you can, Americans, distinctive individualists as they are, bound together by a universal spirit of co-operative endeavor,—and you will see and understand Russia of 1917. In that year, when Russian despotism bowed before the masses, we rejoiced, as we recognized Kerensky's government: "Surely better conditions are coming to the Russian people." Eight months later, a people that had suffered more in the world than France, Belgium, Italy, and the United States combined; a people, weary of Czardom's aggrandizement; a people hungry for land—arose once more; and before the slogan "Peace, Land, and Bread," three burning desires of the Russian people, Kerensky's government, with its Czarist foreign policy, with its corrupt beaurocrats in control, gave way and fell, and the ancient palaces of Russia became government buildings under Lenin and Trotsky. These are conditions, and desires which they engendered, that lend color and meaning to this new Russian government, and which must be taken into account by every fair-minded man who tries to answer the three vital questions.

Is the Soviet serving its people? Ninety-five per cent of the men and women, above the age of 18, may vote. Only those are barred who are under age, insane, and, a proper classification for any country, those who refuse to work either mentally or physically. The local soviets, representing occupational groups, such as doctors, teachers, machinists, and subject to the recall, select the national soviet which decides

important questions and then retires, leaving behind an Executive Council, like our Congress, which appoints and controls the cabinet. This governmental structure is built and founded upon the franchise, which is lodged with the masses, and is controlled by the recall, which lies in the hands of the people. The new government, on principle, has stopped all offensive warfare. The new government has turned the land over to the peasant. The new government has recognized the independence of Poland, Finland, Lithuania, and other border states. The new government has withdrawn from the Czar's treaty with England, which was to give the northern half of Persia to Russia and the southern half to England; thus wiping its hands clean of the treaty which Americans called the "death-blow" of Persia. Most important of all, the new government is turning the lights on in Russia! H. G. Wells, the famous English correspondent, declares that the spirit of the Soviet in striving to educate its people ranks with that of England and America. His words accord with those of Lunacharchsky, the Russian Commissar of Education: "Our first aim is to struggle against darkness. The expenditures on education must stay high! A generous budget for public instruction is the glory and honor of every people." Peace on principle; land to the peasant; a foreign policy consonant with the highest precepts of democracy; and education for all, to make the subjects of the old order true citizens of the new,—these are efforts of the Soviet to serve desires and needs of Russia.

We come now to the supplementary consideration. Do the Russian people support their government? Five great generals, Kolchak, Yudenitch, Denekin, Wrangel, and lately, the brother of the Czar, struck powerful blows against the Soviet. Aided by Allied money, their express purpose was to establish a limited monarchy and to force the Poles, Finns, and others back into the embrace of the Russian bear. Each time men came from field and factory and forced the counter-revolutionaries to yield. An American correspondent, in 1918, met a peasant on his way to fight Yudenitch. Said he: "Under the old government of the Czar, I was compelled to

give all that I had, material possessions and home, and to fight for hidden principles. Today I fight in the light of my own government, the Soviet; and I will gladly give my life if world recognition of that government will thus be furthered." What does this mean? It means morale such as was never known in the Czar's ranks which fell back to the very capitol of Russia! What is there that sustains the new Russian fighter? The peasant gave the answer. Long years of despotism have fanned a smoldering love for freedom and justice into a flame that fires the spirit of the slav nation;—a spirit that is sustained by a great fear that the old aristocracy will come back to power with a restoration of the land system which made the people virtual slaves! The conservative "Chicago Daily News" says: "The Soviet is the soul of Russia and more. The Soviet has become its communicating nervous system and its deciding brain."

Conceding that the Soviet is representative of Russia, some Americans fear a strange, inexplicable affinity that will attract this communist government. Loyal to America, they fear for her institutions! A few months ago, the greatest living socialist, Lenin, standing amidst his scrapped policies, announced to the world: "The Soviet attempted to create a socialist state centuries ahead of its time." Yet the United States and the Allies, stable democracies, trembling before this ideal theory, sent forth armies and circled a blockade around Russia to choke this world menace! Instead of saying to Russia: "Come out and stand or fall on your own merits; put your Marxian principles to the test of peaceful international competition and of human nature!"— they fought Russia; shut her off from the rest of the world, and by a display of force they gave Lenin and Trotsky the war psychology necessary to organize a people and more firmly to intrench their beliefs. We have lost where there was everything to gain. Our Uncle Sam, with all that he stands for,—such educational institutions as are represented here this evening, and political rights—means far more to us Americans than did ever the Little Father to his Russians. The United States is strong in its own strength.

Ladies and Gentlemen, Soviet Russia should be recognized by the United States because it is serving its people; because it is supported by its people; and because its recognition would be harmless to the United States.

"The treatment accorded to Russia by her sister nations in the months to come will be the acid test of their good will." These words comprised one of President Wilson's Fourteen Points for world justice. Nothing there that singles out a form of government as an object of contempt and ridicule, nothing that calls for enmity toward a people because of their political beliefs which may be shaped by circumstance. Yet France, England, and the United States sympathized with and aided Kolchak and Semenov, who, it now appears in our senate's investigation, were hated and detested and loathed by the entire Siberian population. It is not necessary to refer to the grim blockade. In 1905 the victorious Czar called for a loan from France, who, knowing of the purpose of the request, attracted by great interest, loaned the money that sent 300,000 men, women, and children into the frozen hell of Siberia! Despotism was aided in spite of the seeds which it was planting; but the new government, radical? of course! every red-blooded American reared in that environment from childhood would, with righteous indignation, be a radical! that government, now being changed from its natural upshoot, now conforming itself by experience to the nature of men, is cruelly beaten, because we, in our infinitely better environment, do not understand the people of Russia. At the Genoa Conference representatives from this communist government which is serving its people and is supported by its people as no government in Russia ever was before, arose at the Conference table; and squarely facing the French delegates, said: "At the Washington Disarmament Conference, to which we were not invited, France declared she can never reduce her great standing armies so long as there remains the Red Army. We are here to talk disarmament and to lift from the civilized world the crushing burden of war." France replied, we will not talk disarmament with our enemies. No, it must be a little tête-â-tête gathering, with those

whom France dislikes on the outside so that she can harass them at will! Yet the United States, champion of a better world, remains silent. The time has come for America to make good the words of Woodrow Wilson, and to lead the way in realization of these words, also of Woodrow Wilson: "The Allies should receive Russia under a government of her own choosing." For Americans to fail to recognize Soviet Russia because of fear is to take the absurd position of censuring our democracy and prophesying its downfall. For our Great Western Democracy to fail to recognize Soviet Russia because it is a government of the Russians, by the Russians, and for the Russians, is to violate the most fundamental principle of democracy—the observance of which has given the United States the respect of the world—The Will of the People.

§ 91

THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE STATE

By ROGER N. BALDWIN

(Delivered on October 30, 1918 in the Federal Court in New York, just before being sentenced.)

Your Honor: I presume that myself, and not the National Civil Liberties Bureau, is on trial before this court this morning. I do not object to the reading into this record of the letters which the Government's attorney has read. Some of them I did not write. They represent one side of a work which I have been conducting as the Executive Officer of that organization during the past year. Our work is backed up and supported both by those who call themselves Pro-War Liberals, who are supporters of the war, and by those who are so-called Pacifists.

I have not engaged in personal propaganda. I have not made public addresses, except upon the subject matter of this Bureau. I have not written articles, except upon the subject

matter of the Bureau, and I have felt throughout that it was a work which could be supported genuinely and honestly by those who opposed the war in principle, and by those who were supporting the war. I believe that the examination of the records of the Bureau now being made by the Department of Justice will conclusively demonstrate that the work has been undertaken with that sole purpose in view, and that it has been in the interest of the solution of certain democratic problems that this country has to face during war time.

I will say, in that connection for instance, that although the Post Office censorship throughout the war has been intolerant, narrow and stupid, but one little pamphlet which we have issued—and we have issued a great many of them—has been excluded from the mails, and that in this Court within the last two weeks an injunction was issued, requiring the Post-Master of New York to accept for mailing all the pamphlets of this Bureau. I think that demonstrates pretty clearly that where the law is narrowly interpreted, rigidly interpreted, arbitrarily interpreted, as it is in the Post-Office Department at Washington, no exception has been taken to the general matter which has been sent out by this organization.

I know that the Government's Attorney is merely attempting to put before this Court my state of mind in taking the position I have about this act—in coming here as its deliberate violator.

I want to read to the Court, if I may, for purposes of record, and for purposes of brevity too, a statement which I have prepared, and which I hope will get across a point of view which the United States Attorney does not consider logical, but which I trust, at least, with the premises I hold, is consistent.

I am before you as a deliberate violator of the draft act. On October 9, when ordered to take a physical examination, I notified my local board that I declined to do so, and instead presented myself to the United States Attorney for prosecution. I submit herewith for the record the letter of explanation which I addressed to him at the time.

I refused to take bail, believing that I was not morally justified in procuring it, and being further opposed to the institution of bail on principle. I have therefore been lodged in the Tombs Prison since my arraignment on October 10. During that period I have been engaged daily at the Department of Justice offices in systematizing the files of the National Civil Liberties Bureau, of which I have been the director. These files had been voluntarily turned over to the Department for examination, and had, through much handling, become seriously disarranged. That work being completed, I am before you for sentence.

And, by the way, may I take this occasion, your honor—this is quite aside from the proceedings—to express my thanks for the courtesy of every officer of this court, and of the Department of Justice through these trying weeks. It has been exceptional.

The compelling motive for refusing to comply with the draft act is my uncompromising opposition to the principle of conscription of life by the State for any purpose whatever, in time of war or peace. I not only refuse to obey the present conscription law, but I would in future refuse to obey any similar statute which attempts to direct my choice of service and ideals. I regard the principle of conscription of life as a flat contradiction of all our cherished ideals of individual freedom, democratic liberty and Christian teaching.

I am the more opposed to the present act, because it is for the purpose of conducting war. I am opposed to this and all other wars. I do not believe in the use of physical force as a method of achieving any end, however good.

The District Attorney calls your attention your Honor, to the inconsistency in my statement to him that I would, under extreme emergencies, as a matter of protecting the life of any person, use physical force. I don't think that is an argument that can be used in support of the wholesale organization of men to achieve political purposes in nationalistic or domestic wars. I see no relationship at all between the two.

My opposition is not only to direct military service but to any service whatever designed to help prosecute the war. I

could accept no service, therefore, under the present act, regardless of its character.

Holding such profound convictions, I determined, while the new act was pending, that it would be more honest to make my stand clear at the start and therefore concluded not even to register, but to present myself for prosecution. I therefore resigned my position as director of the National Civil Liberties Bureau so as to be free to follow that personal course of action. But on the day my resignation took effect (August 31) agents of the Department of Justice began an examination of the affairs of that organization, and I was constrained to withdraw my resignation and to register in order to stand by the work at a critical moment. With that obligation discharged, I resigned, and took the next occasion, the physical examination, to make my stand clear.

I realize that to some this refusal may seem a piece of wilful defiance. It might well be argued that any man holding my views might have avoided the issue by obeying the law, either on the chance of being rejected on physical grounds, or on the chance of the war stopping before a call to service. I answer that I am not seeking to evade the draft; that I scorn evasion, compromise and gambling with moral issues. It may further be argued that the War Department's liberal provision for agricultural service on furlough for conscientious objectors would be open to me if I obey the law and go to camp, and that there can be no moral objection to farming, even in time of war. I answer first, that I am opposed to any service under conscription, regardless of whether that service is in itself morally objectionable; and second, that, even if that were not the case, and I were opposed only to war, I can make no moral distinction between the various services which assist in prosecuting the war—whether rendered in the trenches, in the purchase of bonds or thrift stamps at home, or in raising farm products under the lash of the draft act. All serve the same end—war. Of course all of us render involuntary assistance to the war in the process of our daily living. I refer only to those direct services undertaken by choice.

I am fully aware that my position is extreme, that it is shared by comparatively few, and that in the present temper it is regarded either as unwarranted egotism or as a species of feeble-mindedness. I cannot, therefore, let this occasion pass without attempting to explain the foundations on which so extreme a view rests.

I have had an essentially American upbringing and background. Born in a suburban town of Boston, Massachusetts, of the stock of the first settlers, I was reared in the public schools and at Harvard College. Early my mind was caught by the age-old struggle for freedom; America meant to me a vital new experiment in free political institutions; personal freedom to choose one's way of life and service seemed the essence of the liberties brought by those who fled the mediæval and modern tyrannies of the old world. But I rebelled at our whole autocratic industrial system—with its wreckage of poverty, disease and crime, and childhood robbed of its right to free growth. So I took up social work upon leaving college, going to St. Louis as director of a settlement and instructor in sociology at Washington University. For ten years I have been professionally engaged in social work and political reform, local and national. That program of studied, directed social progress, step by step, by public agitation and legislation, seemed to me the practical way of effective service to gradually freeing the mass of folks from industrial and political bondage. At the same time I was attracted to the solutions of our social problems put forth by the radicals. I studied the programs of socialism, the I. W. W. European syndicalism and anarchism. I attended their meetings, knew their leaders. Some of them became my close personal friends. Sympathizing with their general ideals of a free society, with much of their program, I yet could see no effective way of practical daily service. Some six years ago, however, I was so discouraged with social work and reform, so challenged by the sacrifices and idealism of some of my I. W. W. friends, that I was on the point of getting out altogether, throwing respectability overboard and joining the I. W. W. as a manual worker.

I thought better of it. My traditions were against it. It was more an emotional reaction than a practical form of service. But ever since, I have felt myself heart and soul with the world-wide radical movements for industrial and political freedom,—wherever and however expressed—and more and more impatient with reform.

Personally, I share the extreme radical philosophy of the future society. I look forward to a social order without any external restraints upon the individual, save through public opinion and the opinion of friends and neighbors. I am not a member of any radical organization, nor do I wear any tag by which my views may be classified. I believe that all parts of the radical movement serve the common end—freedom of the individual from arbitrary external controls.

When the war came to America, it was an immediate challenge to me to help protect those ideals of liberty which seemed to me not only the basis of the radical economic view, but of the radical political view of the founders of this Republic, and of the whole mediæval struggle for religious freedom. Before the war was declared I severed all my connections in St. Louis, and offered my services to the American Union Against Militarism to help fight conscription. Later, that work developed into the National Civil Liberties Bureau, organized to help maintain the rights of free speech and free press, and the Anglo-Saxon tradition of liberty of conscience, through liberal provisions for conscientious objectors. This work has been backed both by pro-war liberals and so-called pacifists. It is not anti-war in any sense. It seemed to me the one avenue of service open to me, consistent with my views, with the country's best interest, and with the preservation of the radical minority for the struggle after the war. Even if I were not a believer in radical theories and movements, I would justify the work I have done on the ground of American ideals and traditions alone—as do many of those who have been associated with me. They have stood for those enduring principles which the revolutionary demands of war have temporarily set aside. We have stood against hysteria, mob-violence, unwarranted prosecution, the

sinister use of patriotism to cover attacks on radical and labor movements, and for the unabridged right of a fair trial under war statutes. We have tried to keep open those channels of expression which stand for the kind of world order for which the President is battling today against the tories and militarists.

Now comes the Government to take me from that service and to demand of me a service I cannot in conscience undertake. I refuse it simply for my own peace of mind and spirit, for the satisfaction of that inner demand more compelling than any consideration of punishment or the sacrifice of friendships and reputation. I seek no martyrdom, no publicity. I merely meet as squarely as I can the moral issue before me, regardless of consequences.

I realize that your Honor may virtually commit me at once to the military authorities, and that I may have merely taken a quicker and more inconvenient method of arriving at a military camp. I am prepared for that—for the inevitable pressure to take an easy way out by non-combatant service—with guard-house confinement—perhaps brutalities, which hundreds of other objectors have already suffered and are suffering today in camps. I am prepared for court martial and sentence to military prison, to follow the 200–300 objectors already sentenced to terms of 10–30 years for their loyalty to their ideals. I know that the way is easy for those who accept what to me is compromise, hard for those who refuse, as I must, any service whatever. And I know further, in military prison I shall refuse to conform to the rules for military salutes and the like, and will suffer solitary confinement on bread and water, shackled to the bars of a cell eight hours a day—as are men of like convictions at this moment.

I am not complaining for myself or others. I am merely advising the court that I understand full well the penalty of my heresy, and am prepared to pay it. The conflict with conscription is irreconcilable. Even the liberalism of the President and Secretary of War in dealing with objectors

leads those of us who are "absolutists" to a punishment longer and severer than that of desperate criminals.

But I believe most of us are prepared even to die for our faith, just as our brothers in France are dying for theirs. To them we are comrades in spirit—we understand one anothers motives, though our methods are wide apart. We both share deeply the common experience of living up to the truth as we see it, whatever the price.

Though at the moment I am of a tiny minority, I feel myself just one protest in a great revolt surging up from among the people—the struggle of the masses against the rule of the world by the few—profoundly intensified by the war. It is a struggle against the political state itself, against exploitation, militarism, imperialism, authority in all forms. It is a struggle to break in full force only after the war. Russia already stands in the vanguard, beset by her enemies in the camps of both belligerents—the Central Empires break asunder from within—the labor movement gathers revolutionary force in Britain—and in our own country the Nonpartisan League, radical labor and the Socialist Party hold the germs of a new social order. Their protest is my protest. Mine is a personal protest at a particular law, but it is backed by all the aspirations and ideals of the struggle for a world freed of our manifold slaveries and tyrannies.

I ask the Court for no favor. I could do no other than what I have done, whatever the court's decree. I have no bitterness or hate in my heart for any man. Whatever the penalty I shall endure it, firm in the faith, that whatever befalls me, the principles in which I believe will bring forth out of this misery and chaos, a world of brotherhood, harmony and freedom for each to live the truth as he sees it.

I hope your Honor will not think that I have taken this occasion to make a speech for the sake of making a speech. I have read you what I have written in order that the future record for myself and for my friends may be perfectly clear, and in order to clear up some of the matters to which the District Attorney called your attention. I know that it is

pretty nigh hopeless in times of war and hysteria to get across to any substantial body of people, the view of an out and out heretic like myself. I know that as far as my principles are concerned, they seem to be utterly impractical—mere moon-shine. They are not the views that work in the world today. I fully realize that. But I fully believe that they are the views which are going to guide in the future.

Having arrived at the state of mind in which those views mean the dearest things in life to me, I cannot consistently, with self-respect, do other than I have, namely, to deliberately violate an act which seems to me to be a denial of everything which ideally and in practice I hold sacred.

§ 92

THE COURT AND THE LAW

By JULIUS M. MAYER

(Delivered in the Federal Court in New York City on October 30, 1918, by the Judge imposing sentence on Roger N. Baldwin.)

I have not any question at all in my mind that the position which you have announced as being held by you, is honestly and conscientiously held.

In one regard, out of a considerable number of cases that are of similar character, you do stand out in that you have retained your self-respect, because you state to the Court your position without quibble, and you don't seek to avoid the consequences of that position, as some others who have been much louder in words, have done, by taking the chance of a trial and the possibility of escaping through either some technicality of the law or through some inability of a Jury to decide appropriately on the facts.

And therefore I want you to distinctly understand, as I think you will, with your ability and intelligence, that I deal with the disposition of your case entirely from the standpoint

of the law. And although our individual views are not considered as a matter of import, it may or may not be some satisfaction to know, that while your views are exactly opposite to those that I entertain, I cannot help but contrast in my mind your self-respecting and manly position in stating views which to my mind are intolerable, but which are so stated so as at least to put your case in a somewhat different position from that of others to which I referred.

Now it may be impossible for me to convey to your mind successfully the point of view which I think is entertained by the great masses of the people, and which must be entertained by the Courts and by those, such as the Department of Justice, who are charged with the administration of the law.

In all that you have said, I think that you have lost sight of one very fundamental and essential thing for the preservation of that American liberty of which by tradition you feel that you are a genuine upholder. A Republic can last only so long as its laws are obeyed. The freest discussion is permitted, and should be invited in the processes that lead up to the enactment of a statute. There should be the freest opportunity of discussion as to the methods of the administration of the statutes. But the Republic must cease to exist if disobedience to any law enacted by the orderly process laid down by the constitution is in the slightest degree permitted. That is, from my point of view, fundamental. That is the sense, not only from an ideal standpoint, but from a practical standpoint. We should not be able, as I think most Americans believe, to maintain what we regard as a Government of free people, if some individual, whether from good or bad motives, were able successfully to violate a statute, duly and constitutionally and properly passed, because his own view of the same might differ from that entertained by the law makers who have enacted the law, and from that of the Executive who has given it his approval.

Now that is my point of view, based upon a system whose perpetuity rests upon obedience of the law.

It may often be that a man or woman has greater foresight

than the masses of the people. And it may be that in the history of things, he, who seems to be wrong today, may be right tomorrow. But with those possible idealistic and academic speculations a Court has nothing to do.

I don't take into consideration any of the details of the organization with which you were connected. I cannot and will not endeavor to arrive at any conclusions as to whether its activities were good, bad, or indifferent. If it should come before the Court sometime, why then, the Court, however composed, will deal with the subject matter as the evidence may justify. I am concerned only with your perfectly definite, frank statement that you decline to take a step which the law provides. I am directing my mind solely to the indictment to which you plead guilty. You are entirely right. There can be no compromise. There can be neither compromise by you as the defendant, as you say, because you don't wish to compromise. Nor can there be compromise by the Court, which, for the moment, represents organized society as we understand it in this Republic. He who disobeys the law, knowing that he does so, with the intelligence that you possess, must, as you are prepared to—take the consequences.

When at times there have been brought in here, ignorant men—men of low intelligence—men who have lacked opportunity of education and cannot see things clearly—the Court, by whatever Judge may be sitting, has seen its way clear to make the punishment light, where theoretically under the statutes it might be made severe. You have made my task this morning an entirely easy one. I have no difficulty in concluding how your case will be treated, because at the moment you represent one extreme of thought, and in my capacity at the moment, I represent another. I cannot emphasize too strongly that in my view, not only could this war not have been successfully and in a self-respecting way carried on by the United States Government if such an attitude as yours had prevailed, but I think such an attitude would have led inevitably to disorder and finally to the destruction of a Government, which with all of the imperfections that may at-

tach to human government, has proved itself, as I view it, to be a real people's Government, as evidenced by the millions upon millions of men who voluntarily obey the laws—and some of them requiring great sacrifice—which, as enacted by the legislature, embody the judgment of the people at large.

Now in such circumstances, you representing the utterly contrary view, you representing—although possibly not meaningly—a position which in my judgment if carried out would mean the subversion of all the principles dear to the American people, and the ultimate destruction of the Republic, there is nothing left for me to do except to impose the full penalty of the statute. It would be obviously most unwise to permit you to go into the army now, and there become a disturbing element and cause the military authorities only an increase to the many great and difficult problems with which they are now dealing. The case is one, from the standpoint of penalty to be imposed, no different from that which has been imposed in many similar cases. The maximum penalty, as I understand it, is one year in the penitentiary. You have already spent twenty days in imprisonment. You ask for no compromise. You will get no compromise. You are sentenced to the penitentiary for eleven months and ten days.

§ 93

THE FINAL TEST

By E. M. LIVINGSTON

(Delivered at the annual contest of the Northern Oratorical League, at the University of Minnesota, May 4, 1917, by the representative of the University of Wisconsin.)

On a bleak December day in 1620 a small sailing vessel put in at a barren coast, a scant five score weary passengers left the ship, kissed the rock upon which they first set foot and sank down upon their knees in prayer,—this is History's

account of the landing of the famous Mayflower. The arrival of the Pilgrims is typical of the early immigration to America. In those early days the land was open to whomever chose to come and many nationalities found their way to our shores. Simultaneously the English settled in Carolina and Massachusetts, the French in the region of the Great Lakes, the Spanish in the South and West, the Swedes in Delaware, the Dutch in New York. Later the colonies united, declared their political independence, and adopting a unique constitution declaring the freedom and equality of all men, gave birth to the United States of America.

The two hundred years preceding the signing of the Declaration of Independence witnessed most unsettled times in Europe. Anarchy, both civil and religious stirred the German Empire during the reign of Ferdinand the Third, and in 1618 began the Thirty Years War. Social unrest reached a breaking point in England and in 1642 came a great upheaval, culminating in Oliver Cromwell's attempted Commonwealth. Mobs became unruly in France, and the seeds were sown for the bloody French Revolution which so closely followed American independence. Great masses of people were shifting uneasily; the Old World was suffering from tyranny, oppression and rebellion; Europe was being torn by the birth pains of freedom.

It is a very strange and remarkable thing that just preceding this unsettled time a new continent had been revealed. The discoveries of Christopher Columbus, Amerigo Vespuccius and John Cabot brought to the knowledge of civilized man the existence of another half of the globe.

Men had lived upon this earth for thousands upon thousands of years, yet almost half of it was unknown to them till four hundred years ago—till this unsettled time of the fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries. In the phrase of Woodrow Wilson, "As the hiding away till the fullness of time had come for the testing of new principles"!—late in history a new land was revealed,—a land never known to exist, barren of civilized inhabitants, rich in untold resources,—waiting to give Humanity a new chance; waiting

for the establishment of a new civilization; waiting for the final testing of Democratic principles.

Early, the United States gave promise of the success of this test. The documents prepared as the aims of this Government, showing the unrest and pressure of their period, are a direct reaction against oppression and intolerance. They are a marked contrast with governmental documents of old. With statements that the aim of a Government should be to protect life and promote happiness and that all power is derived from the people themselves, they represent the dreams of philosophers of every age. You may call it the feeling of brotherhood, call it the spirit of coöperation, call it the idea of democracy—call it what you will—the spirit of America is the hope of civilization. Surely the United States is a great testing ground of human liberty! No human mind would have dreamed of the hiding away of half the earth till the testing time had come, and no conference would have drawn up a better statement of Democracy's principles, than those written in our early days of stress; a greater testing ground will never be had than America, and no better principles could be asked than those of the United States. Indeed, America may well be called "Democracy's Final Test"! What Lincoln said at Gettysburg is as true as then, *"We are testing whether this nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure."*

The test of America's democracy has not yet been finished. The signing of the Declaration of Independence merely started it. Washington's victory over Cornwallis did not end it. Nor was it settled by Gettysburg and Appomatox combined. The final test of our principles lies in America's treatment of her least fortunate, of her least powerful, of her most lowly. The last test of America's democracy is her treatment of those people who come here to cast their lot with her citizens, who come here seeking the privileges of a country so conceived and so dedicated.

Now what are we doing today to insure the proper working out of this great test? What do we do for these twentieth century pilgrims?

Our Government's present attitude is largely negative. We refuse admittance to many, we refuse citizenship to more, we refuse the right to colonize, we refuse the right to buy land,—but what of our positive treatment? The lack of it is one of the severe indictments against the United States. The facts are startling. Of the thirteen million foreign born citizens of this country ten per cent can not even speak our language. These citizens know little of our customs and less of our institutions. They are neither seeking information or getting it. Many a foreign-born citizen knows nothing of the finer things of American life. There are communities within our borders where the American police are held in constant fear, the American laws continually evaded, the American language neither talked nor taught, and American life not understood. Yet the people living in these communities have become American citizens; from their own choice have been granted citizenship and promised protection of the United States. So long as a single honest man can come to our shores and become a full-fledged citizen,—yet, from the time he sets foot upon our soil till his death, feels himself to be unwelcome, undesirable, and a total outsider,—knowing little of American customs, less of American institutions, and nothing of real American democracy,—we should never cease to feel alarm!

I am not referring to the question of the immigrant. This is a question of our citizenship; and of those people who thru choice have become Americans. These thirteen million foreign-born citizens represent one-seventh of our population. By no right may such citizens be regarded as foreign! To no purpose may they be antagonized! On no sound basis may opportunity and equality be denied to them! It is indeed a bad thing that they may become citizens of this country, knowing little of our life and customs, but it is worse that they have no way of gaining this knowledge. This is the specific indictment.—There is today no governmental agency for the Americanization of the adult arrival. Think of it! A negative attitude in spite of our boasted protection. A cold treatment in spite of our vaunted welcome. A poor

equality in spite of the rich promises of our constitution. We realize the need of Americanization yet we fail to provide the means of attaining it. The forty-two volume report of the Immigration Commission emphatically demanded assimilation, yet failed to recommend plans for the Government's education of the foreign-born. Our Government has never taken active steps toward philanthropic enterprise. The care of our financial status, the guarding of our natural resources, the thorough cultivation of our lands,—these are functions of our central Government—but what of our citizenship? Does not human life demand first place? The care and development of our citizenship is even more clearly a function of our Government. The assimilation of this seventh of our population is a matter of vital importance and a crying need!

Many plans have been suggested for the accomplishment of this end. The extension of the work of the public schools, the instruction of new arrivals at the portals of entry, the founding of graded Government citizenship schools, these are the types of plans which hold much promise. But legislation favoring the foreign-born has repeatedly failed thru lack of enthusiastic support, and we need not so much the method as the desire for this more wholesome democracy.

I ask you to realize the seriousness of this matter. Civil peace, international reputation and American honor are all involved in this question. It is impossible to separate the questions of labor and industry from those of the immigrant. His low state means unsettled conditions of labor; his Americanization means better understanding between employer and employee. But also, poor assimilation opens the path to international dispute. The dangerous diplomatic condition precipitated by the treatment of the Japanese by California is well remembered and the matter is a sore yet to be healed. But further—our mal-treatment of the foreign-born citizens is a direct reversal of the promises of the United States. No offense should seem more grave.

The question of assimilation is not a problem of the immigrant but a test of American principles. It is America

and Americans who are on test far more than the foreign-born. Now if History predicts any one fact it is this—that the fight for a pure democracy is to be a finish fight. Is not the settlement of Democracy's test to be had here and are not the principles of our forefathers to be effected now,—or must these things await the coming of a wiser nation?

The United States has repeatedly faced problems that threatened the life of her ideals. Again and again she has renewed her early promises and guaranteed their stricter fulfillment. In one dark hour,—the darkest in this country's life,—men were bought and sold under the flag that promised freedom. That vital struggle of the Civil War resulted in the signing of the Thirteenth Amendment, stating that race, color, and even previous servitude did not make men less equal nor less entitled to the fundamental rights of life, liberty and happiness.

This was a return to the fullest degree to real Americanism. We must again determine upon a decision as decisive.

We are today, still, the great experiment in human liberty. In the face of History, the ink on our precious documents is scarcely dry. It is high time that we felt the greatness of this test. It is high time that we blotted from our name the stain of unjust treatment to our foreign-born citizens. From the earliest dawn of progress mankind has been striving for the principles now written on the documents of the United States of America, and no emotion should exceed our determination to live these principles.

My plea is that we practice the principles in which we glory; that we not only believe in equality, but determine we shall have equality. American patriotism is admired throughout the world and there is no battle we should refuse to fight in the defense of principle. But not alone the sight of the American eagle and the sound of the fife and drum corps thrill the patriot, but the marvel of our country's founding, the fundamental right of our principles, the freedom of our peoples,—these are the things that stir American blood. Let us once again determine that those rugged men who built our country shall not have lived in vain; that those

brave fathers who fought to defend it shall not have died in vain; but that the ideals of humanity are the practices of the United States; that every American citizen is indeed an American citizen; that in the final test democracy shall prevail!

§ 94

RETURN, AMERICA

By GLADYS PENNINGTON

(Delivered at the annual contest of the Northern Oratorical League, at the State University of Iowa, May 5, 1921, by the representative of the University of Illinois.)

Not to a new patriotism, nor to a new Americanism would I beckon you tonight, nor to an unrealized ideal would I lead you. Rather I would invite you to a pathway that the footsteps of time have worn across our nation's history; there would I take you to the greatest of all heritages, our age-old American spirit. Since this nation began its perilous existence in the new and unknown world a century and a half ago, that indomitable spirit has flowed in the veins of all loyal citizens and has shown in all our national and international policies. From decade to decade and from century to century it has taken on new meanings. Our great tradition has been enriched and enlarged by the new ideals, inventions, and policies of each successive period of our history—until at the beginning of the twentieth century, it stood a great monument at which we could look with pride, as our heritage, the greatest heritage of all. For out of the industrial age with its better methods of communication, its machine processes, its efficiency, and its centralization, and yet with its dangers of greed and selfishness, had come a new spirit, which was placing the real emphasis, not on product and profit, but on human values. And the terms with which we had defined our

Americanism—freedom, democracy, justice, and fair play—were taking on new meanings when interpreted in the light of their relation to human beings.

Before the Great World War, Americans were beginning to appreciate their rich heritage; they were becoming public-minded, thinking in terms of fellow human beings. For our nation was progressing normally toward a tradition of those national and international policies which would work to the best interests of all Americans. The machinery of our government was running smoothly, and was set for a long period of rapid normal progress. Profitism, the chief product of any industrial age, was a normal profitism and was curbed by legislation of the people. Forward steps were being taken in almost every phase of human activity. A law providing for payment of wages sufficient for the maintenance of health and decency for women and children had passed many of our state legislatures. Regulation of the number of hours in the working day for both men and women obtained in most of our states. The whole status of women and children in industry was being investigated throughout the country and there was an expectancy of a just outcome of these inquiries in the industrial world. The state police power was being extended to include interference in factories and plants attempting to get abnormal profits. Not only were the separate states progressive in their legislation, but Congress by an act of 1914 provided a Federal Trade Commission to investigate profiteering in our great industries, and the same year declared labor was not a commodity and labor unions were not conspiracies, thus recognizing that labor is humanity and not machinery.

In politics, too, we were making progress. The rise of the powerful progressive party in 1912 had broken down the prestige of the two great national parties and had put each on its mettle to give the people what they wanted in return for their support. The whole age was one of progress toward democratization of industry and politics.

But with the World War came the parting of the ways. In the one direction there was the inflation of the country

with a high degree of patriotism. Men laid aside their regular tasks and donned the khaki and the blue. Proudly they marched away, four million strong, spurred on by the spirit of Americanism, the love of justice and fair play. In less than a year a nation was mobilized, willing to sacrifice its all for its ideals. Armies in olive drab poured out their life blood at Château Thierry, St. Mihiel, the Argonne, and Verdun. Our sailors plied the seas for hidden submarines, and millions of men and millions of women at home waited and worked and prayed ceaselessly, manning the war plants, trying to keep the nation's production normal. Now, 59,000 white crosses in France tell their own tale of the toll war took from our nation. Billions of dollars in war debts cannot total the loss in broken homes, maimed bodies, and ruined lives, given in the spirit of service.

But underneath the great waves of war patriotism which were flooding our country, powerful currents were forming, sweeping swiftly, silently onward through the channels of our great industrial system, the oncoming flood of the spirit of the profiteer. Men so far forgot their heritage, that traditional spirit of Americanism, that in time of world strife they were content to enter humanity's arena with grasping hands, seeking fame and fortune, the very while that millions of their brothers were marshaling and fighting and dying to preserve the ideals they were forgetting. Government statistics tell in cold numbers the results of their machinations. Not only did the bulk of our large fortunes increase, but they more than trebled in number. In 1914 there were 44 families in the United States with an annual income of one million or more; in 1917 there were 141 such families, an increase of 320 per cent. The four great meat packers alone totaled during the war $140,000,000 in profits, $121,000,000 of which represented excess over their annual average pre-war profits. In other words, their war profits were 400 per cent greater than their profits before 1916. These are only a few of the many who have sapped up the wealth of our nation, but have made little contribution to the production of it.

And with this amassing of great war fortunes and this ex-

cessive profitism, there has grown up a feeling of uneasiness, of unrest among labor. Eighty-five per cent of the strikes occurring in the four-year period immediately preceding and during the war came in 1917 and 1918. Against 33 strikes in 1914, statistics show 1,217 strikes in 1918. And the causes of that unrest were the failure of wages to keep pace with the rising level of prices, the autocratic government of industry and the prevalence of profiteering. It took a century and a half to build up a great spirit of Americanism, but it has taken only two short years to lay the basis for the destruction of that spirit and the erection in its place of a monster, profiteering. At the opening of the war America truly reached the parting of the ways; for in herself grew up two attitudes, one, the expression of an abnormal patriotism called into being by the extingencies of the World War, and the other, the excessive profitism of the war period, the result of an unleashed capitalistic system, an inward greed in the hearts of some who called themselves Americans.

Now the war is ended. With it has gone the lofty patriotism, the abnormal Americanism. But the spirit of profiteering is with us yet, more powerful than ever. It has seeped into every industry, and the great wells of labor unrest, far from being closed, are being widened and deepened by the oncoming flood. When government administration was withdrawn from industry at the close of the war, the last vestige of control of the profiteer was gone, and, unbridled, this extortionist, is spending his days piling up gold but "heaping up wrath" through an ever-increasing labor unrest. For the spirit of profitism, at first the normal outgrowth of an industrial age, has gained abnormal impetus during the war and is threatening the very foundations upon which our American democracy rests. Pre-war profits are sneered at, war profits smiled at, and post-war profits have eclipsed them all.

In a recent investigation of the steel strike of 1919 it was found that for that year the United States Steel Corporation's surplus after paying dividends and federal taxes of more than $350,000,000 was $493,000,000, a sum large enough to

pay a second time the total wage and salary budget for 1919 and to leave a surplus of $13,000,000. At the same time this great corporation was paying one-third of all its productive iron and steel workers less than the minimum of subsistence standard set by government experts for a family of five, and was requiring an average working week of 68.7 hours, against a maximum of 60 hours set as a standard in other industries a decade and a half ago.

And while the steel corporations, the great industries, and the manufactories are accumulating their billions, between four and five million laborers are walking the streets of our large cities unemployed. A great army they are of live human beings. They are cold, they are hungry, they are helpless. Truly they have little cause to feel that loyalty which a land of real democracy should inspire. This vast army of unemployed who are among those who have been the fighters and the builders of the nation, are called by our partisan press when they protest against their present state "enemies," against whom we must protect ourselves. One hundred per cent Americanism has become synonymous with fortune, profit, self. And the result of it all has been that since the war the misery of the poor has become more abject and the luxury of the rich more extravagant.

If we are to solve the great problems of our day we must reset the guideposts toward the public-mindedness of the pre-war period, toward the ideal of service. We must return to the normal progress of a decade ago. Again we must find ourselves in giving for others, not taking for self. For true Americanism comes not in vociferous acclamation to our flag and to loyalty, but in the just administration of social and economic problems. It is not the blind patriotism and loyalty of the crisis; it is the permeation of the whole people with the ideals of justice and fair play, with the old spirit of service for fellowman.

The solution of the problems of our reconstruction period lies not in the profiteer spirit which has grown up during the trials of war, but deep in the heart of every loyal son who feels the spirit of his nation pulsing within him, who clings

to the ideals of justice, freedom, democracy, and fair play. Ahead lie the problems of democratization of industry, the recognition of the dignity of labor and the true place of capital, and above all the problem of a government which will function for all the people. The solution lies in the reconsecration of ourselves to the traditional, century-old spirit of the nation which must lead us back to our high ideals, to the normal progress that prevailed in days of peace.

More than twenty-four centuries ago a thousand Spartans, hard pressed by tens of thousands of Persians at the pass of Thermopylae, knelt and took the old Spartan pledge of consecration: "I pledge that I will never desert my comrade in the ranks. I pledge that I will fight until death for my fatherland. I pledge that I will transmit the freedom and democracy of my Greece unmarred and even greater than it was transmitted to me." America is hard pressed today. There are problems on every hand. Her defenders must take as the Spartans of old their pledge of faith: "I pledge that I will continue to serve my fellowman. I pledge that I will do everything in my power to solve the problems of my nation to the best interests of all her people. I pledge that I will transmit the freedom and democracy of my America unmarred and even greater than it was transmitted to me."

§ 95

THE GOAL OF DELINQUENT JUSTICE

By BENJAMIN I. MATHER

(Delivered at the annual contest of the Northern Oratorical League, at the University of Illinois, May 5, 1916, by the representative of the University of Iowa.)

Carved in the capstones above the door of the Hospital of Saint Michael at Rome are these words: "For the correction and instruction of profligate youth that they, who when idle

were injurious, may, when taught, become useful to the State." This inscription, a landmark dividing two civilizations, was written when the world was just emerging from Medieval torture. Looking backward we see the Tombs of Inquisition losing themselves far into the shadows of barbarism. Forward, the inscription of Saint Michael pointed to the dawn of a fairer day in penal institutions. Written at the dawn of the eighteenth century it has stood for some two hundred years as a prophetic vision of the time when a humane penal code should be established and wisely administered.

The realization of that vision is at hand. Finally the disposition is dawning that cruel treatment of the prisoner begets anger; that anger begets hatred; that hatred begets revenge; and that revenge does spend itself by ravaging and victimizing society. We cannot deny that to establish and administer wise and firm discipline, to supplant moral and spiritual training for immorality and vice; to offer ample and suitable work for the employment of the prisoner; to bring him forth from his incarceration better fitted to take a place in society; that to make of him a man instead of unmaking him—is to attain a new goal of delinquent justice.

But this goal is as yet unrealized; the salvation of the prisoner through training and reform is still shamefully neglected. The determinate sentence, which has been the instrument of our courts in dealing out punishment to delinquent manhood in the past, is still in use in many places. Under its régime the fruit of passion alone is dealt with and not the merits of the prisoner. This invariably brings the same tragic ending. Had you stood without the prison walls at Fort Madison on the fifth day of January, Nineteen-Hundred-Fourteen, you would have seen those great gates swing slightly ajar and a figure, which you would still recognize as that of a boy, step forth. Broken in spirit, wrecked from physical sickness, void of the rigor which he once enjoyed, he slinks forth into the presence of a mocking freedom! A freedom which, for three years in leering mockery, has stalked the rim of his prison-pen! A freedom which even now he cannot long enjoy unless that freedom itself

proves a strong restorative! Such has been the result of only three years of a life sentence—years void of every ray of hope, of every incentive to reform! Such has been the result of our prison administration in the past!

The basic principle of any penal system must be founded on the theory that the prisoner shall be reclaimed for himself and for society. But this cannot be accomplished under the determinate régime—a régime whose conditions are unreal and unlike those of society as can well be made. It retains the prisoner for an arbitrary term of years as a punishment for his offense. During this time his food, his clothing, and a place to sleep are provided him. He need give no thought to the morrow, and if he have a family in the world outside he can contribute nothing to their support. In other words, the moment the prison gates clang behind him he ceases to have responsibility. He is moved by iron rules, regulated like a clock but not encouraged as a man to take up the responsibility of self-supporting, self-respecting freedom. Ignorant, untrained, and uncontrolled, he came into prison, chafing at the "hard-luck" which put him there; detaining him for one year or for ten years has made little difference because he comes out with the same standards of conduct, the same ignorance, and the same lack of self-control.

How can the prisoner be reclaimed, living under the physical conditions which exist today in our penal institutions? Listen to the stillness of the dungeon and the solitary cell—modern Tombs of the Inquisition! Hear the whir of the lash of the whipping-post of Delaware, the gurgle of the victim of the water-cure of Kansas, and the clank of the ball and chain! See the convict exploited for the private gain of an avaricious contractor; see the pallor of disease on the faces of one-third the convicts in the garment factories of Maryland and the mining camps of Kansas; see them leased by the state of Florida to the Florida Pine Company, and by this company subleased to the turpentine distillers of the State; see them, if you will, as veritable chattels, sold into a slavery as black as that for which Lincoln died, and for which a Nation was drenched in human blood!

And this in proud American civilization! Think, for a moment, of the stupidity of a system which claims to reform a man by denying him the privilege of supporting his family; which regards him as merely a number; which uses every effort to break his spirit; which deprives him of sunlight, fresh air, wholesome food, moral companionship; which says to him: "You have broken one of society's laws. We will show you how to be good by treating you as we would not treat a helpless animal, we will even prostitute your strength to men who shall become rich and influential because they can exploit that strength." Yes! we pride ourselves with twenty centuries of civilization; we dedicate our government to the welfare of our "whole people"; we revere the principles of justice and equity—and yet, in spite of these assertions, in spite of our so-called "Philanthropic System," we still persist in casting men, women and even children into prison environments—destructive, debasive, demoralizing;

> "The vilest deeds like poison weeds,
> Bloom well in prison air;
> It is only what is good in Man
> That wastes and withers there."

How then shall we solve this problem? What remedy can we advance which will give to the prisoner a better, fuller, and larger life, and fit him to again take up his place in society? There can be but one proposition which will meet this tremendous need in our system of reformation, and that is a principle of a broader, more considerate, and more open-minded justice.

And this justice is just to society and just to the criminal: to society, because it guarantees her greatest safety; to the criminal because it prepares him for the "safe enjoyment of liberty." It is a justice which provides the prisoner such labor as will help him to learn a trade, raising him from a condition of economic incapacity to vocational helpfulness. It is a justice based on the assumption that if the church, the school, and the community spirit are needed to keep boys out of prison, their same revitalizing force must permeate

the prison itself, and make it easy to reform, and to go back into society strong enough to meet the demands of enlightened citizenship. It is a justice which says to the wrong-doer—"though you are guilty you will be welcomed back to an honest life as soon as you have shown yourself worthy." It is a justice tempered with mercy; a justice which dares not pluck the star of hope from the firmament of any man; a justice not of complete repression but of such liberty as "will prepare men for liberty." It is a justice administered in the spirit of a Mott Osbourne who will garb himself in the stripes of a convict and subject himself to all the tortures of a Sing Sing, that he may transform that Sing Sing from a veritable hell into a democracy of the prisoner, for the prisoner, and by the prisoner!

But justice toward the prisoner must not cease at the prison-gate; the burden of his ultimate salvation is passed on to us, to the community into which he goes. Even after the new discipline and the new teaching have sent him forth into society with his head erect, his shoulders square, a new ambition in his heart, a new strength in his hand—the goal is yet unrealized unless the spirit of fair-play, of helpfulness, and of brotherhood moves in our hearts. He, who in a fit of passion has committed a crime, no matter how great a problem his future may occasion, is still a man, a member of society; and being members of that society we have an interest in his salvation. Will we force him again into crime by denying him the environment which will keep his head erect? Will we close to him the avenues of industry, the shop, the store, and the factory in which he can earn an honest living? Will we spurn his association, and bar forever from our homes and our society him who has fallen but would rise?

The past with its dark practices cannot be forgotten, but the future looks bright before us. Out of the fragmentary ruins of that past we must build a new structure—a structure whose every stone will be squared to the rule of this justice of reformation. The growth and endurance of the structure is wholly in our keeping. Whether we contribute or deny

our part in the generation of a more considerate, a more humane public conscience is to determine whether the erring youth of America are to be redeemed to useful and honorable citizenship or lost forever to themselves and to posterity. Shall we rise to our responsibility? Shall we send to our legislatures men who have at heart the welfare of our weaker brothers—men with a conviction that the State will do more for the safety and well-being of her citizenship by solving this vital problem; not with an arbitrary term of imprisonment accompanied by iron rules; not with a régime of vindictive justice which tends to break the delinquent's spirit, to crush him physically, to embitter him against society, and then send him forth to wreak further crime and depredation; not with a system which demands "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth"! But with a system whose term of imprisonment depends upon the conduct of the prisoner; with a system of contributive justice, tending to reform mentally, physically, and morally; with a system which fans into flame the spark of honor latent in the heart of every man. Let every state in the Union adopt these humanitarian principles of correction! Let us, as responsible units in the body-politic, cast from our eyes the scales of bias, pervertion, and preconception, and do our part in carrying forward the banner of this new humanity. Let us not cast-off and cast-out forever, but draw-back into our arms him who is essentially our own; restore him to the broken family-circle; and make his shattered home the place of peace, of love, of joy! Then, and only then, shall we realize the ideal embodied in the inscription of Saint Michael at Rome—the salvation of the prisoner—the goal of delinquent justice.

§ 96

THE WAR OF RIGHTEOUSNESS

By JOHN POWELL, JR.

(Delivered at the annual contest of the Northern Oratorical League at Northwestern University, May 2, 1919, by the representative of the University of Illinois.)

"But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things that we have always carried nearest our hearts, for universal dominion of right by such a concert of free people as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free."

These are the words of our President at the entrance of the United States into the great War. This is the ideal that America championed before the world. This was our war cry, Righteousness. For this cause our young men left their work in the factories and offices and on the farms; our boys left college and went to war. This ideal buoyed up our soldiers on the field of battle, filled their hearts with the courage that comes from doing right, enabled them to go over the top, knowing that each bayonet thrust was a blow for Righteousness. And fighting for this cause our soldiers were victorious. Today the whole world rings with the name of America. Far away in Asia, Armenians bow their heads and thank God for America. Poles and Belgians sing praises to our honor, and all the people of the world stand in admiration, because they believe that when America fought she fought for Righteousness.

And America did fight for Righteousness. Russia took up the gauge of war to defend a kindred people, and to gain an outlet to the sea. France fought for self-defense; Italy for territory. England took up arms in defense of Belgium, but also in defense of England. America more than all others, fought for the whole world, for weak and defenseless peoples everywhere, for liberty, for Democracy and for Righteousness.

Listen to this War Cry of America. "We shall fight for a universal dominion of right." Does that sound like an invitation to Commercial Junkers? Or yet does it sound as if we had opened our doors to those radicals who would destroy our nation?

The War for Righteousness is not alone to be fought in France, nor in the far off corners of the world; it is to be fought in our own land; and today it is being waged in our American cities, in our American factories, on the floors of our legislatures and our Congress. And these are the battle fields that now demand the best of our efforts. The forces of Righteousness must conquer, not across the seas, but here in America. For what shall it profit a nation, if it shall gain the whole world,—the praise and glory of all; the honor and esteem of all,—and yet shall lose itself? What shall it profit America, if she stand before the whole world as the champion of Liberty, and Justice, and Righteousness, the Defender of the weak and downtrodden,—and yet, within our own land the weak and poor cry out in vain against their oppressors?

O you Junker of Big Business, you grind the faces of the poor, you tread upon them, you crush them down, and wonder why they turn and snap at you. Did you expect the poor to praise you for your cruelty, to bless you for starving them? If you gave your money with a patriotic love to help America crush the foes of Righteousness on foreign battle fields, then be not blinded to the beam that is in your own eye. If you gave your money to the poor who starved in Belgium, and Poland, and Armenia, then turn and give justice to your fellow citizens. But if you gave your money as a pretense, if you headed Liberty Bond Campaigns and Red Cross drives in order to grasp for yourself the commerce of the world, if you felt no sincere pity for those poor who called to you for help from foreign lands, then build you walls of steel and stone, and make your doors of iron, for the seas of human rage shall beat against your dwelling, and it shall crumble and fall upon you. If in your heart there is no true love of America, of Democracy, of Righteousness, then "woe unto you, you hypocrite," for America shall rise against you, Democracy shall

cast you out, and the forces of Righteousness shall trample you under foot.

As Americans we must all work and fight together,—else our democracy is a sham. We are proud of the fighting of our boys in France; we are proud that the youth of our land gave itself so unselfishy for our country and its ideals. And yet, mere pride is not enough. These young fellows, who have experienced the hell of life, have seen its harder side, have also breathed the air of noble endeavor and have seen the greatness of courage and sacrifice, and do you think they will come back to the old life, the same old dead existence, with its selfishness and meanness, its sordidness and grasping, its corruption and utter lack of those things for which our country stands? Some of them may, but most of them will not. *They will expect us who stayed at home to join them in a further struggle to reconstruct, not France, but America!* These young men have been living in clean well-ordered army camps, or aboard well cared-for ships of war, and do you think they will tolerate the dirt and filth of our tenements? They have been accustomed to the discipline of efficient officers, and now will they submit to the corruption and the uncontrolled vice of our cities, or the boss rule of our petty politicians? They have been used to the democracy of arms and do you think they will be content with an autocracy of wealth, where one class determines the living conditions for another? Thousands of young Americans were drafted for our armies and they came from all walks of life, rich and poor, cultured and illiterate. They lived together for over a year, wore the same clothes, ate the same food, enjoyed the same shelter, the same joys and pleasures, endured the same hardships, and some of them laid down their lives on the same fields; and they did it all, not as rich men, not as college graduates or laborers, not even as officers and privates, but as Americans! And now will they come back to the old class system of the days before the war? Will the friendships of war be lightly broken? Will the comradeship of arms melt away and be no more under the sunny skies of peace? *Rather will not these young men teach us the true meaning of a real*

democracy? Will not their friendships, their knowledge of the worth of their fellows as men and Americans, be the basis for a settlement of our labor troubles, a foundation for a strong national unity, a world-wide appreciation of manhood and a new reign of Righteousness?

But, if our lessons in Democracy are to be of the utmost value, there are certain forms of unrighteousness that we must stop. The city governments of America are for the most part a disgrace to a civilized nation. Corruption walks the streets in broad day, and protected theft and murder lie in wait by night. There are cities in America today where gambling houses, red-light districts, robberies and murders are under protection of the police;—cities where election votes are not counted and where there is no pretense at honesty. And this is so because we are blessed with that peculiar species of humanity known as the *political boss,* that serpent that walks on two feet and has the outward appearance of a man. You bosses, rascals who sit back and laugh at the ease with which you fool the people; cunning indeed you are, like the cunning of a wolf. We endure you now, we raise no hand in protest at your crimes, no voice in opposition to your rule. Your reign has been long, and your days have been filled with revelling,—but the winds today are blowing from a new direction. America has given her best blood to win a war for Righteousness, to crush an autocracy of Prussianism, and when the American people realize that we have been cherishing within our own land an autocracy whose atrocities are outmatched only by those of the Hun in Belgium, the tide will turn. Soon we 'll grow weary of your oppression, tired of having American blood spilled in our very streets, tired of rearing our families in cities that are morally more unsafe than the battle fields of Europe; we 'll grow tired of your despotism, of having our democracy made of no avail, and we 'll rise in rebellion against your reign of unrighteousness. The hand of fate is writing upon your council chambers tonight, and tomorrow your tyrannies shall be overthrown and the people shall trample you under their feet. With the return of our soldiers and sailors, and with the awakening of

our people to the realization that we have won a great war for Righteousness, your days shall be numbered.

Engaged as Americans in the task of cleaning up our cities, it is to be hoped that we shall see the other needs of our nation and shall more unanimously bend our energies to meet these needs. America today is faced with a great Labor Problem, which must be solved. If our democracy is to have any meaning, then it must be a social and economic democracy; it must be a democracy of equal privileges and more equal opportunities. And if our Righteousness is to be real, then it must be a Righteousness that takes into consideration the welfare of all men and classes. The fact that one man is physically stronger than his fellows does not give him the right to abuse them. Nor does the fact that some men have greater abilities and greater opportunities than others give them the right to exploit their weaker and less favored neighbors. Ages ago we escaped from the supremacy of the physically strong, but now we must put an end to the opression of those who are powerful in other ways; we must substitute cooperation for exploitation, and the strong must help the weak, or there will be revolution and the weak and downtrodden may prove to be the stronger after all.

England and France and Italy, brought face to face with destruction, were forced to stamp out the evils of class feeling, and their citizens were forced to stand together in order to protect their life. And so we Americans must grow to realize that our common enemies are the vices and evils that would overthrow our nation and undermine our national life, and we must stamp out these enmities of class, in order to save our land.

America, with the war in Europe ended, turn and set your own house in order. Clean up these cities that are a disgrace to our name; face this Labor Problem and solve it; and then indeed shall you be fit to lead the nations of the world on that ascent to the mountain peaks of the future. For you shall be the first nation in history to conceive of Democracy as Righteousness and Righteousness as Democracy, the first nation to make its Democracy real, its Righteousness all in-

clusive, the first nation to "fight for a universal dominion of right."

§ 97

THE COLLEGE WOMAN AND THE TWENTIETH CENTURY HOME

By MABEL MASON

(Delivered at the annual contest of the Northern Oratorical League, at the University of Illinois, May 5, 1916, by the representative of Northwestern University.)

The home is an old, old story. From the time of tent shelter, thru the period of the log hut, down to the era of the modern apartment, the home and the mother in the home, have been the subject of poets, philosophers and statesmen. Yet this theme is ever new because as civilization advances the problem of the home changes. So we have to-day a new home problem, new, because economic and social changes of the last three decades have revolutionized the home. Each home of the past was practically independent, isolated and self-sufficient. Each provided within itself food, clothing and education for the family. Our grandmothers did the spinning, weaving and garment making; to-day machinery and specialized labor carry on these industries. The mother once molded the candles and carried the water from the spring; to-day the large corporation or the municipality furnishes our light and water. America's nineteen million homes are bound into one great social body by filaments of pipe and wire, by public utilities and corporate industries and by a growing unity of interest and purpose. This socialization gives us our new problem of the twentieth century home and the modern woman in the home.

As a result of this socialization woman's work of to-day is different from her work of yesterday; relief from old burdens has opened new opportunities and imposed new responsibilities upon her. But many mothers are ignorant of their work

in this new age. The typical American mother is tradition-bound. She sees little from that of her own kitchen walls. Her daily routine differs but little from that of her mother before her; and while she no longer spins and weaves, she still carries on by hand ineffective competition with specialized machinery. The typical mother believes that she is more nearly fulfilling her duty towards her child when she makes its clothing at home than when she buys it ready made; that she is more nearly fulfilling her duty towards her family when she bakes a pie at home than when she buys it of a baker. She does not realize that the embellishing of the child mind is more important than the embellishing of bath towels; that the construction of character is more vital than the construction of clothes. The salvation of the twentieth century socialized home depends in part upon social improvement and legal regulation, but more upon the mother's clear understanding of her new functions in this home. All our child labor reforms, all our marriage and divorce laws, all our building and health codes will aid little in solving this home problem until half the human race—the mother half—is taught to know and to perform its true function. Who will teach mothers their new work? Who will lead them in performing their new tasks? The college women of America —the world's most intelligent feminine element—these natural teachers and leaders are equal to this great task.

But what can the college woman do in this modern home? She can give her children healthy bodies and she can keep them healthy. Science has taught her nature's laws of birth and sex-relation. She knows that the father as well as the mother must be pure and healthy in order to insure healthy children. She refuses to accept marriage as a purchase contract in which she barters her sex-capital for life support. She demands fewer but better born children. Science has taught her the laws of growth and correct living; and so she knows the value of exercise and pure air in producing good blood and a sound heart, and she knows the kind of food that will develop strong muscles and clear brain. But this is only a beginning.

With the socialization of the home the college woman has learned that in order to keep her own house clean, the city alleys must be kept clean; that a wholesome yard to play in is as important a factor in the child's growth as a clean bed to sleep in; that to shield her own children from contagion on the streets and playgrounds, in the schools and in the churches, she must preach the gospel of health and sanitation not only to the lawmakers but to her less enlightened neighbors. Heretofore we have centered our interest upon prevention rather than upon cure. Fresh Air Funds and Vacation Homes have done a great work, but the remedy is to be found not in healing the sick child but in giving the infant a healthy body with which to begin life and then a healthy environment in which to grow. The millions of badly nourished bodies, defective teeth and eyes, and misshapen bones and muscles of our school children, not only cast reflection upon our lawmakers, but they prove the ignorance and inefficiency of our American mothers. Half the children born into the world die in infancy. How many of the survivors are healthy? We do not even expect them to be healthy. So accustomed are we to "infantile diseases" that we associate a mother's duty with the care of sick children rather than with the education of well ones. Poets and statesmen tell us that no name on earth is so sacred as that of mother and yet, who is responsible for our huge crop of idiots, cripples, degenerates and criminals, the throng of underclass humanity who clog the wheels of progress? Woman's first task is to bear and to rear healthy children. It is a supreme task for with each generation our entire race passes thru the body of our motherhood as thru a mold. Thru her mothers America must better the stuff of which her citizens are made.

What more can the college women do in this modern home? She can lead and educate women in their new relation to industry. The industrial revolution has relieved woman of the older home industries such as spinning and weaving. Garment making and baking are gradually being transferred from the home to the factory. Other industries should follow; but the change is delayed by woman's ignorance and

conservatism. Millions of our individual housewives in their individual households are doing ineffective handwork in competition with power machines and specialized labor. For the cooking and cleaning which are necessarily carried on in the home, invention has provided labor saving tools and processes which are being adopted all too slowly. The college woman can realize this vast wasting of invaluable mother energy and time. She must teach the typical mother to let industry take its own course and to seize her opportunity to perform her new economic functions in the modern home.

The woman is the chief purchasing agent and the director of consumption. If she did her work intelligently she would know whether she was receiving the proper quality and quantity of goods at the proper price. The dealer sells his goods at the point of highest net returns. If our modern industrialism does not produce garments as cheaply and of as good a quality as we can make them by hand, if it does not produce wholesome bread as cheaply as we can bake it at home, it is because women as the controllers of consumption are not demanding better clothing and better bread at reasonable prices. If the typical American mother were performing her economic function to-day she would never permit a short pound of butter or a yard of adulterated cloth to come into her home. The college woman must organize and teach women, thru concentrated demands and judicious buying, to control bakeries and manufacturing establishments, to demand correct weights and measures, and to compel reasonable prices. If women all over our country were united in economic improvement and acted in solid organization, they could bring about a greater economic revolution than the world has ever witnessed. To form such an organization is a second function of the college woman in the home.

What final task can the college woman perform in this modern home? She can shape the moral ideals of her children. To develop character has ever been the supreme duty of motherhood and with the new conditions this duty is even more important and yet more difficult than ever before. But this very socialization of industry and education, which gives

the mother more time to study and develop the character of her child, takes the boy or girl into the world at an earlier age. As soon as the child is old enough to play, study, or work he leaves the direct care of the mother for the playground, the schoolroom or the workshop. If the influence of the mother is to be felt at all it must be felt early. Psychologists affirm that the ideals of the child are practically fixed by the time he is six years of age. During these years the influence of the mother must be firm and decided. But the recent "Baby Bandit" stories in our newspapers, the number of children before juvenile courts and in reformatories, prove that too many of our mothers fail in this vital moral problem. In this extremely materialistic age problems of trade, schemes of politicians, and prospects of war often engross our attention at the expense of integrity and character. We are in danger of forgetting that character building is the most vital problem confronting our race. If America as a nation fails it will not be because she lacks physical power, nor economic superiority, but because she does lack moral valor. If she fails she will fail at the point of character. To prevent a national calamity the mothers of America must do more intensive gardening in youth. Virtuous and enlightened motherhood must more than ever in the past produce virtuous and enlightened manhood. We cannot escape the fundamental truth that if a child's will is anchored in basic principles it is usually because his home is founded upon them, that if he possess integrity as a man it is usually because a woman has done her work well. You may pass laws to regulate public gambling houses, but fortunes will rise and fall at the gaming table until the mother controls the vice at her own fireside; you may punish crime behind prison walls, but men will do wrong so long as they are born of ignorant mothers and reared in immoral homes. The home is still the bulwark of nations. You may manufacture machine guns and erect forts, you may construct dreadnaughts and aëroplanes, you may levy regiments and drill armies; but in a national crisis, it is the character of the men who stand behind the guns and forts, who drive the dreadnaughts and

aëroplanes, and who fight in the trenches that determine the ultimate strength of the nation. Complete national preparedness depends upon the integrity of our citizens and this can come only when the mothers of America are fortified in the performance of their true functions in the twentieth century home—the bearing and rearing of American men and women, vigorous in body and steadfast in character.

In this intensely tragic day, when the world is shaking with continental struggle, when the homes and hearts of Europe are crushed and bleeding, it is natural that our dollars and our sympathy go out to these sufferers in Belgium and Poland; but let us not forget America and the responsibility of the mother in American life. Her mission to-day is the climax of human opportunities for womankind. Greater than any king, because she has the power to fashion the character of her subjects; greater than any statesman, because while he makes the laws she molds the character of the lawmakers and determines the destiny of nations. True strength can come to a nation only as the spirit of the ideal home pervades the whole life of the people. How measureless is the college woman's influence; how sublime her mission; how solemn her responsibility!

§ 98

THE SCHOLAR AND THE SOCIALIST

By RALPH M. CARSON

(Delivered at the annual contest of the Northern Oratorical League, at the University of Minnesota, May 4, 1917, by the representative of the University of Michigan.)

We are living at a great moment in history. The principles of a new civilization are being fought out on European battlefields. Among them are two opposing theories of government. The war has become a struggle of democracy

against despotism. We have entered that struggle, as the friends of popular government. We believe it heralds the democratizing of the world. What attitude we shall take toward the war's perplexing problems depends upon whether we, too, are democratic. To-day, in facing our national destiny, we need a characteristic and supreme Americanism; but this Americanism must be the expression of a great democracy, united in itself and fulfilling its pledges of freedom. The question for America is, Can we respond as a unit to the democratic movement which is shaking the world? Not upon Europe's battlefields; but in its operation here, our democracy must stand on trial; if it is not real and vital, the American people will be unable to play a fitting rôle in the perplexing situations of world re-adjustment which follow a great war.

What are the principles for which our government stands? The will of the majority combined with the right of the individual. In politics we have achieved them; but in the larger world of industry the right of man is not recognized. Our political democracy permits an industrial tyranny. In an age of machine production, when one man can do the work that used to require nine, the inequality is greater than ever. While one-fiftieth of the population owns three-fifths of the nation's wealth, ten million people do not get enough to eat. One-half of our adult workers receive less than the minimum we call a "living" wage. Fifteen hundred thousand children, robbed of schooling, are drafted into industry before their play-day is over. Undue concentration of wealth, low wages, and child labor are crimes committed by our economic order against the right of the individual; crimes which pervert the humanity of the workers, and mock our historic promise of "life, liberty and the pursuit of Happiness."

This is common knowledge. But the result goes further. These wrongs are bitterly resisted. They have created a class consciousness, and caused a great restlessness that pervades the country. They have raised a propaganda of socialism and industrial revolt. There are now one million men and women who begin their letters, "Dear Comrade," and end

them "Yours for the Revolution." Eugene Debs says to them: "Every capitalist is your enemy, and every working man is your friend." The philosophy of conflict spreads. Labor organizes to secure its rights by collective effort. Employers organize to protect their interests. Each party prepares its weapons. Month by month, each grows more uneasy. And when the stragetic moment comes, the union demands more pay, and the employer refuses to recognize the union. The contest spreads along the line; labor is arrayed against capital, and the battle begins. The fight is blind and furious. The public is ignored. Democracy itself is suspended, while two great classes fight over questions that democracy has failed to settle.

A few months ago, four hundred thousand trainmen, who had come to a deadlock with their employers, notified the government that, if an eight-hour day was not enacted by Congress within a specified time, a nation-wide strike would be called. The President asked time for arbitration. But no! The edict went out, "An eight-hour day law by Monday night, or the strike begins!" Not by the deliberate processes of government, but at the dictation of organized labor and under the threat of industrial warfare, Congress passed the law.

A strike was recently organized by union men against a California Street car company. The company controlled the city administration. When a bomb exploded in a street parade a few weeks later, the strike organizers were at once charged with murder, denied bail, and, after the mockery of a trial, condemned to death. The purpose of the trial was not to punish crime, but to strike a blow at labor. And again the machinery of government has been drawn into the conflict of industrial forces, and used in the interests of a class.

The Colorado coal strike of three years ago presents in final form the danger of the class war. Every agency of the state was involved. The right of free speech and of a free press, of trial by jury, of life and property, the legal rights of labor, the authority of civil government, and the whole structure of law and order, were trampled underfoot

in the fury of the struggle. The guarantees of democracy were swept away in a maelstrom of civil war. Here we see the challenge of the social crisis to American institutions. While capital and labor clash and strive, democracy itself is shaken to its base. All the prescribed rights of democratic government these forces swept aside, and they set up instead their own will, the martial law of the class conflict, the stern compulsions of actual war. And the cause of this conflict is the economic injustice which democracy has permitted. Injustice and revolution: these are two facts which confront us to-day: and, while the tide of the world war is setting toward democracy, the socialist challenges the democracy of America. In all this ferment and struggle, the class which we represent has been idle. The scholar, the trained specialist, allies himself with the established order. The socialist is a reformer, of broad human sympathies, who has been driven to extremes, even revolt, against the established order. The scholar sees his method, but not his meaning—and scorns him. Meanwhile the fight for reform goes on. The anarchist attacks the right of government; the birth control advocate spreads her new philosophy in the name of free speech; the powerful labor union resorts to blackmail and dynamite; everywhere men are striving by revolution to right the wrongs of society; but nowhere have college men caught the real social aspiration that underlies this movement. The universities are distrusted; they are accused of suppressing truth in favor of moneyed interests; until to-day magnificent buildings, great endowments, specialized faculties, and all our vast organization of higher learning are pictured by the mob orator as the tool of capital and the enemy of the working man in the war of the classes.

This charge is not a new one; for the scholar is conservative. He wants quiet and seclusion. The stillness of the study must not be broken by cries for bread, the tramp of picketing strikers, or the roar of industrial conflict. Entrenching himself within some stable institution, the scholar denies the need for reform. It was so with religious reformation, when Martin Luther and liberty of worship had to face the opposi-

tion of the greatest scholars of Catholic Europe. It was so in this country when scholars and clergymen defended the institutions of human slavery, and abolition was won only through the agitation of martyrs and fanatics. The great message of Christianity itself was spread, not by the schools of Athens and Alexandria, not by the philosophers of the Eternal City, but by humble fishermen from the shores of Galilee. Throughout history, reform has come from the masses, not from the schools. Every step in social progress, every movement to liberate the life of the common man, has first been felt in the need of the ignorant and lowly; has grown by an appeal to the wide sympathy of the people; and, amid the struggles of starving labor and the cries of oppressed races, has seldom been aided, and often been opposed, by the cultured few.

So it has been in the past. The question for us is, Shall this attitude and this misunderstanding continue? Why must progress depend on upheaval and revolution? Why should culture and technical training be absent from reform? Shall the scholar, blind to the menace of industrial war, deaf to the crying need of the lower classes, withhold his skill from the social crisis? Will he be to-morrow, as yesterday, indifferent and powerless? Or, in this final trial of our democracy, shall he not step forth from his seclusion, and bend all his energy and experience to the correction of social injustice and the arbitration of industrial conflict?

The economic struggle calls the scholar to a great duty. Educated leadership and scientific reform are the prerequisites of industrial peace. The scholar alone can supply them. He alone can determine whether difficult economic problems shall be despatched by brute force and social revolution, or adjusted on a basis of reason and common interest. He can pour into our society the stabilizing power of the past. He can bring to it the directing wisdom of theory, and the balance and toleration born of broad knowledge. He can enlarge and beautify it with ideal values from his world of scholarship. The charge of social injustice and class war, hurled at our democracy, is a challenge to him. He is called

upon to vindicate his training. He has been educated by the public to a power for public service; his mind is the highest expression of our democracy; and now he is called to justify himself by solving its greatest problems. The economist and statesman, the scholar in office and in industry, must reconcile these fundamental conflicts. He must make room for all the social forces in an ordered state, adjust them wisely and broadly, and re-affirm the ideals of democracy in terms of our industrial order.

How shall these changes be affected? Social insurance, industrial arbitration, and administrative commissions are necessary for the regulation of the economic system. But more important than these details is the spirit with which the scholar approaches the problem. The European war has made us feel the need of a genuine democracy in America so that we may participate in the world movement toward social freedom. But our democracy is not economic; tyranny prevails in the realm of industry. The result is a false philosophy and war between capital and labor—war which reacts upon our political democracy, and overthrows our forms of government. The scholarly class is the untried element of solution. In similar situations in the past, this class has failed to act. To-day, in the new light of a crisis for democracy, the American scholar must not fail. He must see the tragedy of the class conflict; he must be fired with a prophet's vision of human possibility; he must feel the socialist's fiery sympathy with the aspirations of the common man. More than that, he must realize the vastness of the issue. The world's hope of democracy is fastened upon America. American democracy is on trial. Its political principles have been denied in the industrial world. Industrial war has shaken its political framework. Fundamental social forces have broken loose. It is the mission of the American scholar, the beneficiary of the past, the seeker after truth, to grasp this problem; it is for him to feel the challenge of the social crisis to the ideals of Washington and Lincoln; it is for him and us, three hundred thousand of the educated class, to reconcile the claims of capital and labor, to carry into the industrial field the

spirit of our founders, and publish anew to the troubled world the deep historic principles of America,—America, the home of human rights and popular rule,—America, the pillar of democracy in this hour of crisis.

THE END

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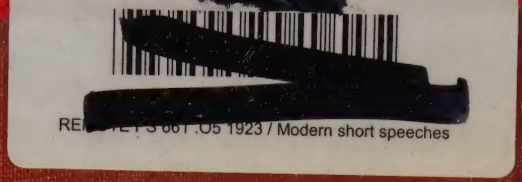
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